

VISIT...

LANZAROTE
Caliente.COM

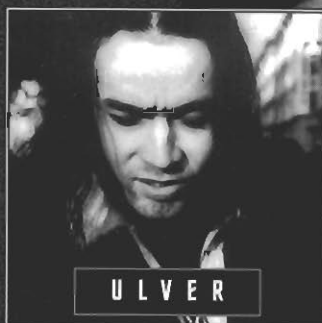
VOLUME 6, NUMBERS 3 & 4 (#15)



U.S. \$6.00 / OUTSIDE U.S. \$8.00

THE BLACK FLAME

INTERNATIONAL FORUM OF THE CHURCH OF SATAN



THE TERROR BY NIGHT
A TALE BY
MICHAEL ROSE



**LOT LICE,
WHY BARTENDERS
DON'T LEND MONEY**

ANTON SZANDOR LAVEY

MEMORIAL TRIBUTES by:
BLANCHE BARTON, BOYO RICE, PETER H. GILMORE,
PEGGY NADRAMIA, THOMAS THORN, AND MANY MORE

IN PRAISE OF BIG ASSES
JIM MITCHELL

THE CRUSADES AND THE BAPHOMET
HERBERT PAULIS



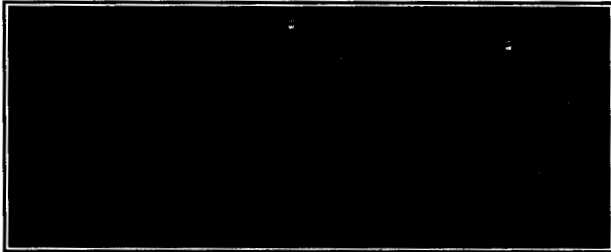
ODDITORIUM: PRINT, MUSIC, & VIDEO REVIEWS — AND MUCH MORE!

Action Designs

Designer of Exclusive and Handcrafted Rings, Medallions, Pendants

P.O. Box 8372 • Pine Bluff • AR 71611-8372 USA Phone: 870-534-5118

STERLING SILVER SIGIL OF BAPHOMET PENDANTS



LARGE	2 inch diameter by one eighth inch thick	\$166
MEDIUM	1 and 1/2 inch diameter by one eighth inch thick	\$125
SMALL	1 inch diameter by one sixteenth inch thick	\$22

STERLING SILVER SIGIL OF BAPHOMET RINGS

Heavy weight Man's Ring

(Sigil is 1 inch in diameter)

\$172

Medium Weight Man's Ring

(Sigil is 7/8 inch in diameter)

\$105

Light Weight Man's Ring

(Sigil is 13/16 inch in diameter)

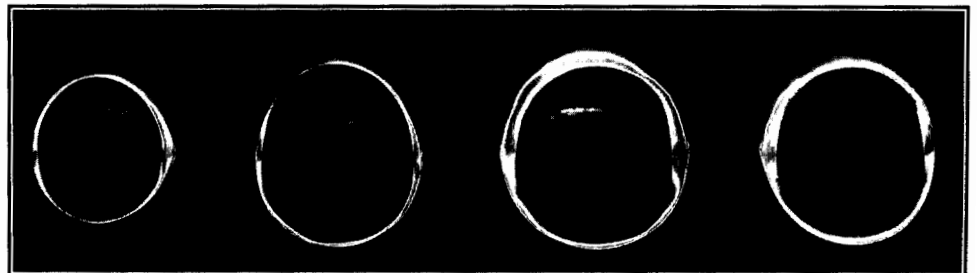
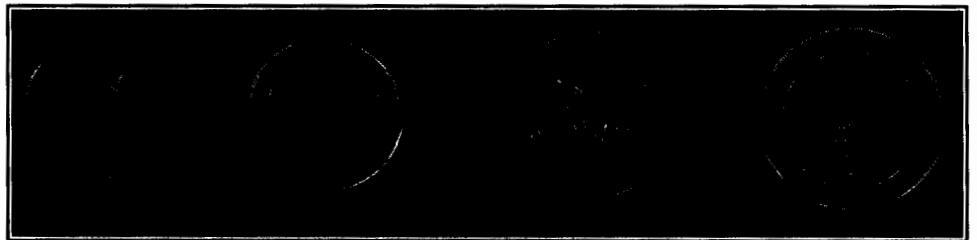
\$79

Woman's Ring / Pinky Ring

(Sigil is 3/4 inch in diameter)

\$55

We can make these rings in any finger size—must be specified with order.



These items are enameled with a baked-on, ceramic hard, black jeweler's enamel. Other colors are available on request.
We can also make these items in 10K or 14K yellow or white gold. Gold prices on request.

All these items are 100% satisfaction guaranteed or your money immediately refunded.

Postage and handling is included in the prices for orders in the United States.

Outside the U.S., please add \$10 shipping and handling per item ordered.

All payments must be in U.S. funds only.

Send all orders to: ACTION DESIGNS • P.O. Box 8372 • Pine Bluff • AR 71611-8372 USA

We also do custom work. If you have a design that you want reproduced on a pendant or ring, just send a high quality image (line art) and a price will be quoted.



THE BLACK FLAME

VOLUME 6
NUMBERS 3 & 4

WHOLE NUMBER **15**
ISSN 1523-410X

INTERNATIONAL FORUM OF THE CHURCH OF SATAN

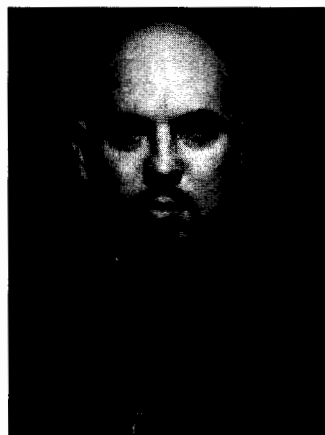
WELCOME

Greetings! It has been quite some time since we released a new issue of *The Black Flame* and we apologize for the lengthy hiatus. In the interim, we have lost our High Priest, Anton Szandor LaVey, so this issue is a tribute dedicated to memories of this outstanding individual. We now intend to produce only one issue per year, and we've begun with this issue to whole number them. Thus, the issue you hold in your hands, Volume 6, number 3 & 4, has become whole number 15. This is the first issue which we produced entirely on our Macintosh (the previous issues having all been made with our aging Atari), so we've given the entire publication a face-lift. We ran out of room for *Altar Egos*, which will return with our next issue. Enjoy the contents and please continue to submit materials which demonstrate the richness of creativity to be found in the members of the Church of Satan.

Hail Anton Szandor LaVey! Hail Satan! —Peter H. Gilmore

CONTENTS

- 2/3 LOT LICE / WHY BARTENDERS DON'T LEND MONEY**
by Anton Szandor LaVey
- 4 IN MEMORIAM ANTON SZANDOR LAVEY**
a collection of remembrances and images by those who knew him
- 28 ODDITORIUM**
reviews of print media, audio, film, video, and performances of interest to Satanists
- 48 INTERVIEW: ULVER**
by Michael Moynihan
- 54 ON THE IMPORTANCE OF GREAT BIG ASSES**
by Jim Mitchell
- 56 TOWARD A NEW LOUNGE CULTURE**
by Robert Rust
- 58 SATANISM AND THE AFRO-CARIBBEAN TRADITIONS**
by Kevin Filan
- 61 INTERVIEW: ACHERON**
by Steven Ericson
- 64 Seeing Red**
by Satan's Commissar
- 68 YOU'LL HEAR FROM MY LAWYER!**
by Blackjack
- 69 THE CRUSADES AND THE BAPHOMET**
by Herbert Paulis
- 75 To Arms**
by K. S. Anthony
- 76 FICTION: THE TERROR BY NIGHT**
by Michael Rose



Anton LaVey Memorial Issue

EDITOR—
Peter H. Gilmore

ASSOCIATE EDITOR—
Peggy Nadramia

THE BLACK FLAME
IS PUBLISHED BY
Hell's Kitchen
Productions, Inc.

COPYRIGHT © 2000 C.E.
by Hell's Kitchen
Productions, Inc.
ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.
REPRODUCTION IN WHOLE
OR IN PART WITHOUT
WRITTEN PERMISSION IS
PROHIBITED.

MAILING ADDRESS:

P.O. Box 499
Radio City Station
New York, NY
10101-0499 USA

EMAIL:

THEBLACKFLAME@HOTMAIL.COM

SINGLE COPY PRICE:
\$6.00 IN THE U.S.
\$8.00 OUTSIDE THE U.S.

SUBSCRIPTIONS:
\$12.00 IN THE U.S.
FOR TWO ISSUES.
\$16.00 OUTSIDE THE U.S.
FOR TWO ISSUES.

SEND CHECK, BANK
DRAUGHT OR MONEY ORDER
IN U.S. FUNDS ONLY.

OPINIONS EXPRESSED
HEREIN ARE THOSE OF
THE AUTHORS ALONE.

WE ACCEPT NO RESPONSIBILITY
FOR UNSOLICITED
MANUSCRIPTS.
CORRESPONDENCE
REQUESTING A RESPONSE
MUST BE ACCOMPANIED BY
AN S.A.S.E.

COVER: Peter H. Gilmore

ANY AND ALL ARTICLES,
LETTERS, ESSAYS, OR
COMMENTARY SUBMITTED
TO THIS PUBLICATION YET
DEMONSTRATING AN
IGNORANCE OF THE
PRINCIPLES AND IDEAS IN
The Satanic Bible by
Anton Szandor LaVey
WILL BE IGNORED.



L

OT

L

ICE



By Anton Szandor LaVey

INTO EVERYONE'S LIFE APPEAR individuals who just don't seem to want to go away. They surface in many forms, but have certain common denominators. They are epitomized by the guy who is 86'ed from the local bar for stirring up shit, falling through the plate glass door and suing, welching on bar tabs, and carelessly almost setting the place on fire. A week after he is told his business is no longer welcome, he pops in and tries to cadge a drink from his old buddy, the bartender. Just like nothing had happened.

In the circus, they are referred to as "lot lice" — winos who, no matter how many times they are given the bum's rush, keep coming back and hanging around. They drop their lit cigarette butts in the sawdust right next to the Big Top during a sellout performance.

Actually, they are easy enough to deal with, but it means a little cutting off of the milk of human kindness.

The Church of Satan, like any operation, has always had its share of lot lice. There are simple ways of dealing with them. The first is the "Freeze." That means that no mention is made of them, no phone calls are returned, and there is no way they can sneak under the tent flap (retain any social benefits, while ostracized, in a casual or roundabout manner).

Certain outmoded responses still work, because they are so straightforward. If detained or engaged by lot lice of any stripe, i.e. unwanted persons, dialogue is disastrous. Verbal communication must be confined to

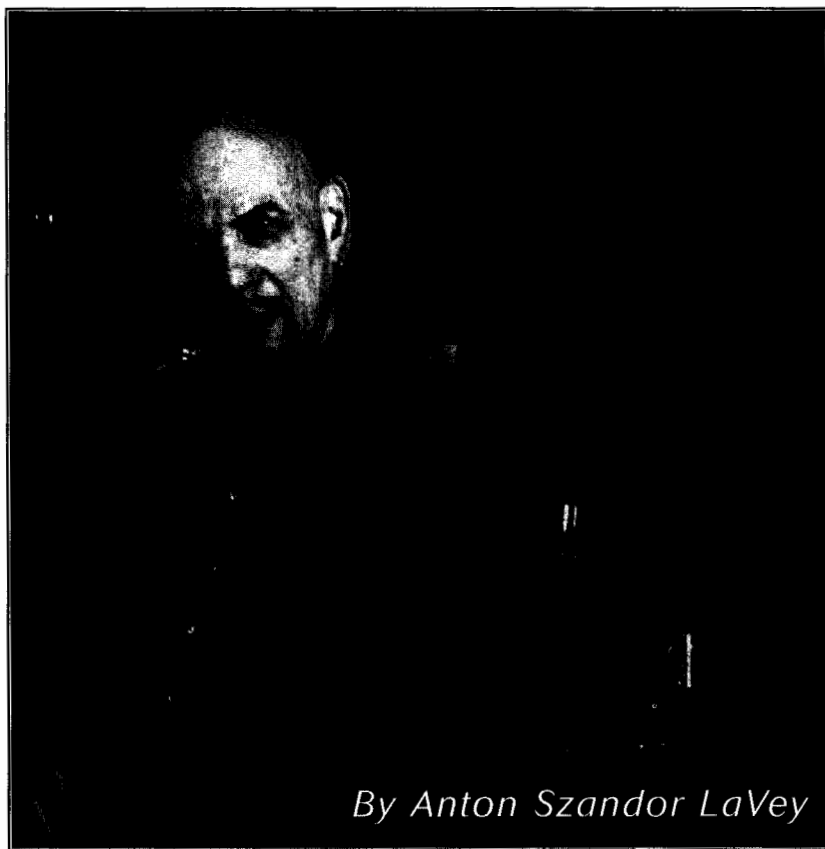
such simplistic and readily understood statements as, "Get lost!", "Take a hike!", "I got nothing to say to you, go away, you smell bad!", "You're bad news!", "Go peddle your papers!", "Somebody get that bum outta here!", "Are you still hanging around?", or that succinct, but lucid directive, "Go fuck yourself!"

Unfortunately, political correctness and increased concern for the rights of others, however unworthy, has encouraged lot lice, who cannot possibly understand why anyone should take exception to their M.O., let alone ostracise or hold a grudge against them. After all, are they not still a part of "the occult community" and what's a little difference among colleagues? **It is precisely this attitude that maintains "dialogue,"** better spent on productive comrades, than on contentious, malcontent, and parasitic lot lice.

Remember: you give their lives meaning. They need you. You don't need them. Even as their sworn enemy, you represent a presence in their otherwise barren and rejected identities. That's why lot lice will always be found hanging around the Big Top. And they always have plenty of criticism and advice on how the show should be run. And no matter how many times a bartender kicks their ass out onto the sidewalk, a few days later, they'll still poke their ugly faces in the door to see the action inside.

At least know them for what they are, and deal with them accordingly. You'll have a lot less frustration. ★

WHY BARTENDERS DON'T LOAN MONEY



By Anton Szandor LaVey

IF THE BARTENDER AT THE HI-TONE CLUB loans a customer ten dollars, chances are good that he'll not only lose his ten dollars, but lose the customer as well. Here's how it works: This particular customer (of no great merit) spends all his dough drinking at the Hi-Tone, which leaves him without funds for much of anything, including getting home. He's been drinking all night, spent his money, and has no choice but to hit the bartender up for ten bucks, so he can at least call a cab. The bartender figures: what does he have to lose — the guy's broke and not good for any more business, so he lends the guy ten.

True to form, the customer promises to pay the bartender next time around. He departs the scene and might go home, but more likely staggers up the street to the Ajax Club with ten whole dollars in his pocket. The Ajax isn't as classy or as popular as the Hi-Tone; they get some real bums, and you have to toe-dance around the cockroaches, but they serve the same liquor, so the guy figures why not stop for a night cap. He has ten whole dollars. Because the Ajax needs the business (much of it is rejects and overflow from the Hi-Tone), they are more than happy to see him lurch through the door. He is greeted with congeniality, made to feel at home, and they even dust off a bar stool for him. Of course, he's buying his drink with the bartender's

money from the Hi-Tone Club, but we'll pass over that.

Later that week he gets paid. Where does he go to spend his pay check? Why, to the Ajax, of course. Aside from the fact that they give him a big bar-type hug, a slap on the back and a hearty handclasp, he actually feels more comfortable in the less formal surroundings where he can snort louder and blow his nose on the floor. Besides, if he goes back to the Hi-Tone Club, the bartender will soon bring up the unresolved matter of where's his ten bucks from last week. So he stays clear of the Hi-Tone Club and his obligation, preferring the ambience of the Ajax, where he is made to feel like a Poo Bah and can Xeper off both his shoes.

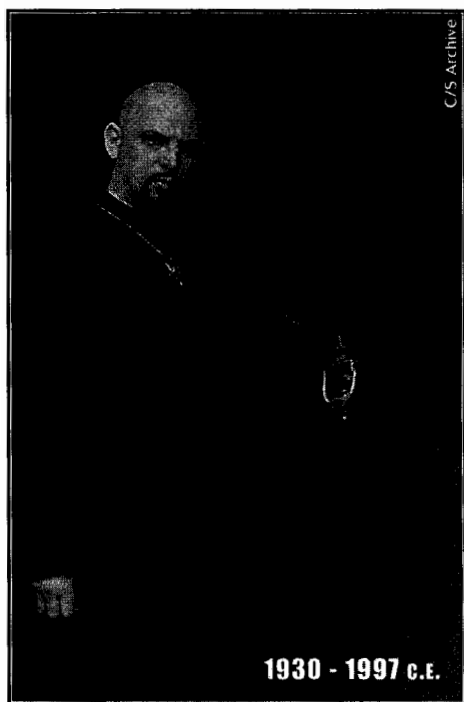
So, the Hi-Tone Club loses a steady paying customer, and its bartender loses his ten dollars. As for the caliber of the customer, the loss is negligible.

As for our customer: he still surreptitiously pokes his nose in the Hi-Tone Club whenever he trudges past, just to check out the action. His conversation at the Ajax usually evolves to the patrons and action at his prior hangout. After all, he is still an active part of the occult community and wants to keep up on what's happening.

Sound familiar?



IN MEMORIAM



Anton Szandor LaVey

The Devil's Henchman

Blanche Barton

"BLANCHE!"

I STOPPED DEAD IN MY TRACKS, MY eyes quickly scanning the parked cars and doorways opening onto the busy sidewalk. It had been exactly three months since Dr. LaVey died, but I had heard his voice just then, just as clearly as I had heard him call my name a thousand times. People passing on the sidewalk glanced sidelong at this woman blocking their path, her eyes beginning to fill with tears. I was so hungry to hear his voice again. Even though my logical mind quickly chastised me that the "voice" I so willingly imagined was an auditory illusion created by overlapping street sounds, wind, rain and various voices, I waited, longing for the dream to return for just one more fleeting moment. It didn't, of course. I walked on, continuing my appointed errands, head down, wiping the tears away yet again, and feeling like a shade, slightly out of phase with the rest of the world.

When I was younger and, oh, so much smarter than I am now, I thought people who mourned were pretty silly. The person's dead, I thought smugly to myself. You can't bring him back by crying over him. How selfish of people to keep weeping and moaning. Their tears are for themselves, their own loss—not the person who died. And they should be strong enough to just get on with things. Life is for the living. That's one reason why I was attracted to Satanism—no pap about heaven, an afterlife, survival of the soul, reincarnation, karma.... When you're dead, you're gone. We don't have any way of knowing what happens beyond the veil, if anything—and anyone who

says he does is a liar. If you evoked enough terror or sympathy during your lifetime, that is your only bid for immortality. You will be remembered. But you won't know it and it won't really matter to you one way or the other.

Yet, regardless of logic, no matter how prepared you think you are for "the inevitable," it's amazing how the brain scrambles to make sense of the death of someone whose life is so intimately intertwined with yours. The loss creates a physical ache, like taking a punch in the stomach. It leaves you raw, rudderless and disoriented. Part of it is the shock of the sudden interruption of habit—we talked, we laughed, played with our son, watched movies together, ate dinner together, met with friends. All of that is suddenly gone. It's eerie, being forced from any reality you've gotten used to. We've all experienced that. A new house, a different job, having a baby, breaking up with a partner... any radical change leaves everything slightly skewed, until you establish new habits and that sense of unreality fades. But with Dr. LaVey, he influenced the lives of so many people, not just those in his immediate environment, that we've all felt a level of disorientation since his death.

Many of us found in Anton LaVey a hero that we couldn't find anywhere else. There were many who never met him but who felt connected to him in an almost supernatural way, admired him, identified with him and were deeply affected by his death—perhaps more than they would have expected themselves to be. Before I ever met Anton LaVey, I gained strength from his existence. I always knew he was out there. I thought of him on his birthday and wondered what he might be doing to celebrate. I had conversations with him. When I was faced with challenges in my

life, I thought, "How would Anton LaVey handle this? He wouldn't give up or back down!" And because I knew he walked the earth somewhere—defiant, accomplished, determined and proud—I conjured forth the strength within myself to prevail as I imagined LaVey himself would.

When I finally had the chance to meet the man some eight years after I'd joined the Church of Satan, I prepared myself for inevitable disappointment. No one could possibly live up to the expectations I had managed to pile upon this one human being—it would be unfair to expect him to. I promised myself I'd still respect him even if he had a funny high-pitched voice, had put on a lot of weight since his last photo session or was rather humorless, dull and stuck on himself. Imagine my embarrassment. Dr. LaVey was a dazzling presence. He was a sexy, intense, witty, talented, dangerously perceptive man. I wasn't prepared for his jokes, or his musical talent. On then-new Prophet 5 and Juno 60 keyboards he'd spent hundreds of hours programming himself, he played songs I knew and loved, arrangements I heard in my own mind but had never heard anyone actually play that way. That first night, May Day 1984, flew by. By dawn, after a night of music and laughter and memories and stories, I felt like I'd stepped into a linear accelerator—and I knew I could never leave him. I met him the next night for dinner and he kissed me as we watched the sunset from Sutro Park, overlooking the Cliff House. As we said goodbye that night (the next morning—ask anyone who ever met the man, his meetings usually lasted 'til dawn if he liked you), he held me close and whispered that he needed me. I moved to San Francisco four months later.

Over the past thirteen years, I've been

privileged to become intimate with a complex, driven man. I often felt living with him was like living in a pressure cooker. Dr. LaVey was the personification of the evil archetype—stubborn, brilliant, opinionated, intuitive, self-oriented, brutal but never cruel except to those who deserved it. Somehow he was always able to reconcile his bitterness with his basic Romantic nature. He was very demanding, no less of himself than of the people around him. His work was indulgence for him; he wrote and practiced his music right up until the time he died. He was a skilled and sensitive lover, an encouraging teacher, an adoring father to our son, and my chosen master. Know this: Dr. LaVey never compromised, never once contemplated “making peace with God” or whatever other foolishness some strong minds sink to when they get old, soft in the head, facing death. Toward the end, he became more misanthropic and homicidal than ever. The ugliness beyond his lair became intolerable—ugly people, inane advertising, frenetic music, bad drivers. He always carried a gun when we went out and he was afraid he might use it in a mighty fit of dark malice some day.

It was his will and sometimes his will alone that kept him alive. Anton LaVey was a determined man who never wanted to appear less than strong, even to his closest friends. The High Priest astounded his doctors by living several years longer than they ever expected him to. He survived a sudden death experience and was revived in 1995; we joked that, now that he had been officially resurrected, he could start his own religion. He had his strength and his faculties right up until the end and never had to endure dependency. Having someone wipe his butt and help him eat—that he would have hated.

Unlike many people when loved ones die, I don't regret anything we didn't say, or (perhaps worse) did say. We loved and understood each other as only destined infernal comrades could. In a way, I feel like I've been spinning in a whirlwind for the past 13 years and have suddenly, unceremoniously, come down with a plop, dropped not in magical, Technicolor Munchkinland but in dull, monochrome Kansas. Dr. LaVey made the world potent, portentous, bristling with magical possibility and dark purpose. Now it's up to us to personify his Satanic spirit—committed to the Dark Forces, guided by his words. There will be debates and challenges and accusations now that the Doctor is gone. His enemies will work harder than ever to try to discredit him, to attempt to destroy the organization and philosophy he has created. But the truth of the matter is that what Anton LaVey achieved is unassailable. He has given us a philosophy that inspires thousands of people

Dr. LaVey was the personification of the evil archetype—stubborn, brilliant, opinionated, intuitive, self-oriented, brutal but never cruel ...except to those who deserved it.



HIS BOOKS:

The Satanic Bible
The Satanic Witch
The Satanic Rituals
The Devil's Notebook
Satan Speaks

HIS FILMS:

Satanis: THE DEVIL'S MASS
The Devil's Rain
Death Scenes
Speak of the Devil:
THE CANON OF ANTON LAVAY

HIS RECORDINGS:

The Satanic Mass (LP/CD)
Answer Me / Honolulu
Baby (45 rpm single)
Strange Music (33 rpm)
Satan Takes a Holiday (cd)

S E L E C T E D W O R K S

around the globe; a religion that will be with us when the last human dies. The demons of reason and science have been unleashed on the world, for better or worse, and Satanism is part of that revolution. Think, challenge, outrage the meek and the self-righteous—that's the best way to honor the memory of the man who lived his life as the Devil's Henchman. ✱

...your *immortal* spirit—shall live, not in an intangible paradise, but in the brains and sinews of those whose respect you have gained.

— THE SATANIC BIBLE —

Remembering LaVey

Boyd Rice

I WAS IN NEW YORK WHEN I GOT the news. I'd just given a concert and was at a party being thrown in our honor at a club called *The Bank*. A half-dozen or so Church of Satan kids were gathered around my table, full of questions about Anton LaVey.

"What's he really like?"

"Like no one I've ever met before or probably ever will meet again."

The questions came fast and furious until one fellow asked, "Who's going to take over the Church when Anton dies?"

"He's too mean to die." I shot back, "He's told me that he can't afford the luxury of death, because his passing would please too many assholes. So he's just going to have to tough it out and will himself to live forever." This response brought chuckles all around.

"Besides," I continued, "no one could fill those shoes, ever."

By and by, a girl came up to me and told me there was a call for me. The phone was in the basement. It was Peter Gilmore and he sounded strange. His voice was hoarse, strained. "I'm afraid I have some bad news," he started, and a chill ran through me, I knew the rest. In the milliseconds before he continued, my mind raced to reassure itself that the bad news couldn't be that, Anton LaVey couldn't be dead. But he's still so young. But I just saw him. But this, but that. Peter's words left me numb. I had just seen LaVey recently, interviewed him for *Seconds*. He'd seemed so hearty, vivacious. He'd gotten the transcript of the interview and intro I'd written, and called up, thanking me profusely. He was always so grateful for any little thing you did on his behalf. We had a great conversation that day; he was in high gear and sounded ready to take on the world. His energy and enthusiasm were so infectious that at the end of a meeting or conversation, you'd be so charged with adrenaline and so stimulated by the exchange of ideas that you yourself felt ready to take on the world. The Doctor signed off that day with a gruff "Hail Satan!" and little did I suspect that those were the last words he would ever speak to me.

THOUGH I SERIOUSLY THOUGHT HE WOULD BE around a lot more years yet, I had considered the notion of his mortality on a few recent occasions. My friend Giddle Partridge had called to tell me of a dream she found disturbing.

She's been someplace or other where she ran into Anton LaVey and he asked if she was going to be seeing me anytime soon. "Sure, I see Boyd all the time," she replied.

"Well," he said, "the next time you see him, let him know I'm planning my funeral."

The following night, LaVey appeared in another dream: "Have you seen Boyd yet?" He asked.

No, she hadn't.

"Well, be sure to give him my message. It's important."



Giddle was haunted by the macabre dreams, and called me as soon as she awoke from the second one. I dismissed them as just dreams, yet can't deny I was disturbed. So much so that I squeezed in a trip to San Francisco a week before I was due to leave the country. I'd initially thought it would be far less hectic to interview LaVey after my return from Europe, but now decided to squeeze it somehow into my schedule. Seeing LaVey that visit, he seemed so hearty and fiery, all thoughts of the creepy dreams vanished, only to return on the train journey home. Transcribing the interview, my thoughts drifted to Tiny Tim and how I had interviewed him less than a week before his death. I thought about how much I missed him, and what a loss it was. There was no one else quite like him, except in an odd way, LaVey. Then the image of Giddle's dream returned to me. I looked at the yellow legal pad on my lap, its lines covered with LaVey's words and ideas. Suddenly, a terrible thought crept into my mind. Was it possible that I would lose LaVey as suddenly and unexpect-

edly as Tiny? I mean, Tiny had had a heart attack recently, sure, but had sounded so strong and vibrant when last I spoke to him. He, like LaVey, was only in his sixties. I didn't want to think about it anymore. But still I wondered...could it be possible? The answer, unfortunately, was forthcoming.

I MUST CONFESS A BIT OF SHOCK ON MY own part regarding my response to LaVey's passing. The overwhelming sadness and sense of loss that I'd expected would plague me never quite reached the severity that I thought they would. They were there, naturally (and still are), but were overshadowed by something far more intense. I cannot think of him in terms of what I, or any of us, have lost in his passing; but only in terms of what he has meant to me as a vital part of my life during the last decade or so. To be accepted into the inner circle of this great man has been perhaps the most rewarding event in my life thus far. I have never lost the sense of awe I felt at being accepted by this man as friend, confidante, or acolyte.

He has been part of my life for 27 years. At the age of 13, I cut his pictures out of magazines and displayed them prominently on my wall. These few simple images spoke to my soul. They conveyed volumes to me. They told me of a man who lived his fantasies and pursued his obsessions. They spoke of a man who lived by his own inner law, a man whose will was so strong he could bend the world to it. They spoke of a man who prospered in the real world, not despite being an outsider, but because of it.

GOING THROUGH MY TEENS IN THE EARLY 70'S, I lost track of Anton LaVey and of Satanism, but the conclusions he had caused me to draw stayed with me.

ARRIVING IN SAN FRANCISCO IN THE LATE 70'S, I would find my mind drifting back to LaVey. We'd drive past a dark-looking house and I'd ask, "Is that the Church of Satan?" I'd invariably be told that "Anton LaVey only deals with millionaires and movie stars, not the general public anymore."

"Good for him," I'd think to myself.

Eventually, I met Jim Osborne, an underground artist who was a legend of sorts. Osborne was the kind of guy who knew everything. He wasn't a know-it-all, just someone who knew it all. And it turned out he knew LaVey. We were discussing I don't know what one evening, and he said, "You know who you should meet? Anton LaVey. He is into exactly what you're into, and I mean each and every single thing, from Ed Gein to Tiny Tim." (Mind now, this was at a

time when absolutely no one was into Ed Gein or Tiny Tim.)

I'd said, "Sure, I've always wanted to meet him," and since I'd met virtually every other celebrity who'd ever interested me, I assumed our paths would cross sooner or later. It seemed inevitable that we'd meet eventually, especially in a city as small as San Francisco. I'd seen a shiny black Jag once, bearing the license plate SZANDOR, parked in a Cala Foods lot at 3:30 in the morning and had hung around to see if it indeed belonged to The Man.

I had to run off before the driver appeared, but thought, "What's a guy who only befriends millionaires and movie stars doing in a supermarket at 3:30 in the morning anyway? Probably not him." I would later find out that the vehicle was indeed his.

I kept hearing rumors about the guy. I heard that he had put his wife into a hypnotic trance that he could re-activate at any time, simply by uttering some short, post-hypnotic phrase. Whenever the woman's presence began to grate on his nerves, which was evidently quite often, he merely had to say the phrase. She'd fall silent, exit the room, and go recline on the bed. And she'd remain there in a state of hypnotic slumber until such time as he saw fit to return her to the land of the living.

It sounded like something right out of an episode of *Dark Shadows*. The more I heard about this guy, the more I wanted to meet him.

We finally met at a film festival I was involved with. He'd come to meet T.V. Mikels, a polygamist of sorts who made the films *Astro Zombies* and *The Corpse Grinders*. LaVey was interested in polygamy (and exploitation films) and was eager to spend time with this man who seemed to be such a kindred spirit. As he strode into the theatre, LaVey looked for all the world like a figure off the big screen—a film noir crime boss, an arch-villain. He was impeccably dressed, and exuded a presence that was larger than life. I stood and stared. Gawked. Should I approach this man and tell him how profoundly his works affected my early development, or should I pay him respect by honoring his privacy. I was torn between the two options. So, I stood watching him, trying not to stare, but staring nonetheless. Suddenly, he glanced around and his gaze met mine. He walked over to where I was standing and said, "Is your name Boyd? I think we share some mutual interests." As he introduced himself, I was stunned. Anton Szandor LaVey, talking to me! And he knew who I was. He said he was

impressed that someone my age was so passionate about Little Peggy March, whom he also greatly admired. We launched into a discussion about girl groups. I remember him saying, "This is dangerous music, Boyd. Songs like 'Johnny Get Angry' and 'I Will Follow Him' could never be done in today's climate. But people like us have to bring back this sort of thing." We talked at length and I was indeed stunned to see how closely our obsessions mirrored one another's. As the film screening seemed to be on the verge of starting, he asked for my number, saying "We should continue this conversation some time. I'll have my gal Friday set up a meeting with

and far more. Better in fact than I could have imagined. I arrived at eight in the evening and didn't leave until well after sunrise. I came again the following week, and continued to come every week for the next few years until I moved out of state. Those nights were truly magical. That house is like some hermetically sealed alternate reality that exists separate and distinct from the rest of the world. LaVey's personality was so thoroughly imbued in every square foot of the place that it seemed an extension of him, a part of him. And he too sensed a deep feeling of interconnectedness to the house. It was like a work of art that he'd created over the course of a life-

time. He felt so close to the place that he referred to it as one might refer to a dear old friend. I remember returning from a restaurant one evening and seeing LaVey's pained expression as he noticed in the light of the full moon that the paint on the front of the house was beginning to crack and peel.

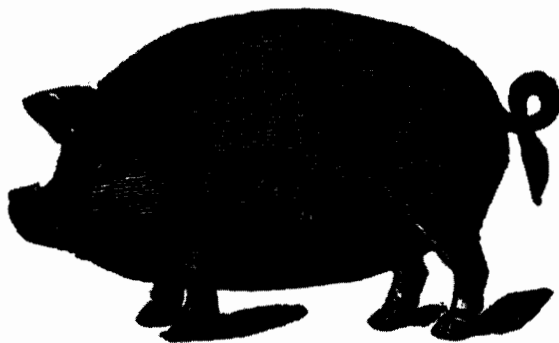
"That's just awful," he commented. "This house has been so good to me that I really owe it to it to hire someone to put on a coat of paint."

His sentimentality toward the house was such that I could sense he felt almost as though the place was an old friend and the friend was in ill health. I too had a longstanding love affair with the house. As a kid I'd dreamed of traveling to San Francisco to visit the Church of Satan. I'd gaze at a picture I had of Karla standing in front of it and try to imagine how amazing the interior must be. So I told LaVey in no uncertain terms that I wanted to paint the place myself. I had to really twist his arm to get him to agree, but finally he relented and said, "Well, okay, if you're sure you really want to."

An artist friend named Harvey Stafford helped and we completed the task in several days. When the Doctor came out to inspect the job he was as joyous as a child. His eyes sparkled and he had a huge grin on his face. He was able to take the greatest pleasure out of the simplest little things like that, which is why I relate this episode. It's one of his qualities I admired the most.

He never allowed his cynicism to get in the way of that sure childlike enthusiasm. Most people with his level of cynicism allow it to sour them on life. Not him. He was able to get extremely passionate about the sorts of things that most people either take for granted or don't even notice: a favorite brand of cookie, an old hat store in the neighborhood, a faded advertising slogan painted on the side of a brick building, a certain alley that he liked the look of. Here's a man who fucked sex symbols,

THE DYING PIG



The most laughable novelty yet produced. It is made of rubber, and you have only to blow it up and stand the pig on his feet, when he begins to squeal as he slowly collapses and finally lies down and dies in the most natural manner. You can blow him up as often as desired, and each time he will go through the same performance to the great amusement and delight of your friends.

**No. 3302. Dying Pig, price.....15c
3 for 40c, 1 doz. for \$1.35 postpaid.**

you." He did and I went out to see him.

It was, befittingly, a damp, foggy night. The fog horn moaned in the distance. As I was buzzed through the security gate, the door swung open, and Blanche stood in the doorway, holding back a snarling wolf-dog who was straining at its leash. "Calm down, Bathory," she admonished the beast, who was clearly in attack mode. I was ushered into an elegant purple room, and Blanche left to fetch some coffee. I was alone in the dimly lit room, filled with strange paintings, stuffed animals, demonic doodads and a gynecological table. The bookshelves still bore the warning label I'd read about in *Man, Myth and Magic* at age 13: "Anyone caught removing books from these shelves will have their hands amputated." It was great—everything I'd expected

hung out with the famous, the rich, the powerful, founded his own religion—and he could still get excited by something as simple as a cookie or an alley. The people who imagine him to be brooding, gloomy and “down” have no idea of the vast scope of his personality or his complexity. He was complex. The different aspects of his personality were like a puzzle formed of lots of interlocking pieces, and a lot of the pieces seemed to be diametrically opposed to one another, but he made them all fit and he made them work.

Most people are either sweet by nature or cruel, serious or goofy, and so on. In LaVey these things seemed to exist side by side, and in greater quantity than most people. When he was angry he was really angry. He’d fly into a rage and you’d swear he was ready to reach for his gun and murder someone. When he was tender he was intensely so, and anyone who didn’t know him would be lead to believe he was the sweetest man on earth. He seemed to experience everything far more deeply than most people do.

HE WAS AN ADEPT MIMIC, AND would take on the personality of different characters he’d invented. One was an old Asian man who went to Reno to see a certain prostitute. One was a film noir mob boss. Another was a German movie director a la Von Stroheim, and yet another was a Yiddish fella whose name was Rudi something-or-other. He’d go into these characters without warning and sometimes the charade would last for hours. And it was like you were talking to another person. After five or ten minutes you’d find yourself forgetting it was Anton LaVey you were talking to. He called me late one night and the moment I heard him bark out my name, I knew that the film noir crime boss was on the line.

“Boyd. It’s The Old Man, I hear some of those New York hot shots are tryin’ to blow smoke up your ass. Well, you just tell em that The Old Man says ‘No dice.’ If they start to piss and moan about it, just pass the buck. Never put your ass in the fire if you can pass the buck.”

He had a rule about not giving advice unless it was asked for, and this schtick was a roundabout way for him to give me council about an awkward situation I was in with

some New York media folks. The details of the situation escape me now, but they’re unimportant anyway. I accepted the council and extracted myself from the situation.

“If it was up to me I’d help you guys out, but The Old Man said I shouldn’t.”

Couldn’t I just run it by him, they queried, try to reason with him?

I passed the buck. “You have no idea how difficult Anton LaVey can be to deal with.



Nick Bougas

Downright impossible. I’m afraid it’s hopeless.” Dejected, they hung up the phone and never bothered me again.

Those of us who knew The Doc know how dearly he cherished humor. Judging by ninety-nine out of a hundred Satanists I’ve come across, most seem never to have heard about his oft-repeated observation that a Satanist without a sense of humor would be a tedious pain in the ass.

ONE OF LAVEY’S “NECRONOMICONS” WAS the Johnson Smith catalog, a turn-of-the-century mail order guide featuring a countless selection of gags, tricks, and novelties. He could thumb through this book for hours, reading the various blurbs and descriptions and laughing uproariously. His favorite gags, of course, were those which preyed upon people’s foibles and frailties, or in which humor was derived through causing

discomfort and/or humiliation to the unwitting victim. He liked one ad so much he had it enlarged and framed to hang on the wall of his kitchen. It depicted an “Anarchist Stink Bomb,” a small vial which, when broken, released a chemical that produced “a most disagreeable odor.” One dropped in a room was said to produce “more consternation than a Limburger cheese.” The illustration depicted a crowd of people grimacing and holding their noses, exclaiming such things as, “WOW, P.U.!” and “That’s an awful smell, boys!”

In a brief aside I’m reminded of the time LaVey in fact gave me a huge chunk of Limburger cheese.

“We were going to throw this out,” he told me, “but then I thought, ‘Hey Boyd can do something funny with this.’” He unwrapped the foil surrounding the cheese and a foul odor began to pervade the entire room. I winced and tried not to breathe. I can still picture him, standing there laughing heartily with that Limburger in his hand. I left the house at dawn and boarded a bus full of early morning commuters. As I unwrapped the cheese, people looked over their shoulders and craned their heads, disturbed by the sudden, overwhelming smell of shit on the bus.

Those who could, moved as far forward as possible. I hid the cheese on the hot wheel well at the back of the bus, and as it heated up it began to melt and smell even worse. As the bus got closer to downtown it was packed so full that at least half the people on it were incapable of doing anything to escape the awful smell, except to simply get off before their stop. More than a few did. The only word that can possibly describe the scene is right out of Johnson Smith: consternation. When I described the scene to LaVey the fol-

lowing week, he laughed non-stop, from start to finish.

ONE WEEK, LAVEY SAID HE'D SEEN A COPY OF the Johnson Smith catalog at a bookstore near his house, and anxious to have a copy of my own, I went to the store the moment I awoke the following day. Alas, the book had been sold only an hour or two before. Relating my sad story to the Doctor the following week, he reached down next to his chair and picked up something.

"I didn't want this to fall into the wrong hands," he told me, "here this is for you." It was the Johnson Smith catalog. Since we both stayed up all night and went to sleep at dawn, he too must have gone to get the book the moment he got up.

I was touched. He must have known a few dozen people, probably more, who'd have given their eyeteeth for a copy of that catalog, and he gave it to me. And every time I crack the pages, I am transported back to the nights we spent chuckling in the Black House. I can hear his voice every time I read the descriptions for itching powder, sneezing powder, or "the dying pig." And I can hear that rich, hoarse, full laugh of his.

ANTON LAVEY WAS NOT WHAT YOU'D CALL A people person. He hated people—despised them. He'd been disappointed by people big time. And yet he never lost his ability to trust in the people who merited his trust. He was so sour on humanity, the human race, that he seemed to cherish those he was close to in a way so passionate and intense that it more than compensated for all those who didn't (couldn't) measure up to his standards.

Sure he was authoritarian, autocratic (his term), a harsh task master. He was also one of the most loyal and supportive people I've ever met. To LaVey, loyalty was not an empty term, it was a way of life.

I remember a time when things were looking terribly bad for me. People were demanding that my records be banned, taken off the shelf. They were saying I was an asshole, too harsh, far too extreme. I had no desire for my bad PR to reflect negatively on the Church of Satan, and I suggested that I could tender my resignation rather than cast an unpleasant shadow over the organization. LaVey's response: "Bullshit! You aren't an asshole, Boyd, they are. You aren't too harsh, they aren't harsh enough. You aren't too extreme, they aren't extreme enough."

"Dammit, Boyd," he exclaimed, "You're an iconoclast! Satanism is about iconoclasm. It's about stepping on people's toes every now and then, because anyone who remains true to their vision has got to step on some toes along the way. Trusting your vision, your instincts, means following them to wherever they lead you, and let the chips fall where they may.

Sometimes they take you to some pretty ugly places, places that piss people off. So be it. They deserve to be pissed off. It may not be my intention or your intention to piss them off, but more often than not that's a by-product of what we do. And, hell, if you're not pissing off someone, you must not be following the right path."

He was a true leader, and when one of his own was under attack, he took it very personally. Rather than worry about the very real possibility that I might be a liability to him, he sought to bolster my morale. He encouraged

Anton LaVey was not what you'd call A people person. He hated people—despised them. He'd been disappointed by people big time. And yet he never lost his ability to trust in the people who merited his trust.

me in the very things other people discouraged. When everyone I knew counseled me to calm down and be more moderate, he'd say, "Never calm down, Give it to 'em with both barrels." He was the only person who was there for me, there to fan the flames when everyone else wanted to douse them. And I appreciate that more than words can say. Like I said, loyalty was more than just a word to him.

AND I PRIDE MYSELF ON THE FACT THAT I WAS there for him when not a whole hell of a lot of other people were. Not that he wanted a throng of people around—quite the contrary. But I was a very vocal proponent of LaVey at a time when the S-word was very uncool. It was seen as "some sixties thing," and LaVey was often dismissed as a phony, a con man, a hack, a has-been. Many even thought LaVey was dead! "Anton LaVey?! Is he still alive?" But I could see that a whole generation was slowly starting to come around to the ideas that he'd been promulgating all along, ideas I'd never lost sight of. And I knew it was inevitable that those ideas would grow and spread and flourish. And that the naysayers would eat their words. It doesn't surprise me that Anton LaVey has suddenly become hip. Or that there are probably more people now who think he's a wise man than there are who think he's a con man. I knew it would happen. And the aspect of it that I derive the most joy from is not the fact that it did happen, or that I was right, or even that I had the privilege to be along for the ride so to speak, but that Anton lived long enough to see it happen. A lot of great men don't live to see such a massive resurgence of interest in their work. Poor Ed Wood died a few short years before his works were rediscovered and finally embraced as some-

thing truly marvelous. I know LaVey took great pleasure in the fact that a new generation looked to him for inspiration. And that it was a generation who could really grasp his ideas and apply them, not just dabblers and occultniks. Like the Doctor always reiterated: timing is everything.

LaVey lived long enough to enjoy the sweetest vengeance one can exact on their detractors: success. Of course, he had always been a success—anyone who lives on their own terms by their own law is a success. Even during his self-imposed exile as he cut himself

off from practically everything, his books stayed in print and continued to sell and his name was still good copy. The media was still hounding him and Geraldo was offering him six figures to show his face on camera. But the success of recent years is the "fuck you" variety of success, the sort that definitively says to any remaining detractors: "I'm right, you're wrong. I win, you lose."

LAVEY DEPARTED THE ARENA A WINNER. HE WAS a very happy, extremely satisfied man. And never more so than since the birth of Xerxes. I'm only sad that he didn't have more time with the boy, and vice versa.

I DON'T KNOW WHICH I'LL MISS MOST ABOUT LaVey, his great kindness, or his greater mean-ness. He would speak at length (and in great detail) of unspeakable acts of cruelty and violence, and I would be left wondering whether he was sharing a dark fantasy with me or a cherished secret memory. He spoke of hunting humans in such vivid detail, that I was transported to the scene of which he spoke. I could feel myself crouching in the shadows, the cold night wind sending a chill through me as I lay in wait for a passing victim.

He described waiting in some bushes alongside a trail in, say, Golden Gate Park or the Presidio. No telling how long you'd have to wait, so you'd want a jug of water and another empty jug to piss in. You'd want a weapon of stealth, like a garrote, a knife, or an icepick...

EX-POLICE OFFICERS AND JOURNALISTS HAD phoned me from time to time to inquire whether or not I thought it was possible that LaVey was the Zodiac Killer. At times like this I almost wondered. He'd been inter-

viewed in one of the books on the Zodiac, and asked what he imagined the killer's motives to be. "Maybe," replied LaVey, "he just likes hunting humans." Anton suggested the author check out an old film called "The Most Dangerous Game." In it, a recluse living on an island engineers shipwrecks so that the passengers who end up stranded on his shores can be hunted down and killed as sport. The recluse is an ex-big game hunter who's no longer satiated by merely killing animals. The film was a favorite of LaVey's. He screened it for me and afterwards we discussed some plot changes that would make it even better.

IF EVER HE WAS FEELING OUT OF SORTS, conversations about killing people (who to kill and how to kill them) would cheer him right up. He'd take fiendish glee in describing some incompetent person he'd had dealings with, and what, ideally, he thought should happen to them. "If you were looking for the perfect candidate for human sacrifice," he'd say, "you wouldn't have to look any further."

Over the years I've heard a lot of horrible things about LaVey. Some of them were true, and some of them were false. I won't bother to confirm or deny any of them. There are certain historical figures around whom a myth evolves, and by its very nature the myth constitutes a far greater truth than any actuality ever could. Someone once said that history is truth that eventually becomes a lie, and that myth is a lie that eventually becomes truth. I feel lucky to have known LaVey. I experienced LaVey as an actuality and on the level of myth. And I can truthfully say that the actuality of LaVey was far beyond anything his myth could ever be, no matter how wild or lurid. I'll miss The Old Man.

"Dead people belong to the live people who claim them most obsessively."

James Ellroy

ADDENDUM (and the future?)

MOST SATANISTS I'VE MET SEEM TO BE PEOPLE who want to reinvent themselves. Nothing wrong with that. 999 people out of a thousand would probably be far more interesting if they *could* reinvent themselves. The fly in the ointment is that "if they could" part of the equation. Try though they may, most fail miserably.

They usually start by re-christening themselves. They choose a new moniker more resonant with their desired identity. It's obviously selected with an eye towards making a statement. It's chosen because it sounds serious, or scary, or mysterious, or deep. More often than not, it's merely whacky. Like a stripper's stage name, selected to exude glamor and exotic allure, what seems like the acme of self-aggrandizement to a fairly naive indi-

vidual comes off as mere silliness to anyone even a little bit more worldly. And in the case of most strippers (and unfortunately, most Satanists), that's usually just about everyone. So far, so bad.

The prime objective of those seeking to reinvent themselves is to establish their individuality. Their individuality is very important to them, as they never tire of reminding us. But wait: if they are truly individualistic, then why would they feel the need to reinvent themselves? A person would only desire to be

I can truthfully say that the actuality of LaVey was far beyond anything his myth could ever be...

something other than what they are if they were dissatisfied with what they were to begin with. A person who lived according to their own inner law wouldn't automatically be more individualistic by adopting a stupid name like "Damien Dracula" or "Nikolas Schreck." A true individual could be named John Doe or John Smith, and it wouldn't diminish his individuality. I don't even honor the concept of individuality as such. Man is an animal that gravitates to certain archetypes. The few people I've met who've seemed truly individualistic, were in fact just people who more fully *embodied* one archetype or another, and embodying an archetype involves more than mere mimicry.

LaVey used to say to me that man is the only creature with the power to reinvent himself, and when he does, he's derided as a phony. I understand what he's saying, and yet I disagree. Man can alter his appearance, change his name, wear a new uniform, or remake himself in any of a thousand ways, but his character remains the same.

At the risk of sounding smug and condescending, I never felt the compulsion to reinvent myself. It has been a full time job just *being* myself, though it has required no great effort or expenditure of will on my part. Like Popeye used to say: "I am what I am and that's all what I am." That, to me, is Satanism. It's about (first and foremost) being what you are. Not *wanting* to be something or *trying* to be something.

Perhaps this is the single aspect of modern Satanism that I find the most distasteful. That it has helped, in some degree, to fuel that modern conceit that anyone can be whatever he or she chooses to be. Certainly, I would concur that the superior man is capable of unimaginable powers of self-transformation. But I would be quick to add that the superior man is also the person least in need of self-transformation, and therefore least likely to

pursue it. Nine times out of ten (or more), the machinations employed to remake oneself end up as little more than attempts to *misrepresent* oneself; and unsuccessful attempts at that.

THOSE WHO SEEK FREEDOM, POWER, OR identity via Satanism are, by definition, those who lack these things to begin with. LaVey always made it exceedingly plain to me that the Church of Satan was meant to be a clearing house for people who already possessed these qualities, and had built a successful life around them.

SATANISM IS PERHAPS THE ONLY MODERN creed in which faith and belief and lip service account for absolutely nothing. What's *paramount* is how you live your life, since living in accordance with your true nature makes you happier and increases your power. Following this path, it seems to me, is not a matter of choice to the born Satanist. It is a decision (if it can rightly even be regarded as such) of the instinct and not the intellect. It is a manifestation of the power you already possess, rather than the desire to attain the power you lack.

I'LL BEG YOUR PARDON IF I SOUND LIKE A SOURPuss. It's just that I'm not an organization man or team player. Never have been. The cynic in me tells me that people ruin everything. You can have the best idea on earth, and when people get ahold of it they'll turn it into a mockery.

I have no doubt whatsoever that LaVey's ideas will survive him. That's never been in question. What is questionable is whether or not those who trumpet them most loudly will apply them, or just discuss them endlessly in words. Ideas that make the transition to a living principle have an almost alchemical power. Ideas and words are no longer even ideas. Stripped of their power, they become dead, and serve a function quite the contrary of their initial intent.

The final disposition of any idea, no matter how earthshaking, is always the same. Many will believe it. Still more will speak of it. Few will live it. I say this not as a cynic or gloom-monger, but as a realist.

There have been many pronouncements about the eventual repercussions that will come about as a result of the life and ideas of Anton LaVey. I have only one such pronouncement, and I can guarantee you that that it's true: only time will reveal whether Anton LaVey was the first true Satanist, or the last. ★

POPPYCOCK!

LaVey is wonderfully alive...for these reasons and countless more:

1. You don't die until you're forgotten.
2. Fresh, formerly unexplored ideas have a long shelf life.
3. The vision and gifts of a Barton named Blanche.
4. The eerily appropriate arrival of adorable demon seed, Xerxes LaVey.
5. I recall hearing that other writers like Samuel Clemens, Jack London, and Ayn Rand also "died" some time ago...you couldn't prove it by me.
6. Power: on...the disc spins...the needle drops and "presto!" —dynamic music from His heart and hands can magically (and forever) flood the room.
7. The torch is passed and now resides in the iron grip of many a faithful and competent flame tender.
8. Let's face it...the damage is done...for as long as there's an "occult" section in retail bookstores, the mindless and confounding social landscape will eternally be challenged by a new breed of "Bible-thumpers" ...pragmatic misfits with a mission.
9. In truth, it's the modern world that's dead...to leave it honorably, as a legend, is, in a sense, to begin to live.
10. He isn't gone...He's here with me.

Nick Bougas

The Tragedy of Anton LaVey

Adam Parfrey

BOYD RICE'S ENTHUSIASM for new discoveries is infectious. Back in 1987, he began raving about Anton LaVey, insisting I meet him.

Sure. Why not? Sounded interesting. I had a copy of "The Satanic Mass" lp, found it amusing. This LaVey guy apparently played oboe—my instrument—and we shared birthdays. In "The Satanic Mass" recording, Wagner recordings played behind boisterous readings of *The Satanic Bible*, a book I had at the time only glanced at, laboring under the misconception that it was loaded down with occult jargon.

Filled with other people's various opinions about the man, I half-expected Anton LaVey to be some sort of ludicrous Aleister Crowley wannabe. Nothing could be further from the truth. This friendly, highly agreeable man seemed to combine elements of H.L. Mencken, Ben Hecht, Ivan Albright, Weegee, Korla Pandit, Tod Browning, Charles Addams and Ming the Merciless. He was the real thing. A true individual. Not a phony. Not a jargon fiend. And decidedly not an idiot.

Before visiting the Black House, I found a library copy of what later became *The Satanic Witch*—first published under the corny '70s title, *The Compleat Witch*. Then out-of-print, I found the book to be remarkable. Behaviorist low-downs from a dark, mordant mind, untainted by obligatory bows to Christian morality. The bibliography was in itself amazing: a list of curious books from which Anton grabbed and syncretized a wild array of information.

Upon my first reading, *The Compleat Witch* felt like a guilty pleasure. Publishing snobs would turn up their nose—and this is exactly what happened with my Amok Press partner before we sundered the business, and started our own imprints. "Why are you publishing Anton LaVey, and all that Satanic trash, Adam? I thought you knew better."

I didn't know any better. Surrendering to my better instincts of torturing follow-the-leader sophisticates, I published *The Satanic Witch* as the first Feral House title. It fit. *The Satanic Witch* became a litmus test, detecting the asshole of hipsters whose opinions were totally dependent on others.

At our first all-night meeting, Anton

impressed me with an encyclopedic knowledge of weird, Fortean events, and his personification of the true outsider. His opinions and interests were so apart from mainstream that I felt an immediate kinship. And as I understand, so did he.

A week later, Anton's youngest daughter, Zeena, unexpectedly appeared at the door of my Echo Park apartment, presenting me with a liter of Stolichnaya. This curvy surprise embodied almost all of her father's advice and pronouncements in *The Satanic Witch*. Fortunately for me, my girlfriend was spending time in New York.



Though Zeena met with directors like Curtis Harrington and John Waters, and took acting classes from Bruce Glover (Crispin's father), she couldn't pull off an acting career. To help fill the coffers, she started participating in Ed Wood-style séances and corny Satanic "counseling" to the lonely and desperate. It must have been frustrating for this 23-year-old girl to reside in a noisy Hollywood apartment, and raise a ten-year-old boy. Why wasn't she able to fulfill her career ambitions? Studio system mediocrity? Not enough aggression and persistence? Lack of sufficient talent or brain matter? In short time, Zeena began to blame her failures on her father, a man whose advice she followed to the word. Resentment rose to the surface.

The time I knew her, Zeena conducted hate-sessions about her older sister, Karla. Seemed they were in competition for their father's affection, which seemed to be showed more completely on Zeena. It took meet-

ing the yenta-like Karla to begin to understand Zeena's boundless dislike. Zeena was far more the live Satanic Witch, and an apt choice to introduce *The Satanic Witch*. And so it happened.

After publishing *The Satanic Witch*, the anti-Anton LaVey sector rose out of the closet. Chain stores canceled their orders of *The Satanic Witch* after Geraldo Rivera's documentary sideshow blaming Anton LaVey for all of America's cultural problems. Then I received a long letter from Michael Aquino, urging me to get in touch with him so he could tell me what was wrong with Anton LaVey and *The Satanic Witch*. Aquino seemed to spend many hours a day contemplating and writing about his love/hate obsession with Anton LaVey. Here was the man who accused Anton LaVey of not doing enough for the deity that was supposed to represent his own invented religion. Here was the man who tried to subvert Anton LaVey's entire organization by sending out letters to the entire CoS membership, urging all to betray LaVey and enlist in his Temple of Set. In the years following, Aquino self-published and sold a large array of anti-LaVey documents that can be summed up by saying: Anton LaVey was a phony; only Michael Aquino should be seen as the true Satan man. (Well, perhaps Aquino is. Anton LaVey can be better seen as a thinker, philosopher and fascinating eccentric. Channeling demonic deities is best left to Michael Aquino.)

Zeena and her new-found mate and defender (the pseudonymous Nikolas Schreck) attempted to convince Anton—unsuccessfully—to hand over the reins to the Church of Satan. Around the same time, Anton was besieged by Zeena's mother and former common-law wife, Diane, with a court case to provide her lots of money because she claimed to have been a battered and put-upon slave for many years.

Anton LaVey was hounded from from all sides, either by hysteria-inducing televised subterfuge, those who desired to become and replace him, and the muddy hypocrisy of infighting family members. Who would want to be in his spot?

Because he avoided seeing a lawyer, or even a notary, Anton's jotted-down will was contested (successfully) by Karla, who temporarily forgave all grudges with Zeena to make a claim on King LaVey's estate. The question remains: how could Zeena make a claim on her father's belongings after renouncing him and claiming on a Christian program to have cursed him to death? After her father died, she chose to pass around an essay titled "The Real Anton LaVey," which tried to chip away at her father's image, primarily using an article by Lawrence Wright for *Rolling Stone* magazine, which both she and

Karla once denounced as vengeful idiocy sloppily researched?

The answer is simple. Zeena, mate Nikolas, and Michael Aquino all still seem anxious to piss on the founder of the Church of Satan so that they can assume his role. None of them successfully lassooed the Church of Satan when Anton LaVey was alive; the least they could do is bring it all down after the Black Pope died. Even curses, famously used by Anton LaVey when he told about casting the evil eye on Sam Brody before he and his client Jayne Mansfield died in a car accident, would be employed by daughter Zeena against daddy. Perhaps Zeena is more her father's daughter than she would like to admit.

The people anxious to become Anton LaVey are the most fervent in tearing his image down. What makes these individuals so driven to say that Jayne Mansfield wasn't really quite *that* friendly with Anton LaVey — that her friendship was simply a publicity stunt? What drives them to write that Sammy Davis, Jr. didn't really know Anton LaVey *that* well? And what's this about Los Angeles' Mayan Theater—where many photos exist of burlesque acts bannered across its marquee—never actually featured burlesque acts, so Anton LaVey could have never performed there? What about the tale of Anton LaVey hitting little Zeena's pet dog? Or that housing his pet lion Togare was some sinister plot to make the animal sick? On and on and on go the revisionist tales... Anton's death was required for the would-be leaders to try to grab the crown.

Even if all the wannabes' attacks are true and their ulterior motives non-existent, even if the Anton LaVey saga was built on invention alone, how is that different than any other religion, sect, cult or folklore on this planet?

What's important about Anton LaVey is not how well he knew Sammy Davis, Jr., but how well he created a different, alternative and stimulating way of looking at and contradicting the mainstream game. He will never be replaced, and his influence will be felt for a long time. ★

Who's Minding The Church?

Priestess Ruth Waytz

When will people stop asking me what's going to happen to the Church of Satan now that Dr. LaVey is no longer with us?

Well, NEVER, which is why I feel compelled to take a moment to offer some perspective on the subject.

First, let me ask you this: Does the Catholic Church close up shop when a Pope dies? No. Does anything change with the new Pope? Not really. All other religions are

allowed to continue on for decades and even centuries without this kind of question, so why should the Church of Satan not be afforded this same courtesy?

(Not that I would eagerly make this association, but the also-founded-in-this-century Church of Scientology was neither expected to close its doors nor issue any kind of formal declarations upon the death of founder L. Ron Hubbard....)

The truth is Dr. LaVey's written words and philosophies are very much alive and are widely available in many languages, at most libraries and chain bookstores, and can even be ordered from several sites on the internet.. This will not change. As it was

during his life, anyone at all can read *The Satanic Bible*, *The Satanic Witch*, *The Satanic Rituals*, and any other of Dr. LaVey's numerous works.

My relationship with the Dr. was a personal one; perhaps this is why I view my relationship with the Church as personal as well.

What will be different now? Nothing. I have lost a dear and treasured friend and I will have to deal with that in my own way. But as for the Church itself, well, there will be just

as many mandated formal meetings as there were before. The Dr. will participate in "the Satanic Community" just as much as he ever did. He will continue to avoid public appearances and he will not grant interviews. The daily operations of the Church, which were never made public during his life, will remain unseen by you now and in the days to come.

What I can't figure is why suddenly everyone who can pronounce the word Satan wants, no, IS ENTITLED to be kept abreast of the tiniest of intimate details regarding the Church's daily business, as if that were ever accessible before. As if you would care. (As if we would tell you.)

As if.

The Church of Satan for me has always been a few close friends who share a philosophy and a value system, who enjoy and prefer each other's company and counsel. The Church has also wildly enhanced my abilities in my chosen field of Making It Hot For Them.

In many ways, the Church of Satan is the most important thing in my life. But if I were to awake tomorrow to a phone call informing me that the Church had been dissolved, or that Prominent Satanist Bob Larson was taking over as High Priest, well, so be it.

It was fun while it lasted.

Like anything else, the Church is bound to evolve, and it went through a lot of changes with Dr. LaVey at the helm. I, too, am bound to evolve if I am to survive, and believe me, I intend to survive. Since I never relied on the Church (or the Dr.) to define my identity, I really don't much care what happens now, because as I have said at least a million times now, the answer is Nothing.

It goes without saying (although I certainly do say it) that my life has been enhanced by and since my membership in the Church of Satan. It's given me just that little bit more, but that "more" is being added to ME. The truth is that I am the Church of Satan, not Dr. LaVey. What I do to continue my work is all that matters. The rest (as Eliot said so perfectly) is not our business.

HAIL DR. LAVEY!

HAIL SATAN! ★



Reverend Chris Hume

Respect to a Master Magician

Carl Abrahamsson

AT FIRST, I WAS SHOCKED, saddened and depressed by the news. 67 years is far too tender an age to die. I was just going to fax him and let him know the good news that the first edition of the Swedish *Satanic Bible* had sold out and that we're pressing more.

I had so much looked forward to another meeting in San Francisco during 1998. Time to chat, to watch some movies, have grand dinners, listen to music... But no, destiny would have it otherwise.

As a youngster of 21, I recorded a track with my band **White Stains**. The song was a pompous ode to Jayne Mansfield—Satanic Goddess—and the lyrics touched upon the relationship between her and the Church of Satan. Just for the hell of it I sent a copy of the record to Dr. LaVey, as it was an homage to him as much as to Jayne.

Lo and behold! I received a jovial letter with Satanic thanks. I knew very well that he didn't like the music (totally nonsensical rock'n'roll), but somehow the words must have been audible in—in my opinion—a terrible mix.

He made me a member (an honour indeed!) and when I visited San Francisco in 1989, I met the Doktor and Blanche for the first time. Nights of wonder, nights of magic. And nights of many good movies.

And thus it continued up until 1993, when I last met him. I had been in San Francisco every other year or so and each time was a joyous occasion. Not just for the fun and the good times, but for the fascinating feeling of "Wow!" that always hit me whenever I left The Black House.

He made an impact.

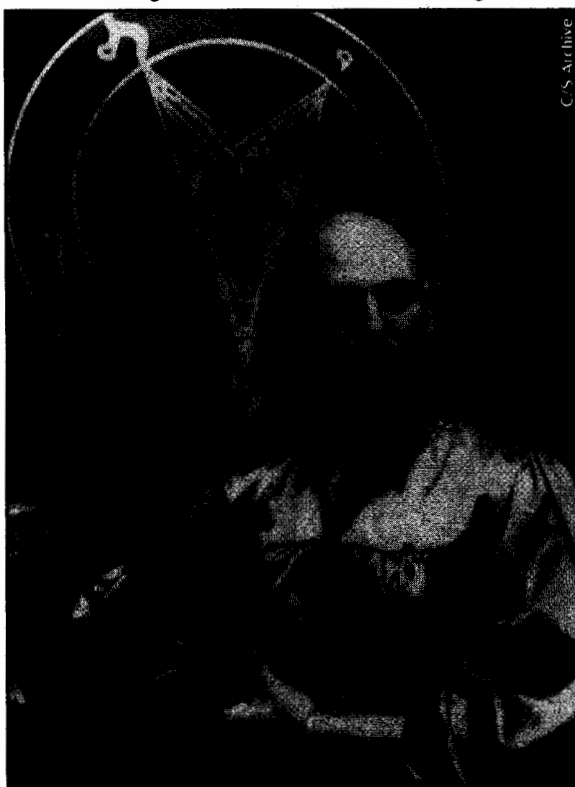
And he made this impact not only by fascinating people with his experiences, collections and many, many talents. No, he made an impact by reading people there and then and, if he felt the person or persons in question deserved it, he transmitted chosen tidbits of magical wisdom through anything from stories, anecdotes, jokes or through wonderful musical sessions in his kitchen.

Magic moves in subconscious and emotional realms. The Doktor knew this very well and appreciated people who resonated with his own interests in culture. Through an

active resonance, he would communicate not with the actual words spoken or the keys played, but rather with the powerful atmosphere he created through them.

He was a master.

Anything he wanted to, he could achieve. And he certainly achieved a great deal during his varied and colourful lifetime. But there comes a time in every true magician's development where he or she starts to consider the wellbeing of others and/or so-called higher



goals. And this was no different in Dr. LaVey's case.

Where most people mistakenly see him as a self-possessed charlatan, it doesn't really take much effort to see a man who strived really hard to share his findings and results with others. Through his own person, through his books, his records, videos, interviews etc. His material is now readily available for the (in)taking. The future will show who can grasp what it's all about and who has the guts to go his/her own way. These people will shine. These people will be proud. These people will be strong. They will be Satanists. They will cherish life.

The Doktor cherished his amazing life,

one befitting the amazing character he was. He had a will to live, a will to indulge and a will to explore the areas, phenomena and people he was attracted to. And what characterises a true magician? This very trust in intuition, the acceptance of hunches and emotions as guidelines. The breaking of taboos regarding social and moral conventions and habits. The creation of one's own gratifying universe, one's own perfect world.

Dr. LaVey personified all of these traits and qualities, and even took it to the length of creating an entire Church based upon this, his philosophy of life.

If you decide to move upstreams, you're likely to find more interesting fish. But you'll also run into more trouble and harder work. The Doktor led a controversial life, filled with strife and troubles simply because he advocated a true freedom. A freedom that allows those who dare to create brave new worlds and majestic manifestations of subjective quality rather than of externally imposed quantity.

His terminology naturally raised more than a few eyebrows—and the hatred of many a bigoted and fearful fool. But that aside, the true "threat" that the Church of Satan poses lies in the fact that it's a synthesis of ideas and directions that has the power to liberate those who are bold enough to tread on the Satanic path, those who embrace reality as fact, and those who see magic not as a fascinating system of symbols but as an actual tool for change.

He was an advanced magician with his own complicated systems of ritual and he was also an elitist. He couldn't have cared less if people in general "understood" what he was transmitting. But he cared a whole lot for the fact that the material should be available—you never know when a young Satanist awakens to his (or her, for that matter) call! And the words of wisdom from the Occult Synthesizer par excellence, the Great Szador, will always be helpful to those persons who dare see through their own fears and who can appreciate an obstinate

attitude as a magical formula.

He was—truly—a master.

With respect, love and condolences to the Doktor's family, I end this death rune. I've reached the end of memory lane. It's time to work.

Carl Abrahamsson, Satanist of Letters

P.S. (Is that *Post Scriptum* or *Pro Satan*?): In case you have the time and opportunity to read this, Anton: I thank you from the depth of my soul for all the encouragement, inspiration and love you passed in my direction over the years in many different ways. That will never, ever be forgotten. And neither will you, Doktor LaVey. Neither will you. ✱

I Remember The Doctor

Nemo

I MET ANTON SZANDOR LAVEY IN the flesh exactly once, but I felt I had always known him.

Some years ago my wife and I received an invitation through Blanche Barton to meet the creator of modern Satanism at the Black House in San Francisco. It was an honor to be received by this man of myth and mystery. Even now, after the years, I remember the time spent with his family with warmth and an abiding fondness for this complex and yet wonderful man.

I remember how, upon entering the dark hall, I was warned by Ms. Barton to step around the aging dog who slept in the passageway. Coming from a family who loved pets, this complete accommodation for the habits of an elderly animal was familiar and understandable.

As any true entertainer, showman, or good magician knows, first impressions

are important and lasting. The Doctor made his appearance sometime after my wife and I had settled in our chairs, talking with Ms. Barton. He strode into the room, taller than I expected, though I had already expected a tall and large man. I felt his presence as much as saw him looming before me.

His handclasp was firm, his smile genuine and, as in all faces of those who are truly alive, his eyes sparkled with the light of life. I remember him immediately asking, "Well, what do you think of me?" I also remember thinking how unabashedly open this question was, how many avenues of conversation it opened, how this question was a statement and a summation of everything that made up Anton Szandor LaVey.

Never before in my life had I been so charmed as by the honest and open remarks from this man who loved life as his self-made religion. He made compliments.

He did not flatter. He gave his opinion. He did not impose his opinion. He entertained. He enjoyed being entertained.

I recall at one point in the early morning hours when he seemed asleep, sitting back in his chair. Yet I saw the glint of his eyes watching me carefully through narrow slits, watching, listening, considering. I realized that this was another trait this man possessed. He could fool the casual observer into believing that here was a man asleep, when instead, there was a razor-sharp mind brightly ablaze with attention. Here were levels within levels of depth.

It became clear to me that this was a man who treasured his role as a host and appreciated his company. When later we went to a fine restaurant, I saw even more deeply that this was a man dedicated to his written principles of valuing the pleasures of life. He exemplified the most civilized aspects of what living life as a human being means. He was a gentleman.

I cannot capture but a shadow of the deep meaning those few hours had for me. I had found a friend as well as a man in harmony with his nature as a man. I found a kindred spirit.

I shall miss him forever. I shall treasure his memory forever. I am honored to have known him.

I shall never forget him. ✱

Thank You, Dr. LaVey!

Reverend George Sprague

EVER BEEN IN A CAGE WITH a lion? A good friend and associate has two lions. The oldest is two years old, weighing in at a mere 240 pounds. Though not completely grown, he is a formidable creature, very strong and capable of extracting a good portion of your body with one bite. When in the cage, you realize he is studying you, testing you, and sizing you up. Ultimately, you realize you are in his domain because he is allowing you to be there. And you'd better not do anything to lose this implied trust! Such was the feeling I had when I first met Dr. LaVey.

A more fitting night could not be conjured: cool, thunder and lightning, rain. As I awaited my appointed time, I tuned my rental car's radio to the local classical music station. Wagner's "Die Götterdämmerung" was playing. And then it was time to meet the man I actually never expected to meet. It is difficult

for me to describe the intensity of our conversation. Dr. LaVey possessed an incredibly penetrating intellect and I was privileged to listen to his insights on various topics of interest. I was also privileged to hear him perform on the organ—an array of themes and emotions, masterfully executed. The look on his countenance was unforgettable, even moreso when he stared right at me, our eyes locked on nothing but each other's. Just like the lion, he was studying and sizing me. I was not uncomfortable at all, rather, I was assured that all I had respected and admired in LaVey was there. I confirmed that I was right to be where I was. All I had felt was real and all I still needed to learn was ahead. Doctor was right: if you are a Satanist, you were born this way.

My respect and loyalty increased, and with each subsequent visit, I was ever more convinced that Dr. LaVey had indeed locked on to a dark source as no other man had. A

source that is brutal, fierce, and just. I will miss the man, but there is that which remains. Dr. LaVey forged a mighty torch. Its black flame has blinded many and inspired others. This torch was held by LaVey, and as time passed, he allowed others to place their hands on this torch. His hands are now gone, but the torch has many loyal bearers. To the horror of those who don't take us seriously, we now have a unified front of fierce, dogged Satanists to steer this world into its next phase, just as Dr. LaVey had foreseen. The weaklings will try their best to cast their stones of discord. Little do they know what they are up against! They will hate and fear us, as they should. We will revel in their agony, as we should.

The principles expounded by Dr. LaVey will continue to inspire those who are creators, innovators, and those who work diligently in isolation from the greatest contaminant this planet has ever known: the human herd. As I stated, the torch LaVey forged and lit burns hotter than ever. I am proud and deeply honored to have been allowed to place my hands firmly on this torch. To the sheeple: beware! This torch can and will deliver a deadly blow!

Thank you, Dr. LaVey. *Lex Talionis* forever! ✱

Dark Comrade

Magister Jeff Nagy

ANTON SZANDOR LAVEY. The very name conjures up different images for different people. For me, it conjures up feelings of warmth toward my mentor, teacher, compatriot, and most importantly, my friend. I could never picture a better image of the devil in human form. Anton LaVey was a ruthless gentleman in perfection.

My experiences with him make me grieve his loss. The hours I spent with him listening to him play music in his kitchen, hours of him telling me stories of the arcane, he and I cracking obscure old jokes that made each other double over in laughter, spending hours in the legendary ritual chamber, watching old movies in the Purple Parlor, and just chatting on anything imaginable. Some stories I would love to tell you (if I know you, perhaps I have) some others only my grave will know.

One thing that is definite is that not only his memory, but his books, music and organization will live on through those he has touched. His music and stories stick with me in a very sentimental and occult way. It was a priveledge to have had these things touch my life in a very real way. The friendships I have developed through him will endure the passages of time as will his words of wisdom concerning the human equation.

He let me into a world of the 1940's that

I had always longed to enter. In this world the sidewalks were always damp, the ladies wore too much make-up, neon flashed above dimly lit barrooms, there was differentiation of the sexes, a world where if one got out of line they got whacked. He shared with me experiences and happenings from this period of post World War II history where he felt most at home. His friendship was something I cherished, and his memory will remain alive in the generation of Satanists to come. It is experiences such as these that can never be duplicated, only remembered. I have a few photos of us dressed to the nine's in 40's style gangster regalia, which I cherish. It serves me as a reminder that what I was doing was making an impact.

I never set out to do a project with pleasing Dr. LaVey to be my outcome. However, I will be the first to admit that when something I did touched him in a profound way, it made me feel like it meant a little bit more. That bit of recognition from such an important character is something I cherished and will miss.

I am not going to pretend to know exactly how the Doctor would have wanted us to feel or act in this tragic event, so I can-

not close with some infinite words of wisdom. He may have wanted us to put his death aside, but I still mourn; he may have wanted us to march on, which I can see we are doing and hopefully you are too. I do know that over the years that I knew Doctor, I came to know his family and friends quite well, and I support them 100% in these still-trying times, especially to our High Priestess Blanche Barton and his son,



Jeff Nagy

Xerxes. They are his living legacy and these people I stand beside proudly!

I have a picture of Doctor and I that was taken in the Purple Parlor some 7 years ago that I keep on my desk in my den. It has always served as a reminder that I must be doing something right and has become quite talismanic for me. That is Satanic. I thank Doctor for creating some of the most beautiful things the modern world has seen. I will always miss my friend...

Hail Anton Szandor LaVey!



Devil Father

Draconis Blackthorne



ANTON SZANDOR LAVEY has been as a "Devil-Father" and "Daemon Brother" to me, ever since I heard about there being a *Satanic Bible* in existence. Ironically, it was brought to my attention by a Christian sheep who was trying to pass his propaganda over onto me at a Christian School I was attending.

I acquired this text at a B. Dalton Bookseller. I perused it wild-eyed, and quickly thereafter purchased it. I'll never forget the look on the cashier's face as she scanned it through. It was a temporary thrill that would be only a preface to all the

gawkings I would receive as time went on. It reminds me of that scene in *Speak of the Devil* when Togare's "voice" aptly described the fawning sheeple as, "what a tray of fish!" Indeed. A rotten bunch for sure.

I absorbed the philosophy whole-heartedly, reading it in about two night's time.

Soon thereafter, I would purchase *The Satanic Rituals*, *Companion to The Satanic Bible*, and eventually the other works followed as they were made available. And each and every time, came that ubiquitous glare of horror from cashiers that such a thing existed. Very much the same way the Doctor became enthralled by *Might Is Right*, so I was with *The Satanic Bible*.

I sat down at my desk, alone in my room, extinguishing all outside noise, turned on my study lamp, and began a journey that would take me into the deepest recesses of myself, bringing forth that daemon within, conjured in fierce plumes of blackest flame. Leviathan was awakened. Cthulhu met the stars.



Anton LaVey— An Appreciation

Irrev. Gavin Baddeley

IT WAS ONE OF ANTON LAVEY'S unquestionable gifts that he was multitalented. He brought his own unique qualities to everything he turned his hand to with a skill which appeared enviably effortless. There are many aspects of life that will be much the poorer for the loss of Anton LaVey. I was privileged to meet him on a few occasions, and while I can confirm he was charming and erudite company, I don't feel qualified to comment upon his character or inner life on this basis. Similarly, while I have enjoyed one of his remarkable keyboard performances and listened with interest to his theories on music, I am no musician and don't feel adequate to the job of assessing his skills in that field. As far as practical occultism goes, I am merely an enthusiastic dabbler, and the task of paying proper tribute to his magical skills must fall to one better equipped for the job than myself.

I am a writer by trade and inclination, and I'd like to offer a few observations on Anton LaVey's prodigious ability with the written word. Like many people it was in this fashion that I first encountered Anton LaVey, in the form of his *Satanic Bible*. I confess that my initial response was one of suspicion. It seemed too straightforward, not Byzantine enough. In other words, way too sensible to be "authentic Satanism." I was, of course, wrong. I believe what made LaVey so objectionable to so many "occultists" was his crime of lucidity and clarity. As LaVey observed himself more than once, deliberate obfuscation and cryptic evasion plague occultism. The great secret so much of this hides is that there is no great secret. LaVey had no need for such enigmatic pomposity for the simple reason that he genuinely had something worth selling. As a result, in the field of occult literature LaVey's work shines like a diamond of vivacity and accessibility among the mud

(and worse) that lines many occult bookshelves.

This accessibility can be deceptive, however. Return to something LaVey's written and you'll usually find something you missed last time, an angle or observation that didn't really click the first (or indeed second or third) time you read the piece.

I believe what made LaVey so objectionable to so many "occultists" was his crime of lucidity and clarity.

Beneath this compulsively readable style, LaVey's writing contains subtexts that creep

sonality shines through in everything he wrote, and it's tempting to think that getting to know Anton LaVey's work allows you to get to know Anton LaVey. Naturally, that's never really true, and just when you thought you had the measure of this extraordinary writer, he'd pull the rug from under you with a well-aimed aside or a wicked sting planted at the tail-end of a paragraph. This too was an element of the literary persona of Anton LaVey—part hell-fire sermoniser, part ad copy-writer for snake-oil, part medieval grimoire scribe, part hard-boiled noir street philosopher—but above all wholly original. Perhaps LaVey's most important message was about the importance of genuine originals, and in his writing, as in the rest of his life, he taught by example.

The loss of a man as extraordinary as Anton LaVey is one that is only mitigated by

the wonderful things he left behind. I'm led to believe that much of his writing remains in the archives awaiting publication and I anticipate its arrival with an excitement which I can't remember having felt for any other upcoming book release. Until that time, I shall do again what I did when I first heard the awful news of his death and reread some of his old material. I recommend it. Put down this paltry offering from my pen and pull down your favorite LaVey essay from the shelf. I guarantee it won't be as good as you remember it—it'll be better. ★



up on you with real elegance. I try and lace my own writing with hidden "hooks" designed to fool readers into coming to my point of view, while believing they got there all on their own. It's a trick I'm pretty sure I subconsciously picked up from LaVey, and one I suspect I'll never master nearly as well. Writing, like music and pretty much every other creative discipline, can be approached with an occult agenda. LaVey did so and showed what powerful dividends such an approach can pay.

Of course technique was only half the picture and LaVey's writing is as distinctive and flavorful as it is well crafted. His per-

from my pen and pull down your favorite LaVey essay from the shelf. I guarantee it won't be as good as you remember it—it'll be better. ★

LUCIFER RISING

sin, devil worship & rock n roll

by Gavin Baddeley

NOW AVAILABLE FROM
YOUR LOCAL MAJOR BOOKSELLER

DIABOLICAL MACHINATIONS

- My first and last meeting with Anton Szandor LaVey

Reverend Thomas Thorn

TODAY IS MY BIRTHDAY, A day upon which we, as Satanists, traditionally celebrate our existence in the world. While I plan to do exactly that "in extremis" later this evening, it seems only fitting that at the moment I find myself reflecting upon a meeting that, albeit brief, made an indelible mark on my life.

I met Anton LaVey on what was easily one of the worst days of my life, certainly an all time low in my career. Earlier in the year, the death of Shane Lassen (my best friend, business partner, and co-founder of *The Electric Hellfire Club*) had dealt a crippling blow to both myself and the band. In spite of this tragedy, we managed to compose and record an album a mere three months later and, following its release had embarked on a short west-coast tour with our new line-up. We had enlisted our longtime friend Boyd Rice (a C.O.S. Magister, for those unaware) to open shows with his one-man sound project NON. We were only three shows into the tour, two days past my birthday, when the band disintegrated before my eyes after a night of alcohol-fueled bickering. Tensions had been riding high as the cold reality of Lassen's absence set in, and suddenly two members of a four-person unit hopped a bus and went home.

I honestly don't think my spirits have ever been lower. Even as I learned of Shane's death, there was never any question of whether or not the band would continue. Now it seemed both pointless and impossible. Boyd, who had remained mute and impartial through the entire debacle, approached and spoke to me as I sat alone pondering my fate. "How would you like to meet LaVey tonight?" he asked, and I instantaneously exchanged my hangdog expression for one of wonder and amazement. "Are you kidding?" I demanded, half rhetorically and half believing this was some cruel joke, a *coup de grace* intended to shatter the remains of my self-respect. Magister Rice smiled. "They're expecting us at 11:00" he stated simply, and suddenly the world looked completely different.

I thought a lot. I thought hard, about the reasons I had started the band in the first place and the paths that had led me to my current situation. My dilemma seemed to dwindle in magnitude the more I thought about it. Slowly but surely, answers

to my problems began to manifest themselves. I spent the rest of the day on the telephone, culling contacts and numbers from local grottos and my friends at Hell's Kitchen in New York. By the time the sun set, I had a band again. As quickly as it had fallen apart, it had been resurrected, reborn and baptized, in the name of Satan.

We parked the van on a side street and walked the remaining two blocks to the house on California Street. The infamous Black House—tall and narrow, rudely sandwiched by its neighbors, but lurking proudly and ominously nonetheless, still looking smart in the paintjob Boyd and Nick Bougas had given her a few years earlier. As we reached the rather innocuous gate, the lock buzzed open in true Addams Family style. We were indeed expected.

We were greeted at the door by High Priestess Barton, who cordially escorted us to the ritual chamber and seated us on a deep black leather couch situated behind a bed of nails that had been converted into a stylish coffee table with a piece of plexiglass. The room was dimly lit, as was the rest of the house, in deference to the Doctor's light sensitivity, but many of the notorious room's artifacts were still plainly visible. Directly to my right was a theatrical coffin from which Manson Family murderess, Susan Atkins, once emerged (somewhat prophetically) as a "vampire" in Dr. LaVey's "Topless Witches" burlesque show. Near the fireplace was a unique rocking chair that had once belonged to Rasputin. I must admit that I was in total awe of the situation. I had read about this very room and the items it contained since I was eleven years old. Now I was sitting in it, waiting to meet Dr. LaVey. Ms. Barton seated herself close to me in a peculiar-looking chair that I would later learn was (rather appropriately in this case) the "Inquisitor's Chair" from the original Hellfire Club.

I was immediately struck by the formality of the setting, which resembled a cross between a job interview and an audience with royalty or, in this case, the Black Pope. I was excited and more than a little nervous and, in retrospect, I imagine it showed as Miss Barton did her best to set me at ease while making her assessment. I was stunned by how much she knew about both me and my music. She had, without question, done her homework. I winced when she asked how the tour was going and stumbled through some feeble, self-deprecating version of my band-members'

desertion and the events that lead up to it.

Rather than pandering my momentary weakness, Ms. Barton stated plaintively that "powerful men often have that effect on those around them." I think I might have blushed. Her tone was authoritative and almost fierce, as if defending one of her own. I realized that she was all too accustomed to dealing with similar situations and had little use for those who could not be relied upon or trusted. I was impressed by the power she radiated and by how completely she embodied that old aphorism that behind every great man is a great woman. I told her that despite all the obstacles that had thrust themselves in my path over the last 12 hours, solutions that all seemed somehow interconnected had spontaneously revealed themselves, and that the Church of Satan was apparently their common denominator. She smiled knowingly and explained that this was what they referred to as "diabolical machinations" and that I could rest assured it was no coincidence. The exchange was brief, but if my confidence in myself or my mission had been weakened that day, she had without question restored it. I realized then that, in spite of the fact that I had never met them, this was my family.

Ms. Barton excused herself to see if Dr. LaVey was ready. As she exited, Boyd turned to me and said "Well, you must rank pretty high on the list, they only open the ritual chamber for special occasions. Most people only get to see the kitchen." I beamed. I was in heaven, or should I say Hell? Suddenly, Dr. LaVey appeared from the shadows and extended his hand. "Thomas Thorn, it's a pleasure to finally meet you. I have heard so many good things about you." I thought of all my friends who had apparently spoken so well of me and made a mental note to thank them. All the myths and rumors of a doddering old man in frail health were quickly dispelled by his entrance, and I would soon gain firsthand experience of his quick wit, razor-sharp intellect, and an archive of memories and knowledge that seemed as vast as the universe itself.

We talked at length on topics too varied to mention, ranging from my native Wisconsin (where he spent vacations in his early childhood) to Dashwood's Hellfire Club (our band's namesake) wherein he revealed that the canopic jars atop the infamous fireplace mantle contained vertebrae from the backbones of several members. It seemed that the man could talk on any subject and had personal experience of some sort with each and every one. One of the fascinating things about Dr. LaVey was that he instinctively knew your interests, was more than willing to share what he knew of them, and well equipped to discuss them in great depth. Everyone I know who met him concurs on this point. He could be anyone to everyone, as

much at ease in conversation with a dockworker as with a rocket scientist. We spoke of people and places, things both commonplace and fantastic. Occasionally the Doctor would rise and retreat to some unseen passage at the back of the room, reappearing momentarily with some remarkable object or piece of memorabilia relating to our conversation. He was jovial yet dead serious at the same time, accentuating his remarks with a severe expression or poignant gesture...at one point patting the automatic pistol he wore on his hip as he spoke of dealing with intruders. He was a truly mesmerizing raconteur, and hours passed like minutes.

We eventually moved from the ritual chamber to the kitchen for tea and coffee. The hallway connecting the rooms was completely unlit and I found myself groping my way along in funhouse fashion. The kitchen was, by comparison, more brightly lit, though massive cobwebs hung from the ceiling, partially obscuring the visions of Hell painted on the walls. There were more curios and oddities scattered throughout the room, and I commented that all the homes I had visited in the last week (Boyd's, Coop's, and now the Black House), like my own, were brimming with peculiar and unique collections. It was as if we all clung to moments, to the ideas and emotions personified by these objects. "Of course we do! We're SATANISTS!" he exclaimed, smiling broadly. No other explanation was necessary. In the corner were banks of keyboards—synthesizers, samplers, and organs of every shape and size. Doctor LaVey sat down and immediately began to play: marches and fanfares, waltzes and hymns, arabesque and fandango—from bump & grind to sentimental melody. Dr. LaVey's musical vocabulary was as vast and varied as his worldly knowledge. His playing had me laughing one moment and tears welling up in my eyes the next. We talked shop, shared trade secrets and he told more stories. He demonstrated the technique he contrived as an advisor for Vincent Price in the Dr. Phibes films (whose main character was an organ-playing evil genius not-so-coincidentally named "Anton"). It was nearly six in the morning when our little soirée drew to a close and we began to say our good-byes.

The remarkable thing for me about this meeting was the fact that Dr. LaVey seemed genuinely as happy to meet me as I was to meet him. What I had hoped for was an opportunity to listen to the man and learn more about him. I figured that if I was lucky I might get an opportunity to explain a bit about who I was and the things I did. To my surprise, I discovered that the Doctor was already quite aware of both. I was treated neither as pilgrim nor pupil, but as a peer. The conversation was by no means one-sided, and he appeared as interested in what I had to say

as I was in that which he was sharing with me.

It has been said that the Church of Satan is a sort of "mutual admiration society," and I was beginning to realize that this extended all the way up to its founder. LaVey never set out to create a cult of personality with himself as the nucleus. He simply created and nurtured an environment wherein individuals who shared common outlooks and common interests could interact and exchange ideas, all the

He will continue to speak for years to come, decades, perhaps even centuries. That choice is ours.

while sharing their work among those most likely to appreciate it. In this vein, Dr. LaVey had professed himself a great admirer of my music, and I nearly fainted. Don't get me wrong, I am certainly not the sort of person who craves compliments or requires any sort of outside qualification to feel that what I create is worthwhile. On the contrary, I have continued to do what I do in spite of both a lack of acclamation and an overabundance of criticism. Nonetheless, when a figure who has been as influential in the evolution of my personal philosophy as Anton LaVey praises my work, the effect is, to say the least, unsettling. By the end of our meeting I realized that it was our common interests and outlooks that had brought us together. While he remained a larger than life figure in my eyes, someone to whom I looked up, he looked back with the same respect and admiration I had shown for him. If I had ever sought some reward for my work, this was more than enough.

As we prepared to leave, Dr. LaVey presented me with a Church of Satan membership card, designating me a priest. "We'd be honored to count you among our ranks Thomas" he stated. I graciously accepted the ordination. I felt a bit awkward, not even having been an official Church member prior to the meeting. As if reading my thoughts, he reminded me that rank within the organization is relative to our achievements in the real world and expressed his confidence that mine had been more than adequate for priesthood. "Of course this is a mere formality," he added. "You've been doing the Devil's work for years!"

As Dr. LaVey walked us toward the door, his two-year-old son Xerxes tugged at the leg of his trousers. "Dada, stay!" he crowed. The Doctor smiled and crouched to embrace his child and said "Don't you worry. Dada isn't going anywhere. I'm staying right here with you." It was a touching moment, and I think about it when I selfishly wish I had had more time with him myself. Then again, what he said was true. He hasn't really gone away. He has stayed right here, in our hearts. Right before I left the house, Dr. LaVey took my hand in both of his and, while staring me straight in the eye, said "Thomas, I just want you to remember one thing: I am

SO proud of you." I was flushed with pride and a true sense of honor; I didn't know what to say. For probably the first and last time in my life I was speechless. I stammered a "thank you" and departed. In retrospect, I now realize that he knew he would probably never see me again. Despite his apparent vitality, he had been ill for some time and was aware that his days were numbered. He used those days wisely, setting things in order and

placing people who he trusted in positions of authority within the Church. The fact that he left me with such a powerful image of him and his belief in me is testimony to the sort of man he was and the determination with which he lived his life. I can't count the times I have found myself plagued by self-doubt or sheer frustration at the banality of this world and those who inhabit it, only to come back to that one simple statement. That single vote of confidence will live forever in me, a constant reminder of what it truly means to call one's self a Satanist.

I went to this meeting with many questions about who and what Anton Szandor LaVey really was; all of which were answered within the first few minutes. The media and other mischievous entities have consistently attempted to paint a picture of LaVey as a hater of rock music and rock musicians, a crotchety old man who denied any connection to this new generation of Satanists and that which they create. On the contrary, he knew that he had played an instrumental role in the insemination of Satanic images, themes, and in some instances philosophy into popular culture, rock music included. From *Venom* to *Deicide*, *Marilyn Manson* to *The Electric Hellfire Club*, we have all been touched by his words and wisdom. There is no doubt in my mind that he was aware of what he had spawned through his work. He was our father, and we are his children. He would no sooner reject or deny us than he would his own son.

He lived many lives, and I am to this day grateful that I had this brief opportunity to learn from his experiences in person. Nonetheless, I have said before and will say again: Dr. LaVey wrote just as he spoke. Every time I read something he wrote, I can hear him speaking. He lives on through that which he has left us. He will continue to speak for years to come, decades, perhaps even centuries. That choice is ours. The torch has been passed. The future is in our hands.

As I celebrate my own life on this day each year, I will invariably relive this meeting and salute Dr. LaVey along with the gifts he gave not only to me and my generation, but also to those yet to come.

August 22, 1999



In Tribute:

Anton LaVey (1930-1997)

Robert Lang and Diana DeMagis

MANY WONDROUS MEN and women throughout history have been influential to our personal life. These people have stimulated us; influencing us to achieve and create, conquer and destroy and above all to live and love life. Alexander The Great, Vlad Tepes, Nero, Cleopatra and Rasputin are but a few. Personalities such as Edward G. Robinson, Mae West, Marilyn Monroe and Vincent Price. Writers the likes of H.P. Lovecraft, Robert E. Howard, Edgar Allan Poe, Nietzsche and Mark Twain. Surprisingly, as great as these icons remain, we cannot profess to actually love them. After all, we did not know them on a personal basis. Why is it then that upon hearing the news of Dr. LaVey's death, we experienced such a abundant sadness and feelings of deprivation? Why did my mate and I shed those tears? Why are we writing this? The answer is...we loved Anton LaVey, a man we never even met, yet felt as if we knew.

Few have had the capability to be so loved by strangers; to touch other peoples' lives the way he has ours. To bring past and present together by preserving that which he held dear to him. A true ecologist to the end.

Anton LaVey was no stranger to me. I raised myself on his philosophy since I was in my early teens. His stimulating books, essays, music and videos tempered with his wonderful sense of humor provided me with different insights while maturing and encouraged my creative and analytical mind, like fine tuning a delicate instrument. I was finally able to identify with someone who saw the world the way I did. For the first time in my life I realized that I was a Satanist. I bought *The Satanic Bible* around the age of thirteen. I remember the excitement of going into the bookstore to purchase my first forbidden tome. A little nervous at whether or not the cashier would let me purchase it or not I slammed it down in defiance in front of her! "Do your parents know you are buying this?" she said. "Yes

they do as a matter of fact!" I handed her my ten dollar bill and walked out the door. Strangely enough the cashier was smiling as I left. I kept the book beneath my mattress with my other forbidden tomes and read it whenever the time was made available. In secrecy and while my parents were asleep on Easter I performed my first ritual opening a Pandora's box of pleasures that has never ceased to provide me with delight to this day.

The encountering of some truly magnifi-



"Return to the Void" by Robert Lang

cent people, who have become our dearest of friends, was the result of affiliation with The Church of Satan (Doktor's brainstorm!). Throughout the years, they have been a source of what we like to refer to as a Satanic Fix; providing encouragement, help and inspirations in our continuing endeavors, and the sharing of ideas, interests and hobbies alien to that of the herd. A true Cabal!

As an exemplar, Anton was King of his kind. He lived a lifestyle we strive for. He alienated himself from the rush and quell of humanity, making a living from his own cre-

ations. As a result, he was able to subject himself to an environment of his choosing. He influenced history and built an immortal empire. A driving force within all Satanists.

All of our primary goals have been accomplished through application of Satanic philosophy; goals that may have not been so easily obtained had Dr. LaVey not packaged it up so neatly and appropriately. We have much fun upholding and standing at the battlefield of the satanic empire. The Church of Satan has enriched our lives and provided Diana and I with a common bond many partners can only dream of having.

These are the words we would have liked to say to Dr. LaVey personally; instead we say them to the part of him that lives within all of you!

The night we heard of Doktor's death, Diana and I brought outdoors *Satan Takes a Holiday*, turned the volume loud and took a walk in our forest. It was foggy and the red pulsing lights from the twin radio towers provided a film noire ambience as Anton's keyboards resounded throughout the trees. We held hands, laughed, cried, celebrated his life with a toast of our favorite wine and when we emerged we were inspired more than ever to work towards our future.

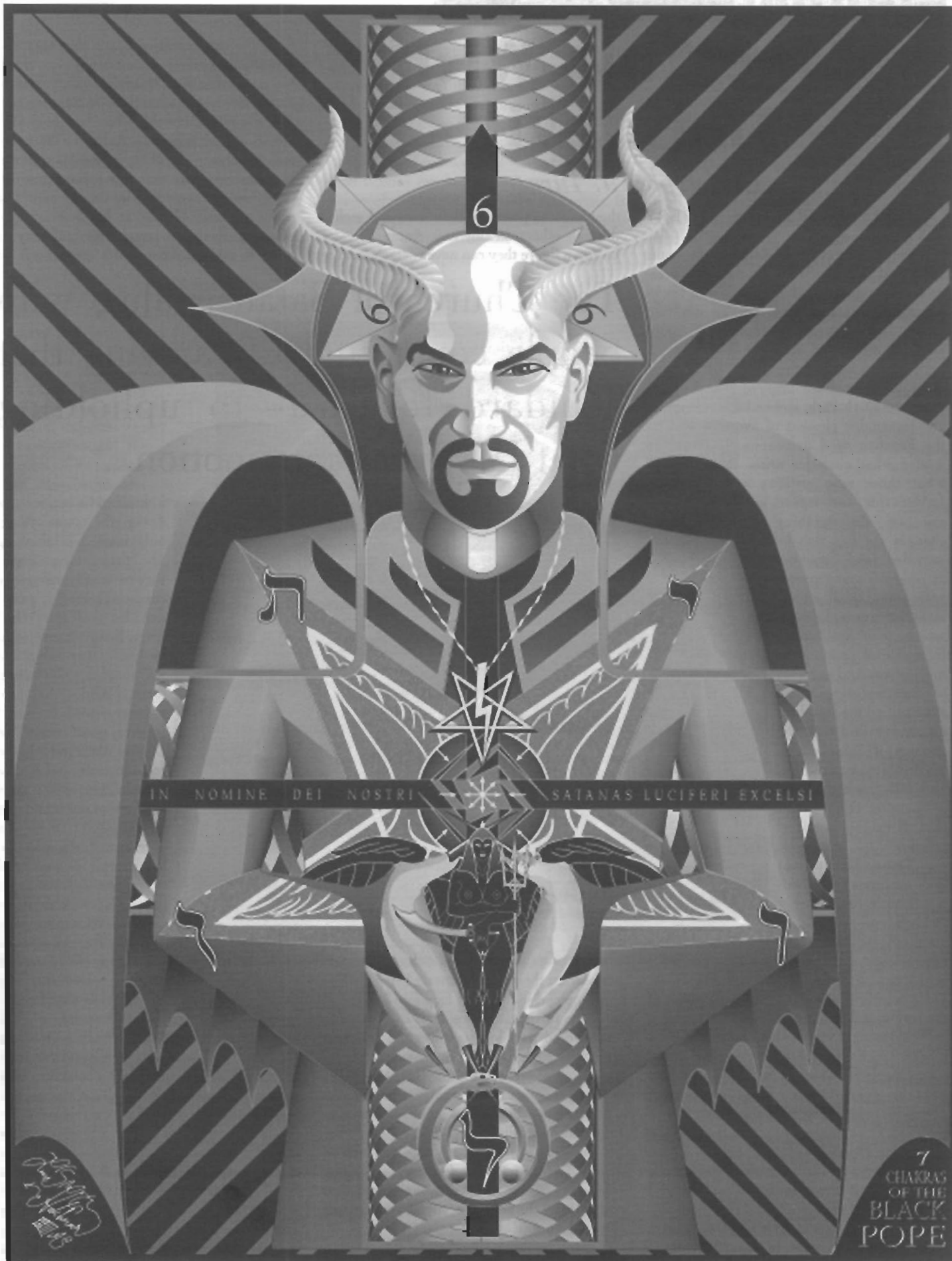
Pater meus me dicabat,
Dr. LaVey me dicabet bene.
Hail Anton Szandor LaVey!
Long live the Satanic empire!

There remains a fine line between love and hate. We can also hate those whom we have never met. Those whose insecurity makes them vile. Those who would ride on Anton's coattails even in death. Those who have been failures at all they have attempted. You have failed again! You know nothing of loyalty and love. Unlike you who would try to mar his name, Anton LaVey is a success. His works stand on his own merit.

He needs no defenders and no matter what you perceive to have stolen from him in death. You will never obtain it. The truth is known. What he has started will continue on by those who are loyal to that vision. You who are not will be trampled beneath cloven hoof and will be resplendently impaled by our sacrifice through vengeance we WILL rest!

Lex Talionis!
Hail Blanche!
Hail Xerxes!
Hail Satan!





7 Chakras of the Black Pope by Lou Hutchinson

Like This With The Devil

Christopher J. Turner

ANTON LAVEY WAS A VERY generous man.

Not only did he single-handedly make the world safe for Satan; he put on a great show while doing it. In a city known for its colorful characters and unique oddities, Anton LaVey stood out-frightening some, inspiring others and always making a strong impression. His writings, recordings and other creations have inspired many people down the Dark Path, and embody a constant and immutable element of Western society—the Faustian need to continually create no matter what obstacles arise. Regardless of what those who criticize or nit-pick at LaVey's life and legend say or do, nothing changes the fact that he provided (and continues to provide) many people with some small excitement, intrigue and drama, which they are mostly incapable of creating for themselves. And in terms of creative output, he exemplified the standard he always said was the essence of Satanism: to be productive, creative, and self-directed. A lot of people can't stand that. It makes them feel inferior.

Anton LaVey was very generous in providing himself for parasites to latch onto and exploit. To disaffected anti-social illiterate losers, talk show hosts, and all those Great Black Magicians, LaVey's selfless gift grants a fleeting sense of smarmy moral richness to those who need it to get through the façade of another lie-infested day. On a different (yet so similar) front, many people have bought and continue to buy into the pentagram-fetishized delusion of power graciously provided them courtesy of the High Priest of the Church of Satan. They ignore the Doctor's repeated insistence that true power and self-mastery are innate, instinctual and carnal in the Higher Men and Women that comprise Hell's true citizenry and instead believe that labels are everything. The common denominator shared by those who are played into The Great Prank is that

they have no power of their own and seek it through others; in this case Anton Szandor LaVey, a figure they can never detach from or

The Church of Satan is alive with people committed to carrying that standard forward—to upholding what LaVey set into motion...



purge from their own insensate being. LaVey has provided journalistic hacks with a grand target to further advance their own careers, and offered pseudo-occultniks the rejection no longer provided by the mainstream religious communities. And amid all this whimsical psychic mischief, he initiated a dangerous new era where Satan could be respectfully and rightfully given his due. The cycles of time and their seasonal shifts move on as always, and Anton LaVey was a Magus, indeed the Magus attuned enough to tap into and activate the energy needed to inaugurate the modern Age of Satan.

Even in death, Dr. LaVey continues to provide sustenance to those out there so

devoid of any creative spark that they can commit themselves unreservedly to ruining his name. In their hysterical campaigns to "bring down" the Church of Satan, they confirm the power it holds over their lives. The attention that is paid to Anton LaVey's past and the momentum of his organization proves his influence more than any self-congratulating prose ever could. Why does it matter so much to them? Dr. LaVey has been accused of using Satanism simply for publicity in order to make a name and a quick buck for

himself. His critics are doing the same thing, only instead of thinking up their own angle, they're simply using the road Doctor paved decades before. Why? They finally know what he knew, that Satan is a volitional, motivating force, and therefore moves product and "makes good copy," as Burton Wolfe put it in the introduction to *The Satanic Bible*. How does Dr. LaVey, the "charlatan faker," differ from his detractors? Simple: he lived a real life dedicated to creation and was openly ego-driven in his determination to impose himself on the world-consciousness. While these

ends might be desired by his enemies and imitators, Dr. LaVey's difference is that he succeeded. He has a solid body of original, unique work behind him which, even if you reject the philosophical or religious elements of Satanism, is nonetheless compelling and reflective of modernity in all its Hellish turmoil. (Somehow his critics never actually discuss the writings, paintings, environments or music of Anton LaVey, preferring to hunt for gossip or inconsistencies in the legend of his life. The purpose of this is to obscure the actual ideas he advanced in an attempt to bring LaVey down to their level. A typical distraction tactic commonly employed by politicians and Christian fund-raisers, among others) In

short, Anton LaVey is alive in his work. The Church of Satan is alive with people committed to carrying that standard forward—to upholding what LaVey set into motion and preserve it from the corruption that the filthy purveyors of The Lie would love to distill it with. It will survive and grow because nature demands continual resistance against disease and weakness—exactly the qualities of this age that we oppose and transcend.

Why will it survive? Because even if every single charge leveled at Anton LaVey was 100% true, it wouldn't change the fact that over the years, intelligent, creative people have been inspired by him and signed on. Others validate the dream through the success of its application. Also, people love a good story, and Dr. LaVey spun a great yarn. All of Doctor's detractors use "a search for the truth" as a veil to obscure the very real and potent ideas he loosed upon the world. They are only committed to the "truth" when it serves their personal interests and grow angry when called out for being what they are: desperate zeros on a hopeless hunt for attention. People aren't after truth; they're after glory. So far as I can tell, this is a universal human truism in itself. These enemies of our Church believe that if they can get people to reject Anton LaVey's vision, they can then try to claim it as their own.

They are wrong, and the sorry sideshow they make of themselves is just another prank the Doc couldn't help but play.

If the Church of Satan were nothing more than the Anton LaVey Fan Club, then it wouldn't be strong enough to survive his death. The personality cultists and the silly fools who thought that getting a little red card would suddenly give them an identity and power are going to have to find something new to do with themselves. I hope Doctor laughed long and hard at those types and guiltlessly

spent their money (somehow I suspect that's exactly what he did). But I know firsthand that there are many of us in the Church of Satan who are attracted to and inspired by the symbology of Satanism and use it as a tool to realize creative ends through applied resonance. Beyond that, we work to extend our living wills beyond this mortal shell that serves as a palace of indulgence here in the Immediate. In short, we practice magic. We aren't going anywhere, no matter what fate befalls the Black

hell-bent against progress. It became obvious to me that everything that has been tagged "of the Devil" has been what pushed Western society forward, and that propagandists committed to the status quo have always worked hard to stop or silence these Demonic undercurrents. And of course no society can live without its Devils. After discovering this, I read all of Doctor's books and found that they not only said the same thing, but also organized a structured, rational and wondrous

dogma around it, and as a bonus, included the jaded, misanthropic and cynical humor that was his trademark. That was enough for me. I saw to it that Hell on Earth's only official membership roll had my name on it. I made my Pact and I'm keeping it.

I offer all this both as a tribute to a unique and inspiring man, and in hopes of offering a solid perspective regarding the future of the Church of Satan, and the real motives behind those who criticize it. Anton LaVey did the impossible; he made religion both rational and fun. He also demanded that what most would rather hide from themselves be not only seen, but allowed its diabolical voice. Nothing can change that. There's no going back.

I am not a man of faith or icons. I would sooner put my faith in a bowl of ice cream than I would a God, a Devil, or the legend of

another man. That alone is more Satanic than a hundred red cards, Baphomets and inverted crosses, which is exactly what Anton LaVey said all along to any with ears to Hear and eyes to See. I am proud to praise him, and proud to hail those who continue consorting with the Demons he loosed among us.

Anton LaVey may be gone, but we haven't heard the last from him. As long as that Flame burns within the heart of man, the Show will go on!



House, or whatever negative press the weaklings spin to help ease their own dissatisfaction for a moment. The legend exists and will continue to inspire Hell's cruel, brilliant minority. That's what matters.

For myself, I realized that the Devil was a damn good role model by studying history. So often throughout the centuries, innovators, artists, scientists, craftsmen and other true progressives have been accused of doing the "Devil's Work" by the Christian Church, who are committed to a stern and humorless God

The Kabinet of Doktor LaVey

Magister Clifford Case

AFTER BECOMING A MEMBER of the Church of Satan, it has been my good fortune to have had a number of nocturnal rendezvous with Doktor LaVey.

During my travels as a merchant seaman over the past twenty years, I have had occasion to pass through San Francisco on flights to catch a ship or check in at the Seafarer's Union hall. After my first meeting with Dr. LaVey in the mid '70's, which lasted from twilight to dawn's early light, I was always welcome in his lair. I would make arrangements to meet with Doktor at Dante's on Fisherman's Wharf or a restaurant in the North Beach area he frequented. We would enjoy an epicu-

rian feast of surf and turf, maine lobster and Cajun steak. After satisfying our gusto we would repair to the Black House on California Street. We were met in the dark hallway entrance by his familiar, a bull terrier. There were other animals as the years went by.

We entered the Stygian library where he switched on a gloomy lamp over his favorite chair. After indulging in libation to the Devil, we relaxed around a glass coffee table supported by a mermaid. The shadowy room became a Plato's cave for me as he talked in low and even tones. He scoured the human waves of mediocrity that assailed the Church of Satan. He mocked the bedeviled herd with the piercing cunning of his analysis. The herd is enslaved by its own virtues. The truth hurts, he observed, and truth begets hatred. I know how cruel the truth is and often the delusion is more consoling. Puritanism is not morality, but a psychic disorder. He exposed those responsible for "Satanic Panic" as emotionally unstable people that went off the deep end, thus creating a lemming effect.

Sometime after the witching hour, I was invited into the kabinet of Doktor LaVey. There, I recognized an eight-strand braid, black cincture draped across the ends of the keyboards. It was a gift I had given him on his birthday, some years ago. He sat down and began to conjure the muse Euterpe. This was

an unexpected treat. The icy church atmosphere was charged with fulgurous flame. Toccata and Fugue burst forth with Luciferian intensity. With sinistral artistry he evoked his demonic, acrid harmonies, poly-

phonic variations and fugue-like flights from the other side of good and evil. Then a change of pace to circus calliope, marches and hauntingly sentimental medleys. My appreciation for strange music has been enhanced 10¹⁰. I had the foresight to bring some blank tapes. Now I may evoke the Doktor's spirit at will.

On one occasion, after our usual hearty meal at a North Beach bistro, the conversation got around to such common interests as weaponry and women. He pulled

from his belt a stainless stell claw-shaped knife called the Harpy—a fitting name for such a nasty looking weapon. Just so happened I had one in my waistband as well. We were on the same wavelength. Some cutlery shops refuse to carry the Harpy. The Doktor had a nice collection of firearms as well. I had just bought a Smith and Wesson .44 special at the San Francisco Gun Exchange, a G. Gordon Liddy recommendation. The Doktor

called it a pocket rocket. After returning to the Black House that night, he displayed his favorite sidearm, a Walther P38, among others of his collection. He invited me out to his country place for some target practice. Much to my regret, I had to leave on a jet plane to catch a ship.

We shared a taste for the human quality in the earthy art of Reginald Marsh and the sensual paintings of Rubens. While it may be

sacrilege to prefer the callipygian Rubenesque female form, as opposed to the Playboy bunny, I know what I like. All the more if she is aware of the Law of the Forbidden and wearing hirsute. With a lubricious leer, Doktor passed on a few words of Cyrenaic wisdom. "Give satisfaction to your sensibilities. The madness of desire, lust, greed, anger, the most unreasonable of passions, all are wisdom and reason since they are a part of the order of nature. A Satanist is a man attuned to his own nature." Then, with a sharp, cunning sneer of the cynical libertine, he spoke in a low monotone: "Satanism separates the egoist from the egotist. Your ego is not free if you allow your vices and virtues to enslave it. The intellect has too long ruled, it is the will—that old-fashioned will, to exercise itself to the utmost. Do what you will. Develop your instincts to the uttermost. Life is a bloody struggle for survival. Be advised, might conquers right, ergo, might is right. 'Tis a lovely thing to know a thing or two." Doktor LaVey is my ego ideal.

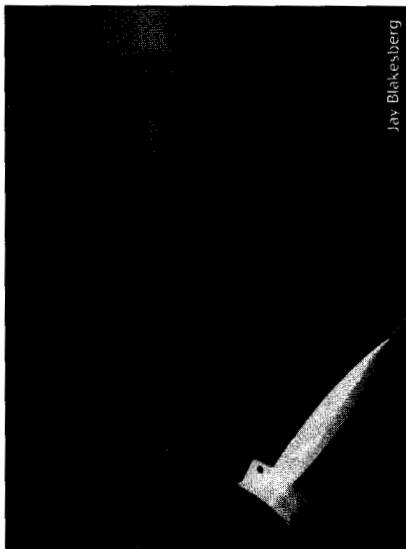
I had been collecting epigrams with a certain Satanic slant for a few years and occasionally they were published in *The Cloven Hoof*. Doktor LaVey suggested I make them into a book. I published them in 1977 titled *The Occult Book of Diabolik Knowledge*. I received orders from all over the world. He advised me to change the name to *The Occult Book of Satanic Wisdom*. This is a work in progress now.

At another time in San Francisco I had

been browsing at the San Francisco Gun Exchange when I saw the Fairbairn-Applegate Combat Smatchet. I bought one of a series of 200. That evening, I met the Doktor for our usual ritual at the Black House. I did the "Crocodile Dundee" thing. "Doktor, do you have a knife with you?" He drew his Harpy and I drew my Combat Smatchet. "That's not a knife. THIS is a knife!" He must have been intrigued with it. The

next time I saw one it was on the front cover of *The Nose* magazine; the Doktor had a Combat Smatchet in his right fist.

Doktor LaVey has enriched my life in so many ways with music and art appreciation and the general pursuit of the mystery of living as an outsider. This pursuit of curiosity will last all the rest of my life, and for this I am forever grateful. ★



Heart of the Lion, Eye of the Snake

Peggy Nadramia

IT NEVER OCCURRED TO ME, during the precious years I had with him, that one day I'd be writing a tribute to Anton LaVey, my teacher and friend. I've written many words about him, of course, in letters and essays in which I'd attempt to explain him and his work to others, Satanists and otherwise. But a tribute to a man who seemed so vitally alive every time I spoke with him, every time I looked into the glittering obsidian depths of his eyes? Surely his body of work, literary, musical, artistic, all speaks volumes of tribute. But here I am nonetheless.

I could choose any number of subjects to focus upon in this tribute. As I'm always saying, the things Doctor told me about women and men, music and food, buildings and cars, books and the weather, all prove to be more and more accurate as the years wear on and my experience of the world gets wider. And frankly, I'm not sure I *want* to share all these precious conversations with the world at large, and the Doctor would have echoed this sentiment. There were moments, secrets, revelations that I think I'll keep to myself for awhile. There is one area of Dr. LaVey's personality, however, upon which I'm happy to shed further light.

The first time I had occasion to meet with Anton LaVey, he told me: "The animals must be our gurus now." I've probably become something of a bore on this subject, but those words have rung so true for me over the years that I can't help wanting to share them with other Satanists on a regular basis. What LaVey is reminding us is that Man is just another animal, and that every time we tie ourselves into intellectual knots on one issue or another, we really ought to take a look at what an animal would do, how it would react, what priorities might apply.

LaVey spent a lot of time studying animals; he worked with them and shared his life and home with them. He knew something about almost every species you'd mention; he could find something Satanic in the behavior of a cat, a spider, a reptile or a bird.

I'm particularly compelled to share my experiences of LaVey and his behavior and attitude toward his own animals and those of others in light of certain accusations that he abused his animals. Consider that the source for all this is his youngest daughter, alongside

the fact that his oldest daughter, the one who'd been with him the longest, boarded her own pet with him whenever she was out of town. I'm willing to state here and for the record that of all the tall tales told about Anton LaVey, the accusation of animal abuse is certainly the most preposterous. It's a lot of malarkey, kids. And since these accusations malign LaVey in a manner calculated to horrify his followers on a matter we hold very close to our hearts—our pets, our household animal friends—you have to recognize them for what they are.

On my first visit to the Black House, I met Bathory, Zambezi, Cromwell and Boaz. Bathory was a female wolf mix dog, large and



dark, who spent most of her time guarding the front hallway. She'd wait behind the front door when we'd return, growling deeply, and it was only LaVey's voice that would calm her to the point where we could safely open the door. Even then, guests were instructed to inch past her, not petting or speaking to her. She was a bristly old thing, in her latter years and only interested in her Master and the nice lady who put her food bowl down. Her barks and growls terrified would-be intruders. LaVey clearly loved her, would stroke her face and head as he passed through her domain. During a subsequent visit, maybe a year or two later, Bathory was dying. Dr. LaVey had acquired drip pans at the auto parts store and placed them with newspapers in the front hall so Bathory could do her business without having to make the climb up and down the front steps. She spent most of her time sleeping, and her breathing grew more labored as each day passed. She'd sometimes become agitated, as if she was fighting off death, fighting off this creeping coldness that

was squeezing her lungs and stiffening her legs. When this happened, I'd watch Dr. LaVey get down on the floor beside this monster of a dog, place his hands on her face, stroke her head, and in his own gravely voice, mutter to her: "Go'sleep. Go'sleep, Bathory. Good dog. Good dog." He wanted to help her end her suffering but detested the idea of bringing her out of her own environment to a vet. His own pain was very evident.

Cromwell was a fluffy Maine coon cat who lived with his adopted brothers in the kitchen area of the house; he's remembered by most of the ladies who visited there as the kitty with the big catcher's-mitt paws who liked to slowly and playfully reeeacch for your nylons. He also deposited his downy hair everywhere, including the Doc's keyboards, but LaVey never seemed very perturbed by this; it was just part of the environment, and Cromwell was a citizen with equal rights whose hair would simply have to be tolerated. Hence the frequent use of the sticky-roller before we all piled into the cars for a late dinner or breakfast. Cromwell's hair would often knot up into what we pet owners call "mats."

Luckily, he had a favorite Priestess who would brush him during her visits, and the Doc was very pleased with this kind of useful Satanic service on his behalf. Cromwell passed away right around the time his Master did.

The Doctor would only describe Zambezi as "a jungle cat." He is small, but his coat is golden like a cougar's, with the sort of fluffy, caramel-colored belly fur you only see on wild felines. He is quixotic, very affectionate but capricious; he would test Doctor's patience by running across the keyboards and resetting all the synthesizers. "Damn it, Zambezi!" you'd hear from the kitchen, then Doctor would mutter something about letting the cat compose his own music. His favorite place in the kitchen was always atop the snake cage, flicking his tail and looking winsomely at his audience. One night during our visits when Zambezi was still young, he was allowed out into the parlor and Doctor played with him for well over an hour, tossing him little balls of paper that the cat would retrieve from the end of the long front hallway.

Boaz is a boa constrictor; during his time at the Black House, he lived in a warm cage that was installed above the computer table in the kitchen, to one side of the array of synths. He would often raise his head and bob it back and forth during one of Doctor's concerts. High Priestess Barton would sometimes remove him from his cage and hold him around her shoulders, swaying back and forth and letting him climb from one visitor's neck to the next while Doctor played some appropriate tunes. I watched Doc talk to Boaz, and about Boaz, one night when dawn was press-

ing on the windows. His own mysterious eyes had a faraway look as he contemplated the snake, who regarded him similarly. "Boaz," he whispered in that hoarse, primal voice we all loved so much, "what time is it?" The snake just flicked its tongue at him. "That's right, Boaz. It's mouse time. Mouse time." Doc turned and looked at me. "He can wait," he said. "He makes a game of waiting. And he'll be hungry, too. It'll be so long since his last mouse, he'd have to be starving. But he'll wait. He lays there so still, while the mouse runs all over the cage. And then suddenly, out of nowhere, he'll strike so fast, like lightning, and the mouse is gone. It's beautiful to watch." Doc settled back into his chair, looking down in the way we all became so familiar with, his eyes hooded, his own body completely still. Then he muttered, "It's wolf time now. But when wolf time is over, it's time for the reptile. Time for the sudden strike."

One night on our way to dinner, one of us remarked that there was a spider on the car door as she opened it. Dr. LaVey jumped out from his own seat behind the wheel, and walked swiftly to the other side of the vehicle. "Be careful, be careful," he cautioned, and placed his hand where the young lady pointed, encouraging the little spider to hop aboard. When the creature had crawled up his finger, LaVey walked over to the nearest tree, and again placed his hand there until the spider had disembarked.

Dr. LaVey loved to tell stories about the pets in his past; he regarded each one of them as a friend, a family member who had unfortunately passed out of his life. Even though I never met Typhon, his bull terrier, or Klaxon the black cat, I can recognize them in photos from his frequent tales and descriptions of these favorites. I never heard anything in his voice that didn't indicate that he had the highest regard for animal life, that it meant as much to him as it did to me. Did Anton LaVey get angry? You bet he did, but never at an animal, as far as I could tell. Animals were only being themselves; even when they did things that annoyed the Hell out of you, it was only because your human constructs interfered with their natural behavior.

Going over these memories makes me sad, because it reminds me of how much I miss my teacher and friend, and how I'll spend the rest of my life thinking, "I wish the Doc could hear this, tell me what he thinks about that." But it also reminds me of how fortunate I was to have this opportunity to spend time with LaVey, to learn from him, to look into his eyes and see him looking back at me, as scary as that could be sometimes. I'm determined to share the truth of what I learned and experienced with others who matter, and who would have mattered to LaVey. I think he would have wanted you to know the real deal. ✱

Towards The Well-Known Region

Peter H. Gilmore

I STILL MISS HIM, MY FRIEND, mentor and colleague. Much comes within my purview that I would have delightedly brought to his attention, to cause him to smile, to scowl, to commiserate, or to laugh. He remains so vividly in my consciousness, and I know it shall be ever thus. He shared his vital existence with me, and I am fortunate to have been so honored.

Now, fellow Satanists, it is time to share with you all something that he knew and which shouldn't be a secret: Satanism is for the living. And living well is always the best revenge—though we won't discount the satisfaction of turning our enemy's eustress into distress. Our mission is Lex Talionis!

None of us has let our grief stop us from doing what we must, as we flow with the eddies of that Dark current which permeates and motivates ALL, so clearly seen and etched by Dr. LaVey in his words and deeds.

But since his passing, we've noted (the stench is unavoidable) the inevitable dog and pony shows that have set up traps and kiesters, attempting, ever so feebly, to distract us from our full lives, to obscure the crystal clarity of Anton LaVey's words, and to lure the bewildered into giving them the unearned. We remain acutely aware of history, particularly concerning religious movements, and have thus seen it all before—we do understand the nature of the human beast, after all, and watch with amused contempt. We have a map of this well-trodden ground, and there have as yet been no hidden valleys in the landscape.

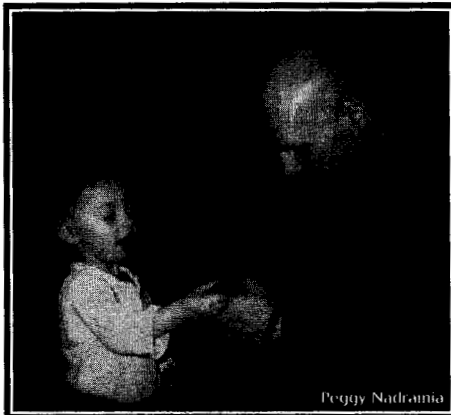
The pretenders to the throne began years ago, claiming Anton LaVey somehow betrayed the Prince of Darkness, who withdrew his mandate. Such silliness. This idea (and so very revealing of those who would utter it), that the Prince of Darkness gives anyone a mandate through direct communication, and would be an entity who would concern itself with such petty human affairs (but we have heard that tale oft before) is completely foreign to Satanic thinking. Satanists know that they are Satanists, with every

breath they breathe, with every beat of their heart, with every thought that flashes through the firmament of their intelligence, and with every act of justice. That is all the mandate they need. Real Satanists don't need "initiatory institutions" to grant them a pedigree—they know in their very flesh from the start that they are one with the Unbounded Darkness. There is no question, no need of opening up a connection. It is either there, as it is in all carnal animals, or it is not, because your nature is that of a broken thing, a seeker after something without to complete an interior lacking. Such poor creatures who feel out-

side of nature (and they are) will always place some sort of God above them. They might claim to be "Satanists," or "evolved Satanists," or the ones to "return to Anton LaVey's original teachings" (though when viewed, there is nothing in LaVey's writings to support these claims). They are not

capable of knowing in their very sinews, that they are indeed God, and don't need to tilt at windmills in a quest to "become" a God. Satanists are always becoming, as they flow with the Dark Force, just as they move according to the laws of physics. No revelations needed. Simple as falling off a log. As has been said: if you are a Satanist—no explanation is needed, if you aren't—no explanation is possible.

This shabby sideshow has recently spawned additional "attractions." You will easily find bloated barkers shouting from their soapboxes that Anton LaVey betrayed his original concepts—the brilliant insights that caused him to give the proper name to a human type that has always been part of our species—or that his chosen successors have somehow strayed from the true mission that began the First Church of Satan. As if they ever knew what this was in the first place, having never even met or communicated directly with Anton LaVey. But the truth will out for any with consciousness to grasp. Just read Anton LaVey's very direct words for yourself, and then look at the hard evidence. Those who point you towards a belief in



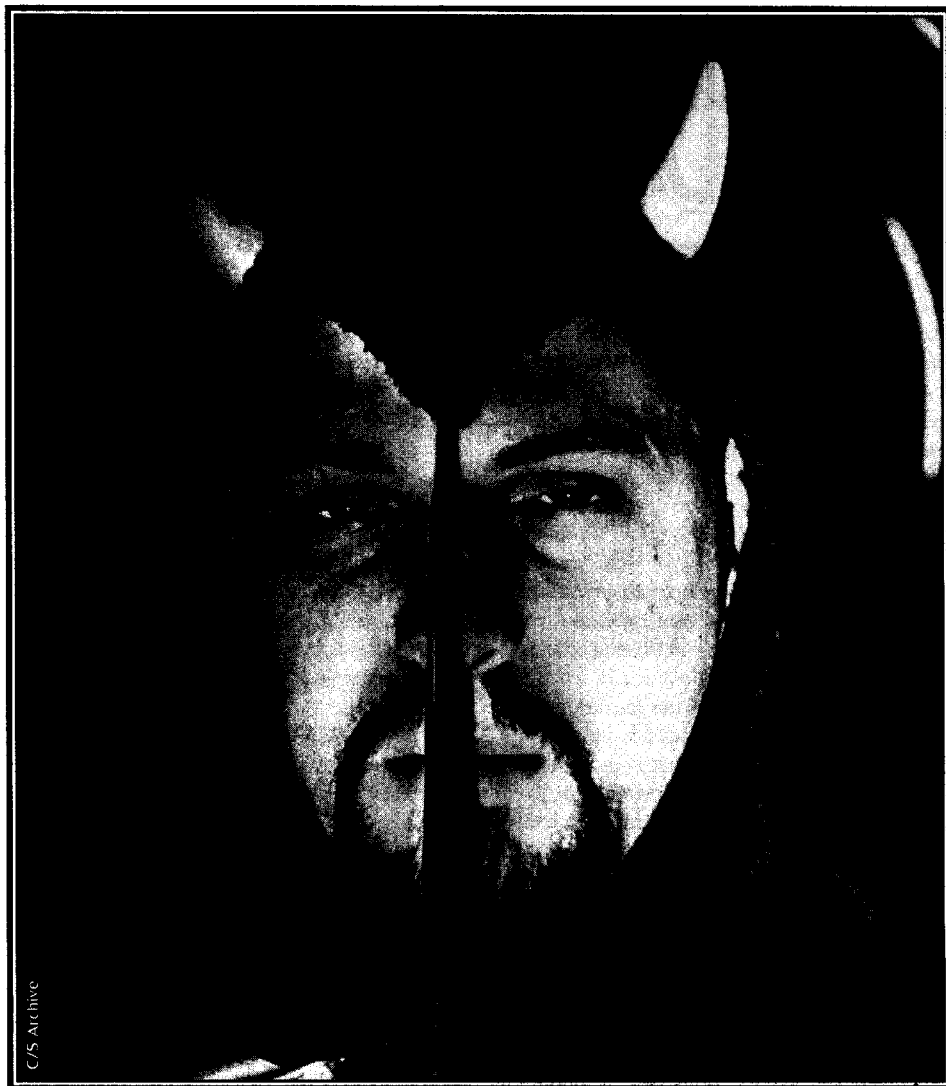
Peggy Nadramia

"celestial higher intelligences" as being a part of Anton LaVey's seminal definition of Satanism are counting on your lack of intelligence, higher or lower. Those clamoring for Satanists to band together in a "community," to work for specific sociopolitical ends, to be "one big happy family (hug)" are simply looking to place themselves in a spotlight, which they are counting on you to cast upon their sorry selves.

There are those who will claim that the Church of Satan is no longer a vehicle for the realization of the destiny of those who clearly see and consciously acknowledge their kinship with the Lord of this World. Nonsense. Such prattle comes only from those who have shamed our institution through past ill-calculated antics, and now must try to cleanse themselves through distance from the only legitimate cabal. They fail to realize it is they, not the Church of Satan, that failed, and they are simply cutting themselves off from the source. Their choice. As outcasts by their own hand, they cannot know of the many who still come to us, who are proud to make allegiance with the body created by the man who gave a proper name to their true nature, and who move society by their potent deeds in directions that other Satanists will savor. We haven't locked the door through which they've chosen to exit. It will remain open for those who are part of our tribe—errors of impulsiveness may be corrected.

It is a mistake to believe that one must be a member of the Church of Satan to be a Satanist. We have never said that—how could we? Satanism is yours by birth, and obtaining a membership card will neither confirm nor deny the nature that you bear in your flesh. Anton LaVey accurately named and clearly defined an existing reality. And he thus acknowledged that Satanists have always been a part of society, the carnal animals who see more clearly and open the way for the others who do not share in their Undeified Wisdom. And Satanists always find a means for prospering in whatever society exists—they don't waste time in pining for some ideal that can never be obtained. Let the sheep be lead by those who paint an impossible vision, who will perish amidst plenty, wasting their efforts for a pipe-dream, whether it be spiritual or sociopolitical.

Satanists are not seeking saviors, which is why we have opted out of the majority of doctrines offered by the rest of the world's religions. We look with particular contempt on those who approach us, offering their (always unproven) "talents" towards advancing Satanism from what they, as outsiders, perceive as stasis. If they only knew. But they can't, and they will move on to those who cry out for direction—lemmings have never been in short supply, whether they wear crosses or pentagrams.



What membership does confirm, is that you have acknowledged Anton LaVey's terminology for what you are and that you wish allegiance with others who have done the same. Your card is a key, a sign to others in the cabal (recall the secret hand-signals of other underground societies?), that will

as what burned so brightly within him is blazing furiously in the hearts and minds of his true heirs, wherever they are to be found. We're busy making maps of those yet unknown regions, as it is in our nature to explore and expand upon our grasp of the ALL. And we apply that knowledge, with sur-

...Satanists have always been a part of society, the carnal animals who see more clearly and open the way for the others who do not share in their Undeified Wisdom.

open doors for those who have the wherewithal to deliver the goods. But the card is not a mask. It will not hide the true nature of those who would pretend to the majesty of Satan.

Such is as obvious to us as that informed smile that limned the visage of Anton Szandor LaVey. And more so than any symbol or sigil, this is the real ensign of the Satanist, who embraces life to the fullest and moves within the Devil's fane. Anton LaVey is with us still,

gical accuracy towards the ends of our choice. That is but one of the many pleasures that comprise our chosen indulgences.

The Church of Satan is our standard, held high and proudly calling our brethren as it whips about in darkling fury. It remains the rallying point for those who dare to live with a fullness that makes the timid cower. The world is ours for the taking, as it always has been—so pardon our boarding house reach as we grab what belongs to us. ★

EDITORIAL

By Peggy Nadramia

What follows is a compendium of the publications, Satanic and otherwise, that we've received in this office since we last published The Black Flame. Since that has been a rather lengthy amount of time, it is highly recommended that you write to the editors first, ascertaining current prices and availability. Even if a magazine is no longer available, we are mentioning it here for your information, and to maintain a timeline of Satanic activity and ideas.

BOOKS

The Kasidah of Haji Abdu El-Yezdi, published by Michael Rose, 1998; available for \$6 US/\$8 foreign, from Michael Rose, P. O. Box 1413, Decatur, AL 35602-1413.

In reality, this piece, in the form of an epic poem, is the work of Sir Richard Francis Burton, a noted traveler and *de-facto* Satanist who brought *The Arabian Nights* and *The Kama Sutra* to Western minds. In the *Kasidah*, Burton contemplates doubt about the faith of his fathers and that of the world around him; he holds it all to be false, yet simultaneously "true" to those weak enough to indulge in it. Burton follows Man from happy beast to one shackled by Code and Creed. Rose's little digest-sized volume reproduces an old typesetting of the poem with lovely Byzantine borders; definitely an item to include on your Satanic bookshelf. To quote the author: "These echoes of a voice long-stilled, haply shall wake responsive strain."

The Millennium: Aspects From Another Angle, by George Sprague. ISBN 1-57502-634-1, trade paperback, 62 pages, \$8.95; Mesquite, TX, 1999. Order from: George Sprague, P. O. Box 852943, Mesquite, TX 75185-2943.

Rev. Sprague tackles the millennium from a Satanic, and ultimately very rational and sardonic, perspective, flipping through the views of many radical religious groups and pondering their inconsistencies. While you may feel that last New Year's was the biggest flop of the century—didn't even get to break out that water and dried food you've been hoarding—you'll still get a chuckle out of Sprague's overview. "You can't reason with an idiot," he observes. Words to live by...

The Conqueror Manifesto, by Peter G. Helmkamp, available from Of God's Disgrace Publishing, P. O. Box 8458, Victoria, British Columbia, Canada V8W 3S1. Make international money order payable to H. Macfarlane, or send well-hidden cash.

This little black book is perfect-bound with

a silver foil stamped cover. It is basically an invective, declaring the existence of the Serpent Race and adjuring its members to get off their butts and seek Godhood through Heretic Supremacy. Among the Appendices is Magistra Tani Jantsang's article, "Sat Tan."

FERAL HOUSE

PMB 359, 2532 Lincoln Blvd., Venice, CA 90291. www.feralhouse.com, info@feralhouse.com.

Pills-A-Go-Go: A Fiendish Investigation Into Pill Marketing, Art, History and Consumption, by Jim Hogshire. ISBN 0-922915-53-9, full-sized trade paperback, 256 pages, heavily illustrated, \$16.95; Los Angeles, 1999.

Wow! This compendium of all things lozenge-like was born from the author's own 'zine of the same name, and his knowledge is encyclopedic. Ads and photos pop from every page. I was especially interested in the drugs for menstrual pain, which were invented in the days when this was largely thought to be "non-organic," or all in a girl's head. The ad for Gynorest shows a pre-teener stuffing both hands into her crotch and smiling rather goofily into space. Cramps or masturbation? Drug laws, pill history, an explanation of those "secret codes" on prescriptions, rape drugs, and an extensive listing of source material round out this exhaustive collection.

Grossed Out Surgeon Vomits Inside Patient: An Insider's Look at Supermarket Tabloids, by Jim Hogshire. ISBN 0-922915-42-3, trade paperback, 147 pages, \$12.95; Los Angeles, October 1997.

You know them, you love them, you especially adore the articles about Satan being spotted in a cloud formation, on a burnt piece of toast or captured by monks in a remote Spanish village. Now learn how the writers get those stories, as well as how these recurrent themes and obsessions reflect on our society as a whole and Americans in particular. The tabs have been instrumental at times in planting and promoting propaganda, and you can view actual memos in

the Appendices of Hogshire's handy volume; the author also instructs the reader on how to obtain those collectable back issues. Trip to the Wynn Dixie, anyone?

The X-Rated Bible: An Irreverent Survey of Sex in the Scriptures, by Ben Edward Akerley. ISBN 0-922915-55-5, trade paperback, 269 pages, illustrated, \$14.95; Los Angeles, 1998.

Originally published by the American Atheists, this book is something no Satanist should be without, especially if you're one of the obnoxious types who likes to quote the Bible back at Christians in person and in print. There are chapters on nudity, homosexuality, bestiality, prostitution, sexual mutilation—oh, the fun never ends, and the little woodcut illustrations are fine. An invaluable index is included.

Sex American Style: An Illustrated Romp Through the Golden Age of Heterosexuality, by Jack Boulware. ISBN 0-922915-46-6, full-sized paperback, 247 pages, \$16.95; Los Angeles, 1997.

This is a scrapbook of the free-sex culture that overwhelmed the media in the '60's and '70's; if you were around, even as a youngster, you were a part of it. Photos and reproductions of advertising fill the pages here; I was fondly reminded of the Pussycat Theater and that giant eyeball over the old Show World peep parlor. The author leaves no stone unturned, reviewing the history of TV shows, films, music albums, tabloids, paperback fiction and how-to books that considered every side of heterosexuality, and then some. The explosion of birth control and VD clinics, sex toys, wife-swapping and porn, porn are examined at length. One fact, at least, becomes overwhelmingly clear when viewing the many photos: breasts were real, and the standards for nude beauty were nothing near the rigid, surgically-maintained ideals of today. This book is fun, and a must-have for anyone decorating his total environment in a 70's love-pad theme. Let it all hang out, baby!

Struwwelpeter: Fearful Stories and Vile Pictures to Instruct Good Little Folks, by Heinrich Hoffman, illustrations by Sarita Vendetta. ISBN 0-922915-52-0. Full-sized paperback, color illustrations, 176 pages, \$24; Los Angeles, 1999.

Hoffman, the director of an insane asylum, wrote these stories in 1844 to instruct his small son in the proper manners of living. The characters who illustrate the many bad habits and faults are both fascinating and repellent. Vendetta's illustrations bring them sordidly to life. It seems this volume became quite popular in its day, engendering a propagandistic parody by the WW II British intelligence, entitled "StruwwelHitler." It is included herein for your edification. If you are partial to Edward Gorey-like stories of mean children and always enjoy

the grimmest of fairy tales, this cup brims for you. Besides that, it is a lovely thing; the skull-and-scissors endpapers are especially attractive.

PALADIN PRESS

P. O. Box 1307, Boulder, CO 80306 USA
Phone: 800-466-6868; Fax: 303-442-8741
Credit Card Orders: 1-800-392-2400
Customer Service: 303-443-7250
Email: service@paladin-press.com
Web Site: <http://www.paladin-press.com>
Paladin Press Europe: Paladin Press Europe, Ltd.
Unit 7, Farrow Road Industrial Estate Shady Lane
Great Barr, Birmingham B44 9ER, England
Tel/Fax: 0121-360-6533
Web Site: <http://www.btinternet.com/~pal-press.eu>

Paladin Press catalog. 80+ pages, free.

André Schlesinger, reviewer.

Founded in 1970 by Peter Lund and Robert K. Brown (who would later move on to publish *Soldier of Fortune* magazine) Paladin Press first specialized in military action/adventure books of the non-fiction type. With an initial stock of mainly reprints of hard-to-find military manuals, Paladin Press eventually expanded its list to offer original titles covering paramilitary interests and beyond. Now, 30 years later, Paladin is clearly at the forefront of a publishing genre that has seen its share of hits, misses, and Paladin wannabees. Paladin Press has become a virtual library on every aspect of the art and science of war, both physical and psychological. Paladin's catalog offers practical field manuals starting at just a few dollars all the way up to pricey text books and videos, too (this reviewer notes that Paladin is breaking into software as well).

Subjects covered in Paladin's catalog include: survival, martial arts, knives and firearms, personal and financial autonomy, Spy Tech., Police Science, etc. Be aware that Paladin's list includes many titles that are clearly intended for educational use only and it would not be the first time that someone was incriminated for possession of one of their more infamous titles. Although their web site is convenient and looking better and better with every visit, I recommend their hard copy catalog. After you are done salivating over their extensive list and reviews of not-always-so-easy-to-find books and instructional videos, your Paladin Press catalog will look great on top of your covert coffee table or included with your stack of *SOF* in your bathroom magazine rack. Included below are just some of the titles available the world's largest and most respected publishers of action titles.

Contingency Cannibalism: Superhardcore Survivalism's Dirty Little Secret, by Shiguro Takada. ISBN 1-58160-025-9. Trade paperback, 152 pages; Boulder, 1999.

Peggy Nadramia, reviewer.

Do you get a little thrill at the thought of consuming "long pig"? Then this book is for you.

The author explores the facts and fiction about cannibalism and takes a look at the most famous incidents of survival cannibalism and wartime eating of "the monkey meat." Purely for entertainment purposes, he includes recipes, wine suggestions and a butcher's chart.

Scams From the Great Beyond: How to Make Easy Money Off...New Age Nonsense, by Peter Huston. ISBN 0-87364-912-5. Trade paperback, 200 pages; Boulder, 1997.

Peggy Nadramia, reviewer.

If you've ever wondered how practitioners "get into" promoting cracked theories and wacky religions, the answer is simple: the dough-re-mi. Huston exposes what's behind all those spoon-bending crop-circling tricksters and even tells you how to start your own cattle-mutilation scare, for entertainment purposes only, of course. If you already have people asking you to cast spells for them because they've heard you're kind of "witchy," well, here's how to capitalize on it. Now repeat after me: "Energizing... Experiential... Synergistic..."

Skid Row Beat: A Street Cop's Walk on the Wild Side, by Loren W. Christensen. ISBN 1-58160-012-7. Trade paperback, 189 pages; Boulder, 1999.

Peggy Nadramia, reviewer.

Christensen provides us with a lengthy compendium of cop stories, all taken from his days patrolling a skid row neighborhood in Portland, Oregon. Each tale is no more than a couple of pages long, and they are grouped by the main thrust of their subject matter: sex, violence, bodily excretions, etc. Some are funny, others are touching, most are gritty. This little book makes great reading and is a thoughtful gift for the mope who has everything.

Knights of Darkness: Secrets of the World's Deadliest Night Fighters, by Dr. Haha Lung. ISBN 0-87364-971-0. \$14.00, softcover, illustrated, 160 pages; Boulder, 1998.

André Schlesinger, reviewer.

From the man who brought us such titles as *The Ancient Art of Strangulation* Dr. Lung takes us on an in-depth look at the true dark side of humanity: the world of night fighting and the elite groups who have made this their *modus operandi*. Drawing on techniques and traditions ranging from the ancient Japanese Ninja and Teutonic Berserkers to contemporary military Special Forces and the criminal underworld, the author discusses unconventional, yet practical, methods of night time and low light combat. Topics covered here are the history and development of night fighting, the psychology of low light operations, physical training, basic procedures in reconnaissance, perimeter, structural, and other "obstacle" assaults, and the various paraphernalia and weapons best suited for such tasks. Both entertaining and practical, this is an excellent primer (as well as a handy training

manual) to elite and unconventional warfare.

The Safe House: Setting Up and Running Your Own Sanctuary, by Jefferson Mack. ISBN 0-87364-989-3. \$18.00, softcover, 96 pages; Boulder, 1998.

André Schlesinger, reviewer.

The Feds use them. Criminals use them. Diplomats and mercenaries depend on them. Is it safe? No, I mean is it SAFE? After you read this book you may ask yourself the same question as you decide whether or not that structure you call your home and the situation you are living under is truly outside the prying eyes of those who would rain on your parade (or whatever you might be doing in your basement workshop). The Safe House has often played an intricate part in covert operations, both legal and illegal, throughout history. While both government agencies and revolutionaries alike have used these hide-outs to protect witnesses, evade search and detection, or just as place to catch your breath and get a shave and a shower, chances are you will never notice them. That house across the street might be one or the flower shop on the corner could be a front for any thing and any activity one might want to keep hidden from anyone who might want to know. The real point of this practical guide is that you too can run and maintain your very own Safe House and the author goes into great detail on how to accomplish this: who needs a safe house, planning and construction (in most cases you will not need to hire a contractor), use of human resources, hiding out on your own, practical alternatives to actual construction or purchase, covering your tracks and becoming virtually invisible while hiding in plain sight, as well as a look at both best and worse case scenarios. I would highly recommend this book to anyone who wishes to keep the "Jones's" (or Big Brother) from keeping up with them.

Techniques in Counter Surveillance: The Fine Art of Bug Extermination in the Real World of Intelligence Gathering, by Marinelli Companies. ISBN 1-58160-020-8. \$18.00, softcover, illustrated, 120 pages; Boulder, 1999.

André Schlesinger, reviewer.

As a practical field guide to personal security and Counter-Spy Tech this book is an excellent companion to *The Safe House* by Jefferson Mack (see above review) and is a must-have manual for anyone concerned with surreptitious eavesdropping and unwanted visual observation on their private lives. Covering everything from basic everyday security measures, easily conducted by the average citizen, to more advanced techniques in electronic guards and surveillance countermeasures used in high end industrial espionage, the author discusses the use, detection, and disabling of telephone taps and radio frequency bugs, the placement of intrusion alarms, as well as information for those who wish to go into the business of bug exter-

mination for themselves. Also included in this book are diagrams and construction plans for building simple counter-surveillance devices and a helpful section of uses and reviews of commercially available products. Reasonably priced and written in layman's terms, this book will make a great source of information to anyone wishing to spray for bugs or swat that fly on the wall.

The Greatest Karate Fighter of All Time: Joe Lewis and His American Karate System, by Joe Lewis and Dr. Jerry Beasley. ISBN 0-87364-981-8; \$20.00, softcover, photos, 104 pages; Boulder, 1998.

André Schlesinger, reviewer.

Written in a somewhat abrasive and in-your-face style, I was at first a little irritated by Joe Lewis's less-than-humble recollection of the events which led up to his being known as the founder of American full-contact Karate. The book covers his exploits from his early days as a US Marine in Okinawa where he first took a serious interest in Karate and earned his black belt in a relatively short period of time, and his rubbing elbows, punches, and kicks with martial arts legends such as Chuck Norris and Bruce Lee, to his introduction of full contact kickboxing to the United States, his high-profile career as a consultant and actor in many action films and his being recognized world wide as one of the greatest Karate fighters of all time. There are braggarts and then there are those who have earned bragging rights and although I will leave it up to the reader to decide which side of a roundhouse kick Joe Lewis falls on, if he had only accomplished half of what he claims then his bite is far worse than his bark.

Joe Lewis literally and figuratively pulls no punches as he describes his full contact career as a series of legally sanctioned sports-related beatings he administered to the competition while co-author and partner Jerry Beasley supplements Lewis's accounts with a sober and fact-based timeline that more than supports Joe's personal history. Although this book might have stood on its own as a biography, the authors have included equally fascinating sections on Lewis's theory and practices (with an emphasis on practice) of his developed system of full-contact Karate, both as self-defense and as a competitive sport. It may take some time for the reader to feel comfortable with this book, but I think that after a while you'll learn to appreciate the history and practice of a guy who writes like he fights—in a down-to-earth style without a lot of the pretentious one-armed drunken monkey martial arts mysticism that seems to pervade many books of this type.

The Ultimate Internet Terrorist: How Hackers, Geeks, and Phreaks Can Ruin Your Trip on the Information Superhighway... and What You Can Do to Protect Yourself, by Robert Merkle. ISBN 0-87364-970-2; \$18.00, softcover, 152

pages; Boulder, 1998.

André Schlesinger, reviewer.

Malicious hacker and reputed former (?) member of the infamous CDC (Cult of the Dead Cow) cyber gang, Merkle takes us on a midnight backstreet ride into the underworld of Darkside computer hacking. At the very beginning, the author gives us fair warning as to the potentially dangerous contents of this book and although some of this information seems to be a little outdated and obsolete in the fast paced and ever-developing world of computer applications (this reviewer notes Merkle's negative opinion on Macintosh computers), this is clearly one of those books that Paladin advises to be used for "Educational Use Only." Although intended as a manual for preventive self-defense on the Internet and world wide web, the information gathered in this book could all too easily be turned around and used as a "how to" manual for cyber-destruction of a virtual enemy. But don't let the potentially hazardous material found in this book scare you away, as "fight fire with fire" and vigilante-style justice still seems to be the prevailing law in the outlands of cyberspace.

Topics include both preventive and aggressive measures to be taken against commercial email advertisements, chain letters, and the otherwise shameless waste of computer and Internet bandwidth (aka SPAM), the pros, cons, and relative ease of cyber-stalking, the ultimate in cyber slumming: the infamous "chat room," nukes and virii, hired guns and virtual sitting ducks and the ways in which to find exactly what you will need to keep your head above water without getting blown out of it. Author Robert Merkle is entertaining as he is informative and he seems to be part of a current trend at Paladin Press towards young, humorous, and hip terror-tech savvy writers that this reviewer is hoping to see more of. This book is "virtually" guaranteed to bring you up-to-date, for the, most part, on hacker terminology, theory, and practice while discussing basic to advanced procedures to keep you from winding up as random-access road kill on the information superhighway. Be forewarned though, it could also possibly put you in the digital driver's seat.

The Ultimate Internet Outlaw: How Surfers Steal Sex, Software, CDs, Games, and More Top-Secret Stuff on the Information Superhighway, by Robert Merkle. ISBN 1-58160-029-1. \$15.00, softcover, 96 pages; Boulder, 1998.

André Schlesinger, reviewer.

This second and latest book by cyber highway hit man Robert Merkle is the perfect companion to his last book *The Ultimate Internet Terrorist*. This time uberhacker Merkle shows us the "how to" on a variety of techniques used by underground surfers and darkside freaks to freely procure software, applications, pornography, games, pornography, music, pornography, confidential personal information... and did I

mention pornography? If we are to take Merkle's book seriously, we will have to realize that the thriving on-line porn industry provides an endless array of potential targets with the obvious incentives for geeks who can barely grow hair on their faces to practice their fine art of cracking passwords and sniffing out exploits. It's these kids with nothing better to do than try-try-again and run that play till they get it right who the author recognizes as the up-and-coming cyber-bandits of tomorrow, and if they have something to prove or gain, they will do it even if it takes all night. This is the same ground level brute-force persistence that has been used by code heads since the days of the Commodore 64 and the same techniques that Merkle himself was weaned on and that he cites and recommends.

Make no mistake, this books does not provide you with a magic word that will open up the pay sites and MP3 vaults of the Internet, but it will show you how real hackers use tried and true methods to bypass certain front doors (and back doors) to web sites as well as how to look for the applications you will eventually need as you progress from user to geek in your never-ending search and seizure of unadvertised freeware, shareware, and the all elusive WAREZ sites. This is the real thing and it's dubious skills such as these that have landed Merkle in his current job as a probable net security consultant (rather than a federal prison) and that have made him one of the foremost authorities on computer Internet hacking. Once again, this book is highlighted by the same wit and deadpan humor seen in Merkle's *Internet Terrorist* as well as being high on the "For Educational Use Only" list for which Paladin has become famous.

The Basement Buggers Bible: The Professional's Guide to Creating, Building, and Planting Custom Bugs and Wiretaps, by Shifty Bugman. ISBN 1-58160-022-4. \$48.00, softcover, photos, illustrations, 310 pages; Boulder, 1999.

André Schlesinger, reviewer.

This is the "who, what, where, when, why," and most importantly the "how to" for the construction and placement of unconventional listening devices and techniques known collectively as "bugs and wire taps." If this step-by-step, transistor-by-solderpoint, collection of devices and applications were not made so entertaining, with the inclusion of often humorous scenarios and true-to-life capers, it would be just another exhaustive manual covering every aspect of, well, buggery, from determining the right "gimmick" for the job, drawing board schematics and construction, to actual bug and wiretap deployment and signal retrieval. Author Shifty Bugman, another one of Paladin's new breed of hip, young Techies, doesn't waste any time in stating a clear warning that construction and possession of any of these items, without proper authorization and licensing, can land you in a federal prison—as many of his colleagues have found out—or a

offer-you-cannot-refuse job working for "The Man," as Shifty eventually learned.

If you really can't live without knowing the answer to "What goes into placing a wiretap?" and you lose sleep at night wondering "What type of bug is sufficient for recording the sounds of executive board meetings?" and if you really *must* know virtually everything concerning building and deploying bugs and wiretaps, then, by all means, buy this book.

Tactical Baton: Street Stick Personal Defense System, with Datu Kelly S. Worden. ISBN 1-58-160-024-0. \$59.95, two volume VHS video, 120 minutes per tape; Boulder, 1998.

André Schlesinger, reviewer.

Perhaps you've seen them? Known generically as a tactical or telescoping baton or wand, with brand names such as A.S.P. and Cobra, these retractable and sometimes coiled or spring-loaded steel nightsticks can be hidden in a waist pocket to be taken out at a second's notice and extended with the flick of a wrist into a an intimidating, although nonlethal, bludgeon. Made famous by CIA and Secret Service agents and then infamous by the Tanya Harding assault incident some years ago as the "Tanya Tapper," this highly concealable, strong but light-weight, close quarters weapon is perfect for self-defense and crowd control. It would only make sense that there is more to the use of this semi-exotic weapon than just whacking away at heads and knee caps and Datu Kelly S. Worden's instructional videotapes take you where no weapons manual can, right into Worden's training hall, where he demonstrates his own technics developed from years of training in Filipino martial arts.

This video course, designed to be adapted to standard police batons as well, is a must-have for anyone who makes the legendary nightstick or any of its modern variations part of their defensive tools. In four hours of instructions, Worden takes you through basic strikes and blocks to more advanced "finishing" techniques and combinations of baton and unarmed combat. Highlights of this video course are the tactical baton's uses against seemingly superior and lethal weapons. As a user of one of these weapons for job-related purposes, I highly recommend this two video set for anyone currently using a tactical baton or for those considering taking up its use. As an addition to Paladin's growing list of available instructional videos, this adds a new dimension to learning martial arts technics only available through classes and often incomplete manuals and diagrams. I'm looking forward to seeing a greater number of Paladin Press's upcoming and existing titles released in the video format.

SATANIC PERIODICALS

THE CLOVEN HOOF, The Official Bulletin and Tribunal of the Church of Satan, PMB #365, P. O.

Box 390009, San Diego, CA 92149-0009. Send \$5.00 for a single issue (\$7.00 foreign) or \$35.00 for an eight-issue subscription (\$40.00 foreign).

Issue #129. This 32-page, full-sized magazine with two-color cover is the original voice of contemporary Satanism and essential reading for anyone interested in Satanism, Anton LaVey or the Church of Satan. If you don't read the *Hoof* (which has been published in one form or another since the foundation of our organization in 1966) then really, your questions are getting very boring and you're just NOT doing the homework. No other publication has better reflected LaVey's attitudes, thoughts, aesthetics and sense of life over the years; if you've been paying attention, there is no reason to accept anyone else's assessments of LaVey's "changing direction" or "evolving misanthropia." You can see everything for yourself in the *Hoof*, and make your own judgments.

This issue's cover is graced by Coop's rendering of a hefty devil-girl in garters and stockings, getting ready to put out the fire in your heart. Essays include the original publication of LaVey's "The God of the Assholes," "The French, They Are a Funny Race" and "The Last Mystery," in which he discusses the role of Satanism in the future. Magister Michael Rose contributes a discussion of Film Noir, Shawna Kennedy talks about belly-dancing, Nemo takes a look at Satanic self-defense, and High Priestess and Editrix Blanche Barton treats us to scads of reviews, news, and a look at LaVey-lookalikes and rip-offs. She also debates the question, "Is Satanism a Religion?" And of course, there is the ubiquitous Much More. I was tickled by the piece suggesting alternative expletives to the usual gutter talk, and have resolved to add "Aw nertz!" and "Son of a sea cook!" to my daily speech.

Issue #130. This issue follows the same format but is 44 glossy pages in length; it announces the death of Dr. LaVey and contains many memorials and reminiscences by Satanists who knew him, as well as by those who never met him but whose lives were irrevocably touched by his words and leadership. There is also a fine collection of photos of the Great Man, and both covers are portraits suitable for framing. Of primary interest is an essay the Doctor composed after his near-death experience in 1995, as well as a short piece he wrote from his bed. He was musing on the sound of rain hitting his old house just before daybreak, and how fortunate he felt to be right where he wanted to be, doing just what he wanted to do, while the rest of the world rose in the pre-dawn darkness to follow their round of hours according to the will of circumstance and the desires of others. He had no such obligations; he had exactly what he wanted in the shape of an old gun, in an old house filled with the old things he loved, and an ocean of hours ahead of him in which to enjoy them. Old and rich is how he described himself; wise, vital and rich is how I remember him. High Priestess

Barton finishes the issue with clarity and inspiration in her essay, "What Do We Do Now?" Every Satanist worth his salt should have this issue.

THE RAVEN, P. O. Box 482, Stratford, CT 06615-0482, ravenpub@worldnet.att.net. Make your \$4.00 check or money order payable to N. B. Smith. "The Satanic Journal of Humor and Good Living—the Lighter Side of the Dark Side."

Issue #23/#24. More humor from Sprague and Kennedy; Loki tells us "How To Be an Asshole" while traveling by air; Rev. Smith discusses the Jungle music of Yma Sumac and the consumption of rye whiskey—that's what my Uncle Frankie always drank. Loki gives us a few recipes for cocktail nibblers, all of which sound great, but has he ever had one of Rev. Schlesinger's devil dogs, I ask you?

Issue #25/#26. If you don't read *The Raven*, you're way out of the Satanic loop. It's one of my favorites, because it doesn't take itself or anything else too seriously. There are no proclamations from High Priest Damien Evilcroft, and pentagrams do not enhance every page. There is, instead, barbed wit, tips for enjoying food and drink, and much mockery of the high and mighty, as well as the low and tacky. Dig in! The cover of this number is graced by a moving photograph of Rev. Smith and his brother as boys, both looking down in wonder at the light emanating from a huge Jack-o'-lantern. So begins this Halloween issue, with a discussion of aphrodisiac food and a zesty recipe for crab cakes (my favorite!). Next along is "The Night Before Samhain" by Rev. George Sprague and Shawna Kennedy. Walter C. Cambra contributes a thoughtful article, as he does in almost every issue.

Issue #27/#28. In this issue, we're treated to "The Shorter, Harsher Version" of that big summer movie, "The Titanic," as well as "What a Jerk We Have in Jesus," by Sprague and Kennedy. Don't miss the lengthy discussion of the Martini.

Issue #29/#30. Priestess Ruth Waytz contributes her memories of the Formosa Café in Hollywood. Comparisons of the mental and attitudinal differences between the sexes go on at length. There's a charming little poem by Rev. Smith's great-uncle, some music reviews, a revision of the Martini recipe, a discussion of the Darwin Awards (haven't heard of these? you don't know what you're missing!) and a new tool for Satanic Good Living: the Toilet Fishing Game.

THE RAGING SEA, Issue #4. No contact information, because you can't get this issue or this magazine anymore; however, I thought you should know that once upon a time, in the seaside town of Santa Cruz, California, a Satanic 'zine was published by Church of Satan Priest Michael Boe.

This issue had a way-cool cover illustration of a lounge in Hell, and the mix of articles was far beyond "the usual" for a Satanic publica-

tion—sure, there was the usual pissy attitude about helping others less fortunate and the complete irritation and intolerance of the status quo—but we were also treated to articles about Satanic ecology, Satanic ways to survive a 9-to-5 job, and recommendations for books and materials for the Satanic education of our youth. Contributors included Magister Jeffrey Nagy, Rev. K.S. Anthony, Robert Lang of *The Black Punkin*, and Jeffrey Scott. This one will be missed.

NOT LIKE MOST: a Publication of Satanism in Action, P. O. Box 8131, Burlington, VT 05402, <http://www.purgingtalon.com/nlm>, boysatan@aol.com. \$5.00 per issue, \$7.00 foreign. Cash or money orders payable to Matt G. Paradise—no checks!

Issue #5. Have I said enough of Rev. Matt G. Paradise's wonderful graphics and witty take on Satanism and beyond? If you don't read *Not Like Most*, then you're missing some of the most refreshing viewpoints from the young Turks of Satanism. "Personal Justice: The Rise and Fall of the Satanic Art of the Duel" by Richard Canino is a stand-out in this issue, which is the last digest-sized entry into the magazine's repertoire.

Issue #6. The editor puts it out in the wind as he starts off the issue with "Satanism and Racism: Dividing Lines and Common Ties." Those who'd like to paint the Church of Satan with that Nazi brush do so at their own peril; here's a Priest who's not afraid to take on the topic and put it in its place. There's a wonderfully crabby piece called "The Superhighway to Hell!"—in other words, a look at Satanic websites. "Make Your Own Damned Graphics!" Wish I could tattoo THAT on the forehead of every "satanic" keyboard cowboy. Edward Parker gives us his interview with the Man Himself, Satan, who in typical fashion turns the tables on his interviewer.

Issue #7. Are the Spice Girls Satanic witches? Find out by reading Rev. Paradise's "The Satanic Heavyweight Championship: Spice Girls Vs. Marilyn Manson." After all, didn't LaVey's seminal work bring forth the very best formulae for the creation of Girl Power? This side-by-side comparison is very revealing. On a more serious note (no, really) Brett Cullen offers "The Jungian View & Satanism." And much more in this issue, including the usual exhaustive reviews and informational listings of websites and news.

Issue #8. Hidey ho! We start off with "Rosemary Revisited," in which Rev. Paradise takes a loving look at one of the best horror movies of all time. He observes keenly that "Rosemary's Baby shows us both sides of the human coin, that we are both benevolent and brutal... When all the other fun fear is shed, the deepest layer of terror is the realization of human nature." Remind me to take you past Rosemary's building when next you visit New York City. In case you didn't know, Bill M. reminds us all that "Goodguy Badges Suck!" For those of you who just can't get enough Satanic

rituals in your collection, R. Merciless gives us "Satanic Ritual of the Hot Fudge Sundae." How can you resist a working that ends with a maraschino cherry, or as Merciless calls it, "the red, wet symbol of carnal rapture?" Hey, let them film THIS one for CNN.

Issue #9. Never one to back down from a fight, Rev. Paradise takes on the incident in Littleton in his lead-off article. He observes correctly that many Satanists held their breath during the first few days of media blameshifting, waiting for the Satan card to be thrown down (after all, they wore black, didn't they?). "When you force anti-human Christian values and impossible to attain moralisms upon kids whose marked intelligence repels them from such a servile and unconditionally accepted mindset, don't be surprised if he/she lashes back in resentment." Rev. George Sprague made a visit to the Preparedness Expo (y'know, freeze-dried food, radios you crank, money-making opportunities to take advantage of the resultant chaos, etc.) and lived to tell us the humorous tale. And we are edified by the historical overview Rev. Paradise makes of "The Satanic Side of the Enlightenment." *Not Like Most* is another must-have for your Satanic bookshelf.

Issue #10. Rev. Paradise covers his Halloween in New York City, including photos of our trip to the Carnegie Deli. Bagel witta schmear. He also puts together a useful collection of quotations from *de-facto* Satanist H.L. Mencken, which I hope will lead readers to his work. "Dating Outside Your Race" (the Satanic race, that is) will also prove beneficial to those of you who just can't figure out why your relationships self-destruct in direct proportion to your self-actualization as a Satanist. Kevin I. Slaughter takes a look at the thoughts and work of Rev. Steven Leyba, whose mural was recently painted over in a bar in San Francisco. The owners, who had originally commissioned the work, did this without allowing him to capture his images in photos or video. *New York Press* columnist Jim Knipfel contributes "Satanism After LaVey." Lots of reviews and another installment of SuperHighway to Hell, as well as some more fine writing from the editor, round out a wonderful issue of *NLM*.

FIRST STONE PUBLICATIONS

P. O. Box 642112, San Francisco, CA 94109. Make all checks and money orders payable to Christopher J. Turner.

I have before me an array of products from two intelligent, inspired and vital young men, Rev. K. S. Anthony and Christopher J. Turner of the Church of Satan. And it makes me very angry. It makes me angry because in the last year or so, I should have been reading these publications at length; I should have been able to peruse these essays and articles, savoring them, perhaps rereading, and by all means I should have written letters thanking them for each and every one. Instead, I've been spend-

ing my time defending Anton LaVey and the Church of Satan from our detractors and imitators, cleaning up the hassles sent my way by the pissants who can't measure up, and answering endless questions from the pudding heads who Just Don't Get It. I'm guilty of wasting my time and attention on enemies and ingrates when I should have spent it on those who deserve it. And these young men definitely deserve my attention, and yours as well.

THE PSEUDO-SATANIST'S BIBLE by Rev. K.S. Anthony, \$3.00 from the address above.

How I adore this little red-cardstock-covered pamphlet; no Satanic library should be without it. Billed as "A Book for Assholes, Creeps and Imposters," it's a wonderfully witty send-up of LaVey's Statements, Rules, Sins, etc., but tailored for the marching morons who will never Get It. The dedication page alone was enough to win my heart; among the pledges there, he includes "to the pretenders to the throne, who will never even see it."

CONQUER NOW, edited by Rev. K. S. Anthony.

Issue #8. This is in traditional "zine" format, about 14 pages with a stapled, fluorescent-pink cover. Highlights include "Material Girl 101," in which Liz informs us of what we'd NEVER hear at a Satanic barbecue: "Let's all join hands and sing, 'Cumbaya.'" Right. And I loved the "pulp fiction," a little story called "Cannon" that was dripping with hardboiled double-entendre.

Issue #9 is the final issue, and is dedicated to the Kultural Diktator and New Wave Revolutionary noisician, Robert X. Patriot. Real-life stories and anecdotes about RXP, plus fan fiction and "The Devil's Little Instruction Book" fill the 52 pages of this Satanic collector's item. \$5 US/\$8 foreign to the address above.

THE BEST OF CONQUER NOW, available for \$7.00 from the address above.

A fat little digest incorporating the best of Rev. Anthony's articles and essays from the aforementioned eight issues. "It seems that all my beliefs are somehow indicative of a personality disorder to those who don't agree with me... I have stopped questioning my code of ethics and have started questioning everyone else's... [There are] any number of milksop bog-trotters who attempt to use Satanism to justify or strengthen their own disreputable weaknesses, fringe political ideologies or pathetic compulsions. They are, to be blunt, weaklings who cling to something stronger than themselves (in this case, Satanism) in order to feed their impoverished and beaten egos. So, along with an actual Alien Elite, we have a horde of outcast, boorish, quarterwits who have nothing better to do than declare themselves high pontiffs, priests, kings and Gods while engaging in trivial bitch-fights with other fuck-ups who know as much about Satanism as Bob Larson's pet platypus." Such

are the revelations Rev. Anthony brings us, and he definitely pulls no punches. As he discusses sticky issues like racial identity, he cuts himself no breaks; he questions his own conclusions, honoring few sacred cows. This digest also includes interviews with Michael Moynihan and Magister Michael Rose. There will be no more issues of *Conquer Now*, but I feel confident—and fortunate—that we will hear more from Rev. K.S. Anthony.

THE ICE CREAM MANIFESTO, \$3.00 from the address above.

Another little digest with cream-colored cardstock cover. C. J. Turner throws out the first ice-ball in the war of consciousness of ice-cream personalities and the coming Ice Age. Will you follow Haagen, or Ben and Jerry? By such choices is a man's honor known, to say nothing of a lady's. Let big spoons prevail...

THE FIRST STONE, \$5.00 per issue from the address above, and quite a bargain for these fat, full-sized magazines of some 70 pages.

Issue #2. The editor and principle contributor takes a look at pill-popping, employment-driven headache distress, and also overviews Satanism as it is portrayed in current newspaper articles. He examines the hate crime principle, and relates the experiences of one young Satanist on the mass transit system. Shoshanna tells us of the diabolism of cats. And much more.

Issue #3. Spiffy, shiny black cover, saddle-stitched, creamy interior pages. Things start right up with "Manners: Would They Fucking Kill You?" The editor discusses what truly makes a place or even a moment in time "haunted" with meaning and magical energy; this was particularly interesting, along with "The Compass", his own take on the innate drives that motivate humans. He also takes a quick look at what excuses David Berkowitz is making lately; apparently, this Epsilon Double Minus was at the center of some brilliant Satanic conspiracy. Uh-huh. Mr. Turner rounds out the issue with a piece of his own evocative fiction, "Returning Favors."

Issue #4. "Only a Devil" starts the issue off with a bang; with a nod to the *noir* movies many of us love, Mr. Turner gives us a vignette about a walk on a dark, rain-soaked night, and a mysterious man the protagonist encounters along his way. This will strike a chord in the hearts of many Satanists; when they stay in, we go out. I found much to chuckle over in a short piece about those "way Satanic dudes" who think they must put down LaVey—not Satanic enough—in order to prove their own righteously evil status in the world. "Eyes on Sara's Run" is fiction, part of a series of short works the editor has titled "Tales From the Plague," and is also noteworthy.

Issue #5. It's a big one, and I can only touch on my favorites. "Caffeine Morality: Dark Nights Out With the Devil's Bean" was a great choice to get the issue going, and is a wonder-

ful crystallization of what we urban Satanists experience as we try to live our nocturnal lives cheek-and-jowl with the herd. Rev. K. S. Anthony gives us "Precious Things," an essay about holding on to those relics and antiques that give us pleasure. If you can hear the term "Social Darwinism" without a knee-jerk reaction of one kind or another, you might find Andrew A. V.'s essay of particular interest. There's an extended interview with My Ownself, conducted by Magister Jeffrey Nagy a couple of years ago, and then rescued from the morgue of *The Raging Sea*. "Currents" is another fine piece of fiction from Mr. Turner's "Tale From the Plague," and Brad Ashlock contributes "After the End of Evil," a quick look at the history of Satan in human culture. There's lots more in this and every issue of *The First Stone*, but you should really find that out for yourself. This journal is a must-have compendium of thoughts and images from one of the most interesting new writers in Satanism.

EYES ONLY, P. O. Box 1339, New York, NY 10159-1339. Make check/MO for \$3.00 payable to André Schlesinger. Maninblack@prodigy.net.

This is **Folder 1, File 1**, or in spook-speak, the premiere issue of the Maninblack Grotto's newsletter. The focus of this new Satanic publication is "The Other Side of Conspiracy"; in other words, they're looking out for your best interests. This transmission gets off to a flying start with a reprint of Anton LaVey's "THEY," which pretty much sums up the reasoning behind the mission of these MIBs. Other articles include "Covert Overtness" by #100261, who discusses the fact that "the subconscious aspect of the human personality is constantly bombarded by electronic frequencies and mind-altering subliminals at every turn." Citizen Mealie gives us some facts on Satanic "spymaster," Antonio Prohias, the artist behind Spy Vs. Spy. Okay, c'mon, who rooted for White Spy? Noobody. Rev. K. S. Anthony guests with "Onward, Citizen Soldier!" And the issue is nicely topped off with Sensei John C. Davis' "SCS—Satanic Combat Sciences—A Primer." I wrote the foreword to this very edgy new publication, so I don't want to repeat myself too much. But **EYES ONLY** represents the beginning of the next phase in Satanic publishing (and recording, designing, etc.): material by Satanists, for Satanists, narrowcasted to our kind of interests and proclivities. Now eat this review.

THE YIN CONDUCTOR, a publication of The Alien Elite, 1255 N. 6th St., Laramie, WY 82070. Make check or money order payable to Lu Hutchinson, \$4.00 US, \$6.00 foreign.

Volume 1, #1. An auspicious debut of this 18-page newsletter by a Church of Satan member. The design is sharp and attractive, and editor Luis Large's drawings and computer graphics add a unique touch. Articles include

"Some Implications of the Fire Age" and "Pop Goes the Devil—Satan and Modern Music: A Performer's Perspective," both by the editor.

Volume 1, #2. Luis Large talks about the beginnings of his work as The Alien Elite, back in the bad old days of the late 80's. He includes clippings from his many media meltdowns—an interesting and useful historical perspective on the "Satanic panic" of that era. Large also discusses oronomy and takes on pop music again in "Mosh Pit Metaphysics." Both issues are peppered with witty and well-designed filler items called "Dark Humor." I recommend this one highly.

DIABOLICAL DIATRIBES, Paul Dunphy, P. O. Box 354, Troy NY, 12182, devilpaul@aol.com. \$5.00 US / \$7.00 foreign ought to cover it.

Issue #1. A publication of the "United Satanic Front," most of the material in this neatly-produced 36-page magazine is written by Church of Satan members Paul Dunphy and Phil Marfuta. Some interesting articles, including "Satan: Our Mascot" and "A Walk Through the Underworld: Mythological Archetypes in Satanic Ritual." Definitely worth your time.

THE DEVIL'S ADVOCATE, Ron Harris, 45 High St., New Haven, CT 06510. A check or money order for \$6.00 made payable to Ron Harris should get this one for you.

The name of this fine 56-page, full-sized magazine by a Church of Satan member will be changing soon. However, Ron has definitely proved himself with this "Spring Issue" containing interviews with Twiggy Ramirez of **Marilyn Manson**, Josh Silver of **Type-O Negative** and Thomas Thorn of **Electric Hellfire Club**. Ron's editorial, "Beavis and Butthead Satanists" is concerned with the use of the Devil's name by heavy metal groups who portray Satanism as a blood-drinking, animal-sacrificing cult. This issue also contains work by Leilah Wendell and Per Malloch. You oughta get it!

DIABOLICA MAGAZINE, Azazel, P. O. Box 53, Allen Park, MI 48101-0053. Make your check or money order for \$6.00 US / \$7.00 payable to Azazel.

Issue #5. Chock-full of good reading, including an interview with Rev. Thomas Thorn, and articles by Magister Michael Rose, Magistra Tani Jantsang, Rev. George Sprague, Gage's Page by Ken Gage, and Azazel's photo-essay, The Fetish Fashion Show. There's dark poetry and lots more. Get your own copy of this attractive magazine published by Church of Satan Priest, Azazel.

SCAPEGOAT, P. O. Box 381198, Hollywood, CA 90038-1198, (323) 466-7441. Make check or money order for \$5.00 US \$8.00 foreign payable to John Kaminiecki.

This Satanic magazine by Church of Satan member John Kaminiecki focuses on interviews of Satanically-inspired musicians, artists and

other mover-and-shakers of the Lefthand Path. and includes lots of wonderful photographs. **Issue #10** is no exception, with interviews with Magister Vincent Crowley of *Acheron*, occult publisher and writer Carl Abrahamsson and musician Glenn Danzig, among others. This is a special Poetry Issue and also includes essays by Kaminiecki and Kerry Bolton.

Issue #11. Interviewees this time around include Adam Parfrey, Douglas P. and photographer Janet Allington, whose photographs are nicely-reproduced in color along with her interview.

Issue #12. Wendy Van Dusen graces the cover, bedecked in black beret and little else. Her musical expression, *Neither / Neither World* is the focus of an interview. Other interviewees include Kerry Bolton, *Ordo Equilibrio*, Lord Wind, Angel Corpse and Michael Moynihan. Great photos abound. Editor Kaminiecki discusses "PIG: A film by Nico B," and Kerry Bolton examines Enochian.

MOURNING STAR, 325 SE Pt. St. Lucie Blvd., Suite #17, Pt. St. Lucie, FL 34984. Make your \$6 check or money order (\$8.00 foreign) payable to editor William Gidney.

Volume 1, Issue #1. The start of an interesting publication, filled with the opinions of its editor in well-developed articles and essays, as well as amusing filler items and cute little graphics. We begin with a long review of a book by gay poet Victor Mingovits, entitled "A Satan Worshiper's Guide to the American Northeast." How did I miss this one? A nice piece of fiction follows, based on a Tarot reading; Ygraine discusses evolution, and the editor includes his own memorial to Dr. LaVey.

Volume 1, Issue #2. The editor discusses "First Phase Satanism," and gives us his take on "The Magic Words." Also discussed is the structure of the Church of Satan and its Grotto system, Satanic culture and philosophy, false-memory syndrome and much more. Poetry and an intriguing photo collage are also included.

Volume 1, Issue #2-revised. This issue reworks some of the material cited above and includes a compelling little essay by a 16-year-old Satanist, as well as an extended discussion of "Online Satanism, or FuckYou.Com." There's a review of Pacino's "The Devil's Advocate" in a column called Satanic Sinema.

THE BLACK PUNKIN, P. O. Box 32017, 1386 Richmond Rd, Ottawa, ON Canada K2B 1A1. Make your \$7.00 US (within the US) check or money order payable to Robert A. Lang. Canadians: send \$7.00 CN, foreign orders are all \$10.00 US funds.

Volume 3, Issue #2. This wonderful little magazine of Satanic magic, philosophy and fun never fails to please and keeps improving. In this issue we are presented with some history in the forms of Alexander the Great and Vlad Tepes, and there is an extended and very informative discussion of the deities of Gallic

Rome, as well as those of the Druids. So much for those peace-loving, Mama-worshipping tree-huggers getting all the credit in paganism! Magister Peter H. Gilmore is interviewed, and Magister Michael Rose contributes some of the writing we miss so much now that he has retired *From the Pit* (though be on the lookout for his return to publishing with a new magazine called *Sinister*). We get some recipes for "red food," in which raspberries are the featured ingredient, and editor Diana DeMagis interviews longtime Church of Satan member Marguerite Thompson on her year-round Halloween décor. A Satanic ritual entitled "The Day of the Animals" is also included. This fine issue (an essential for every Church of Satan member's library) finishes up with editor Robert Lang's inspired drawing of Dr. LaVey as an Egyptian Pharaoh. Highly recommended.

Volume #4, Issue #1. The artwork is the real stand-out in this issue, with color paintings on both front ("Abraxas Rising") and back ("Ghoul Queen Nitocris") covers by Magister Rex Diabolus Church. Robert A. Lang's work improves and evolves with every publication he creates; in this issue, his "Hell's Garrison" on the inside front cover is breathtaking. There is also a very well-rendered, if somewhat porno-Satanic, comic strip by Erik Brown. An extended interview with Magister Church reveals much about the nature of his Satanic muse, and Magister Michael Rose contributes essays and a short story. There is a touching tribute to longtime Church of Satan member Marguerite Thompson, as well as a reprint of the newspaper article inspired by her funeral, the first public Satanic graveside rite since the Seventies. Co-publisher Diana DeMagis gives us "The Selfish Side of Death," along with her usual "Witch's Corner." "A Werewolf Ritual" by Robert Lang as well as another by Gregorii Warne that will bring out the Highlander in you, as well as more fine articles, illustrations and reviews round out another fine issue of the Pun-Kin.

MINIONS FROM BEYOND, Issue #1. This is a magazine of horror fiction from the same publishers as *The Black Punkin*. Pricing and address information is the same. A full-sized, black-and-white production of some 56 pages with a glossy, coated cover, *Minions* is well-stocked with horror stories by some of the more well-known names in the small press field, including D. F. Lewis and Ken Goldman. Michael Rose also contributes two stories, and Robert Lang provides most of the fine illustrations. A must for fans of horror fiction, especially you Lovecraftians.

BLOODFIRE! c/o Les Hernandez, 1700 Tulip Ln. SW, #31-301, Tumwater, WA 98512. Make check/MO for \$5.00 per issue payable to Les Hernandez.

Issue #1. A neat digest-sized journal of readable typewriter-text interspersed with some truly wonderful pen-and-ink drawings of

Lovecraftian deities. The contents are usually by the editor or Michael K. Silva, who also provides the artwork. The premiere issue features a funny little poem about a eulogy, as well as a short but useful overview of the life of Howard Phillips Lovecraft. It's been my experience that many young Satanists like to say they are Lovecraft fans but few can demonstrate even the most basic knowledge of his work; the fellows here at *Bloodfire!* are clearly exceptions. Eric Humphreys bemoans the loss of truly-cool vampires to the effeminate Anne Rice variety, and Mike Silva talks about voyeurism in "Diabolical Peek-A-Boo."

Issue #2. Cloning gets the once-over in "Dr. Frankenstein's Repair Shop," and Lovecraft is again the subject as the editor demonstrates the Satanic elements of this writer's work. There is a rather humorous analysis of the Ten Commandments (which I always refer to as the Ten Suggestions, along with a comedian whose name I've forgotten) as well as a look at a future of mass-market Satanism in "Satano-Burger." This fine issue is rounded off with Tani Jantsang's seminal essay, "The Church of Satan vs. the Temple of Set."

Issue #3. "Werewolves" and "Cannibalism: Exploring The Human Dish" by Silva are stand-outs in this issue, as well as the complete "Neter" by Tani Jantsang. Don't miss the fiction, a lovely Lovecraftian pastiche. Hope this one is still going; it's surely worth your time and attention.

SATANISK BULLETIN, Nordborggade 45 1. th., 8000 Arhus C., Denmark. Yad@image.dk for complete price and payment instructions.

Issue #1. This is essentially a Danish-language magazine about Satanism and the Church of Satan. It's a great-looking little digest; the graphics are wonderful, and improve with each issue. This, the first, brings the various newspaper articles covering Dr. LaVey's death to the Danish, although they are in their original English. The editor is Hr Vad, and his writers include Corax, Paimon, NyMann and Max Schmeling.

Issue #2. I'm guessing at the contents, but there appears to be an article about the Baphomet symbol, and the wearing of it, and the appearance of a funny comic strip entitled "Grotten" which I happen to know is about a bunch of rather hapless Satanic wannabes. Some pictures of the Black House are also included.

Issue #3. I see something about the Marquis de Sade. There's an interview with King Diamond, an overview of the "Satanic Panic" as it occurred in Denmark, and (I'm going out on a limb here) an article taking a look at the phenomenon of "LaVey-Bashing." There's another cute cartoon. This magazine is a must for any Danish Satanist.

THE SILENT WAR, c/o Nick J. DiPerna, P. O. Box 524, Leicester, England, LE3 0ZP. Two pounds Sterling is the listed price; inquire.

Issue #3. A variation on the Baphomet design graces the cover of this 24-page journal

of articles and opinion. There is definitely a conspiracy-theory slant to this one. The "truth" behind the death of Princess Diana is briefly discussed, as well as some of the traditions behind the celebration of Halloween, and alien abduction. Also included is "Oversocialization and the Psychology of Modern Leftism," and "Sorcery for the Masses." Nice typesetting.

BLACK ORDER OF THE DRAGON, Axis Press, c/o Black Funeral, 1236 W. 43rd St., #107, Houston, TX 77018. Four dollars ought to cover each of these, if they are still available. This Order purports to be "a Vampiric Black Magick Circle which offers guidance with the secret art of Vampirism." [sic]

Issue Cthulhu. 18 pages of typewriter-typeset rituals, along with some Satanically-oriented filler graphics. Rituals include "Cthulhu," "The Hunt of the Shadow Wolf" and "Nosferatu, Upon Wings of Wamphyri."

Issue Art of Wamphyri. Heftier, with about 30 pages of the same. Herein discussed: "Unleashing Fenrir," "Astral Projection and Wampyric Rising," "The Dark Rites of Satan," "The Union of Satan and Baphomet," lycanthropy along with a werewolf ritual, and much more.

OHM CLOCK MAGAZINE, P. O. Box 230033, Tigard, OR 97281-0033, elixir@spirtone.com. Make your \$5.00 check (\$7.00 foreign) payable to Aaron Garland.

Issue #5, Spring 1998, the final issue. You might want to inquire as to availability, for this is definitely for you collectors: cover by Magister Rex Church, as well as an interview with same; a lengthy interview with Michael Moynihan; another with musician David Vincent; much more.

SATAN'S SWEET SLAVERY, SSS Productions, P. O. Box 28914, Columbus, OH 43228-0914. Send \$6.00 cash or stamps ONLY. If you're lucky, the editor/publisher will include some stickers saying things like, "Animal mutilating, baby killing, spray painting, Devil worshipping psychos... Satanists are cool!" and "Fuck God!" Sure to get your car windows smashed in any parking lot...

Issue #6(66). The cover of this full-sized, 56-page, stapled-together magazine sports a portrait of Richard Ramirez that compares him to the Devil. This is hardly flattering to our buddy, Old Scratch. The fact that Ramirez drew a pentagram on his palm and shouted "Hail Satan!" in a courtroom is no reason for real Satanists to be giving this typical perp the time of day. The cops who caught him and have written about him are referred to by this publication as "donut eaters." Well, the Church of Satan counts many "donut eaters" among its members; they represent an arm of our society that stands for justice and responsibility, two very Satanic concepts. Ramirez is now on the receiving end of as much justice and responsibility as

our legal system cared to dole out; I wish it could have been more. If he'd crawled through the bedroom window of a real Satanist on that first fateful night of his series of murders, he might have been stopped in his tracks by the true nature of *Lex Talionis*. I suppose Ramirez' Satanic fanboys are inspired by the muddled invocations (like lyrics to a third-rate heavy metal song) this skell was heard to shout at his trial: "I am beyond experience... I am beyond good and evil..." If this sounds familiar, boys and girls, it's because it's the usual jailhouse talk. Ramirez committed his crimes to satisfy his screwed-up sexual urges, not to strike a blow against Christians or to promote his own version of "Satanism." This guy is no "Satanic soldier"; your donut-eating friends, who took an oath to serve and protect you and your loved ones, are a lot closer to that ideal, even when the bad apples among them demonstrate feet of clay. 'Nuff said about that.

Apart from the focus on Ramirez, this magazine is an amalgam of confusing first-phase Satanism, often attempting to use sarcasm and failing dismally, leaving the reader to wonder if the editor was actually trying to provide Christian detractors with more ammunition than actual information. One essay suggests to the reader that it's fine to abuse Christian children, as the seed of Christianity has put them beyond the pale of possible "recovery" anyway. Huh? There are a few high points, however: an interview with Magister Vincent Crowley, an article describing how Satanic the Spice Girls can be, and the news clippings all cheered me up. There are some well-rendered pen-and-ink drawings perking up these pages (which are often wanting in design elements and proof-reading) but the editorial informs us that alas, the artist is "an asshole" so I guess these are the last we'll see. The magazine also included a flier for the editor's own organization, Youth Against Christ, said group representing not "youth" in years but a "New Age of blasphemers."

THE HOOVER HOG, \$4 from Richard (Chip) Smith, PO Box 7511, Cross Lanes, WV 25356-0511.

Issue #2 got here a long time ago; I really hope this mag is still going because it's great. Subtitled "A Review of Dangerous Ideas—Entertainment for the Discriminating Thought Criminal," the *Hog* reviews dozens of books but also tackles lots of sticky issues. Would you believe an atheist makes a case against abortion? Another writer examines mature males who are attracted by barely-pubescent females; only recently has this become taboo in our society. Holocaust Revisionism and its treatment in the media are also taken into account. Eighty professionally-set pages that are well worth the tiny price.

LIFEFORCE: The Bulletin of the Temple of the Vampire, P. O. Box 3582, Lacey, WA 98509. Available only to members; member-

ship is \$25 US, \$30.00 foreign. <http://www.net.com.com/~temple>

Membership has its privileges, and certainly membership in this well-established group puts one in touch with an array of activities and publications. I have before me quite a number of issues of *Lifeforce*; no dust has settled on their fangs since we last mentioned them in these pages. I'm often asked if the TOV is "Satanic," and by their own definition, and mine, they certainly are. For those interested in vampires and vampire aesthetics, the TOV has much to offer. There is a *Vampire Bible* (this arrives with your membership donation) as well as individualized Bibles for each level of membership: Predator, Priesthood, Sorcerer, and Adept. One can also purchase a Vampire Medallion and Vampire Ring. Back issues of *Lifeforce* are available in the form of a digest, *Bloodlines*. And membership also puts the *Vampire Connection*, a pen pal list of sorts, at your clawed fingertips.

Each issue of *Lifeforce* includes Q&A between the editor and TOV members as well sharing of experience from same, an overview of upcoming vampire-related events, pertinent book reviews, information on how to connect with other Vampires and Vampire Groups, and usually one article by the editor. The topic here can vary, but includes subjects like dressing for Vampiric success, how to deal with skeptics and fools, the Knights Templar and Vampirism, Satanism and Vampirism, a memorial to Anton LaVey, the Vampire ethic, how to use and be used by the mass media, voting, Vampiric reincarnation, and a recurring column on magical laws, "The Dayside."

THE LADY O SOCIETY NEWSLETTER, BCM/3406, London, England WC1N 3XX. One issue is available for \$10.00 US cash, 4 pounds in the UK, 5 pounds outside of the UK or US. Make cheques/money orders payable to Ryder.

This is the newsletter for the **Society for Submissive Ladies**, and self-realized, bottom-of-the-clock Satanic witches (and those who love them) will find much to enjoy within these pages, even if only to add fuel to their fantasies. The format is an actual newsletter (so many use the name but look like slick magazines), that is, ten or so neatly-typeset, double-columned pages stapled in one corner and folded into an envelope. There are usually some comments and news from the editor, Deborah, and members relate their experiences in testing the waters of sub/dom adventure. The bulk of each issue is taken up with classified ads for submissive ladies seeking dominant men, and vice-versa, and most of these are located in the United Kingdom. Deborah does all the forwarding of responses to these coded ads, so it's fairly safe and some participants invite penpals.

THE NEXUS, Realist Publications, P. O. Box 1627, Paraparaumu, New Zealand. A four-issue subscription is \$20.00 US, air mail \$25.00. You

can probably order one issue for \$6.00.

This is the journal edited and largely written by K.R. Bolton, who has been doing this for about ten years and who has gained both respect and renown for his thoughtful and well-researched articles on culture and world politics. Over the past couple of years, Bolton has changed his publication's tagline from "Kulturkampf—Realpolitik—Esotericism," to "Metaphysics and the Third Way," settling lately upon "A Journal of Modern Heresies." It is digest-sized with a self-cover, saddle-stitched and generally between 20 and 30 pages. The type is small, in double-columns and it is always chock-full of essays and reviews. I have about ten issues here; the journal is on a very regular schedule and a subscription is therefore well worth your while.

Bolton's regular interviews with various figures in what he refers to as the "occult-fascist axis" are quite in-depth, and he analyzes current news events as well as movements of the past. Profiled in these issues are figures like Evita Peron, Finnish pagan nationalist Vihtori Kosola, Savitri Devi, "Priestess of Hitlerism," Julius Evola, Subhas Chandra Bose, Stalin, Nicola Bombacci, Jean Thiriart, and Herbert Spencer. Subjects discussed include the "Secret Teachings of Kabbalism," Odinism, art vs. anti-art, psychodynamics, Tintin, the Faustian soul, and the maintenance of bio-diversity.

CROSSING THE ABYSS, Michael L. Lujan, P. O. Box 5661, Richmond, VA 23220; thulean@hotmail.com. Check or money order payable to the editor, or cash in a registered letter; \$5.00 USA, \$7.00 foreign.

Issue #3, Autumnal Equinox, 1997. The White Order of Thule gives us this 36 page, full-sized magazine with attractive graphics and many thoughtful articles dealing with culture, pagan pathworking and racial consciousness. Included in this issue: "Wherefore Satan?" by Max Frith, and "Hel's Horde: Satanic Forum" by Collyn Branwell.

Issue #4, Summer 1998. More of the same. The graphics are even better, and many sigils and runes are in evidence. Authors include Kerry Bolton.

VANILLA CHRIST
P. O. Box 1394, Burlington, VT 05402,
vchrist@aol.com. Make checks payable to Kevin Montanaro.

DE SADE Magazine, \$4.00 per issue from the address above. 'Nilla has ceased publishing this classy little 'zine devoted to things dark and painful, but you can still obtain copies of the back issues.

Issue #2 is digest-sized and I found the essay by a young lady with a tickle fetish particularly compelling. Also of note was "Conditional Love" by Master Kinx. The layout is great and there is a good-natured sense of humor in evidence.

Issue #3. Goes to a full-sized format with no loss of looks. The cover sports a tagline: "An exciting excursion into non-traditional sexuality... Your source for intelligent eros." And that's definitely what you get here. There's an extensive listing of mail order sources for equipment, clothing, footwear and other fetish items that you really should check out if you like to experiment with BDSM scenarios, or even if you just like to look like you might. "Real Life Cybersex" gives you an actual exchange between two online doofuses (have I told you my opinion of online relationships? never mind) that's worth a look. Fetish photographer Ted Samotowka contributes a gallery of his photos and a discussion of same.

BLACK: Humanity's Ugly Side, \$5.00 from Vanilla Christ (address above).

Issue #1. The focus is definitely on the dark side of things: horror, true crime, and anything with a Satanic appeal. 'Nilla has a keen eye for layout and graphics and this full-sized magazine demonstrates that spiffily. The cover sports a crime scene photo of a headless corpse—sitting up—that will definitely give you pause. Fellow traveler Charles Nemo shares with us his visits to John Wayne Gacy, and the article includes reproductions of Gacy's portraits of Manson and Gein. 'Nilla contributes an overview of the Jack the Ripper murders.

Issue #2. Deformed baby skeletons grace this issue's cover, but fear not: so does a seal announcing that it is Kosher for Passover. What a relief. Anyway, this is the children's issue, believe it or not. I particularly enjoyed 'Nilla's own version of those Charles Atlas ads we all remember from the backs of comic books. Mr. Natural gives us some useful information on the care and use of the crossbow, and there is also a how-to guide on necrophilia. Perhaps 'Nilla should start his own helpful how-to series: "Vanilla Christ's Living: It's a Dark Thing."

ENDEMONIADA, c/o Lucifera, 611 W 152nd St, #1D, New York, NY 10031. These issues are big; send \$5.00 cash for each one.

Issue #8. First and foremost, this is a music 'zine. Every issue is filled with interviews of metal bands, particularly those featuring women and/or a Satanic focus. But the female editors, Lucifera and Xastur, are Satanists and always include material of interest to Satanists in between their reviews of shows and sexy drawings of Satanic heroines. This issue includes a review of Anne Rice's *Memnoch the Devil*. During "A Personal Moment With Lucifera," we are privy to her views on short-sighted Wiccans and atheists. Also of note is an interview with the effervescent Sophie Diamantis, NYC-based Satanic bon vivant.

Issue #9. I loved the piece on Tura Satana, characterized quite correctly by Lucifera as "the demonic, brutal vixen." Satanic rough-rider Ken Gage gives us a new ritual, "The Pack of Lies Curse"—very evocative. Lucifera and

Andreas take a look at ancient Greece from a Satanic perspective.

Issue #10. I should say a word about regular cover artist Satana. She draws these Satanic amazons with Junoesque figures and usually a BDSM element to their gear. Satana really should be designing costumes for "Xena" and perhaps even for the women of the World Wrestling Federation. Lately she's been including these sexy female figures with big-eyed alien heads, however, and they're creepy and give me bad dreams. The standout in this issue is an extended interview with Thomas Thorn of the **Electric Hellfire Club**. The magazine's appearance continues to improve.

Issue #11/12. We jump to spiral binding, and this is more of a book than a magazine. The ladies involved put a great deal of energy into *Endemoniada*, and have eliminated the handwritten page numbers of yore, utilizing neater-appearing computer typesetting. Satana's cover art on this one is the best I've seen from her. There is a tribute to Wendy O. Williams of shaving-cream-pasties fame; this **Plasmatic** died last year but was a powerful female figure in music in the 80's. There's also an interview with another regular artist, Marcel Locke, whose female figures—and faces—are nicely-rendered. All of these issues continue to bring us the pen-and-inks of P. Emerson Williams, whose work should find its way to a professional horror journal or anthology some day.

OBSCURA #1, "Dark Underground Music Culture," is produced by a Church of Satan member Dominik Tischleder, and is entirely in German. It's a slick, newsstand-quality production with wide distribution, and this issue includes articles on Anton LaVey, Stephen Kasner, John Aes-Nihil, R. N. Taylor, and much more. You can order this for 550 DM (or contact them for the prices in US funds) from **Obscura Magazin**, Postfach 17 02 73, 53028 Bonn, Germany. Obscura-magazin@gmx.net, <http://mitglied.tripod.de/obscura/>.

THE BLACK STAR CHRONICLES, Order of the Black Star, P. O. Box 206743, Louisville, KY 40250-6743, blackorder@satanism101.com. Send \$3.50 money order or cash. An attractively-designed 16-page introduction to the Order and to Satanism. Reads almost like a website on paper. Basic material on the tenets of Satanism, plus a little about scarification and weird sculpture.

COMPULSION #3, P. O. Box 36, Enfield, EN3 4ZX, England. Make checks/money orders for 5 pounds Sterling only, payable to Tony Dickie. Within the UK the price is 3 pounds.

This glossy-covered, perfect-bound digest contains interview with **Blood Axis**, R.N. Taylor, Timothy Patrick Butler, as well as articles on Anton LaVey's music, Tiny Tim, and James Mason's Universal Order. Quite the Satanic grab-bag! If you can't get up the pounds Sterling, you

can also order this one from Storm (see above) for \$5.00 US.

FULL FRONTAL NUDITY, Predatory Instinct Productions, 1959 N. Peace Haven Rd., #203, Winston-Salem, NC 27106. Make check/money order for \$3.00 payable to Kevin I. Slaughter.

Issue #1. Brash little digest-sized, saddle-stitched 'zine with big-busted devil girl on the cover, pinching her nipples. Dares to present "unrepentant misanthropy, nihilism, egoism, cynicism, and a whole lotta love for the ladies!" Columns include "Ask Dr. E," whose advice to the lovelorn includes observations like, "I have never heard such a pathetic story in my entire life." There's also an extended and multi-faceted analysis of the performance art of the editor's musical incamation, "Urillia Sekt." The graphics are very suave; love the leopard-print borders. Meee-YOW!

Issue #2. Hey! Why does my copy have this huge "Not For Sale" sticker on it? What, am I gonna unload comp copies at a flea market? Sheesh. Wonderful article about Darwin, illuminated with lots of little anti-evolution cartoons from the time of the publication of *Origin of Species*. The monkey heads in the page corners also set off the piece nicely. I also enjoyed the first-person recollections of District Attorney Nom De Plume, in his essay, "Trust."

AGES OF FIRE, Knights of Baphomet, Poste Restante, Jernbanegade 5, 6230 Rodekro, Denmark 20 KR. Danish-language Satanic publication.

Neatly-done photocopy with staples, nice pen-and-ink cover illustration. Editor Lars N. Dirksen contributes something called "Satan's Disco," along with several other pieces, and there's an interview with Max Schmeling. Some intriguing poems (these in English) by Mikael Haas are included, and Jimmy Hansen contributes a review of "Suffocation."

SEASONS OF THE FENRIS, *Journal of Satanic Neo-Fascism*, edited by William Draconis, P.O. Box 6109, Boulder, CO 80306. Listed price is \$1.00 US/\$2.00 World, but I'd double it to allow for postage.

Issue #1. This full-sized, side-stapled 'zine is just what it sounds like, and if you don't know what *that* means, the cover consists of a large photo of Adolph Hitler wearing a swastika-embazoned armband. From the editorial: "I couldn't care less if [the magazine] is too Satanic for most Fascists and too Fascist is for most Satanists. There are enough publications in existence which foster unity and if my beliefs marginalize my publication, so be it." With that we swing into an abridged essay by Mussolini. The rest of the 18 pages consist of reviews, quotes from Nietzsche and some "kultur kamp" graphics.

THE WINE OF SATAN, Issue #1, by Markku Siira of Finland. No address information because the editor decided to pull the plug on this one a couple of months after sending me the issue.

It's regrettable because I really liked the title, and the cover graphics. The contents include an overview of the David Berkowitz case, and his claims of a "Satanic conspiracy," along with a refreshing exploration of artificial companions and total environments. Siira offers the proposal that the ultimate Satanic political position should be Groucho Marxism, and there's a poem that, for Satanic journals, is above-average. Perhaps the *Wine of Satan* will flow again some time; I certainly hope I get a share.

PSICOTERROR, c/o Renzo Parodi, Calle el Galeon 202, Urb. La Calesa, Surco, Lima 33, Peru. \$6.00 US.

Issue #5. This Satanic music-oriented 'zine, written entirely in Spanish, promises that future issues will be in English. That's unfortunate; I'd rather they kept spreading the word in their own language. The cover on this issue is very classy: a beautiful black-and-white painting of a ram-horned devil ravishing a lushly-nude female, tasteful and evocative. Inside there's an interview with Magister Vincent Crowley, alongside a cute cartoon of Crowley with Bob Larson. Another article discusses the work of **Blood Axis**, and there's the ubiquitous Richard Ramirez article. The editor makes good use of photos and graphics, and I'd say this one was worth your time, if you have an interest in reading about Satanism and music in Spanish.

THE SENTINEL OF THE TWILIGHT, Post Office Box 11110, 5200 EC's - Hertogenbosch, The Netherlands. Make money order for \$7.00 US payable to O.J.F. Voets.

Issue #0. Besides being dedicated to the ideas and principle in *The Satanic Bible*, the editor plans to make his publication a vehicle for aesthetic terrorism, diabolical art, hate, and how to enjoy living. Hmm. He includes a memorial to Dr. LaVey, an interview with musician Gunther Theys, an explanation of his own misanthropy, and an anonymous diatribe called "I Hate This Fucking Planet."

DOCTRINES OF DEMONS, *The Book of Belphagor*, c/o The Alastor Association, 2429-A Main St., Suite 415, Snellville, GA 30278. No listed price; inquire. Entire contents by someone named Conditor Malorum.

Anti-"Negro" statements abound, despite the fact that in other areas of the magazine the author stresses the Satanic evolution of each individual. "Loki's Laughter" discusses some very funny ideas for bumper stickers, including "I'd Rather Be Burning Bibles" and "My Kid is a Brainwashed Fool at [Blank] Bible School!" A ritual called "The Ceremony of the Fallen Angels" is also provided.

FICTION MAGS

POETRY UNDER A DARK SPELL is a digest-sized collection of over 40 poems by

Satanic essayist **Walter C. Cambra**. You can order it from Cody's Bookstore in Berkeley, CA. Of particular interest is a poem about Dr. LaVey entitled "The Man in the Moon."

PENNY DREADFUL, *Tales and Poems of Fantastic Terror*, 407 W. 50th St., #16, Hell's Kitchen, NY 10019. Free with a 9" X 7" self-addressed envelope bearing about one dollar's worth of postage.

Issue #2. A digest-sized journal of horror fiction and poetry, with neat, attractive graphics and an air that is reminiscent of the golden age of little fiction magazines. The editor, M. Malefica Grendelwolf Pendragon Le Fay, definitely has a Satanic slant to his choices, and there is much richness here for the Satanist who enjoys dark fiction. Standouts in this issue include the editor's own "Ye Blodded Mone" and "Liith" by Richard J. Treitner.

Issue #3. My favorite herein was "Revenge of the Ape Girl" by Donna Taylor Burgess.

Issue #4. A little jewel of a poem, "Heartless," by Bobbi Sinha-Morey, caught my eye.

Issue #5. Of note is "Christening" by J. A. Belial, which contains the line, "I then called upon/ the Lord of the Night/ and begged that my son/ might drink of great fortune,/ dance with the Graces,/ and roar at the sun."

Issue #6. The editor readily embraces the number of the Beast. Of note in this issue are "The Silence" by Hillary Bartholemew and "The Synagogue of Satan" by William P. Robertson, but there are many Satanic-inspired inclusions; drink deep.

NOT ONE OF US, c/o John Benson, 12 Curtis Rd., Natick, MA 01760. Make checks for \$4.50 payable to John Benson.

Another neat and attractive digest-sized little magazine of horror and "outsider" fiction and poetry. The quality of the work here is always very high, and the writers contribute their more outré and unclassifiable pieces.

PULP, A Magazine, Issue #11, c/o Ramrod productions, P. O. Box 548, Hermosa Beach, CA 90254-0548. Make check/money order payable to Clancy O'Hara.

Another little magazine of "lurid tales" that doesn't take itself so seriously, and is less polished and professional than those mentioned above. However, you might find the story "My Sharona" rather compelling.

DREAMS OF DECADENCE, *Vampire Poetry and Fiction*, \$5.00 per issue from DNA Publications, P. O. Box 2988, Radford, VA 24142-0928.

Once more evoking the best days of the little magazines, this digest-sized two-color production from the same folks who bring you *Weird Tales* holds treasures for you vampire aficionados. There is poetry, fiction and some lovely B&W drawings by Albrecht. The overall

effect is that of the scholarly amateur journal, rather than the slick newsstand magazine, and that's a good thing.

WEIRD TALES, same as above, price \$4.98.

Well, you should all know the name of the pulp magazine that has been in existence since the 1930's and has brought you the best horror and science fiction stories of all time. It's still around and it's still publishing those stories. If you are truly interesting in the Lovecraftian side of horror fiction, then you need to obtain an issue of the venerable "WT," and then you need to subscribe.

MAINSTREAM MAGS

MODE, the New Shape in Fashion. This is a very cool fashion magazine for women who do not look like walking skeletons, but who like to celebrate their curves to the joy of those who appreciate female pulchritude. The clothes are great, and so are the make-up and hair tips. There are usually profiles of successful women in various fields who got where they are without compromising their health and natural beauty with compulsive dieting. It's on most newsstands, but you can subscribe by calling 1-888-610-6633.

LEG WORLD, Spreading the Truth. It's a skin mag from the folks at *Hustler*, with the focus on the feet and legs of sexy gals—stockings and garter-belts abound. Editor Rick S. Hall (formerly of the legendary *Pantyline Fever*) does his best to cater to this fetish, and the result is definitely a cut above the corporate stroke-book. Subscriptions are available from 1-800-328-6704, or pick one up at your newsstand for \$5.99, if you're not too chicken.

TAIL SPINS, P. O. Box 1860, Evanston, IL 60204. One issue is \$3.00 US/\$5.00 world.

Issue #30 contains a compelling overview on cannibalism, as well as a look at hermaphrodites. And if you've ever wondered what that really entails, well, there are drawings.

GRIMOIRE OF EXALTED DEEDS, \$4, 248 Lakeview Ave., Suite 237, Clifton, NJ 07011.

This is **Issue #13** and it includes an interview with Magister Vincent Crowley of the late, lamented *Acheron*. The *Grimoire* focuses on metal, but even if you don't care about this style of music, you'll often find editor Bill Zebub's interview questions hilarious. He uses early modern English pronouns; in other words, he calls people "Thee" and "Thou." Considering the Beavis-and-Butthead intelligence level of many of his subjects, this makes for a rather amusing juxtaposition. Pretty Valerie, a Batgirl of sorts, graces the full-color cover.

CARPE NOCTEM, 510 E. 17 St., Ste. 302,

Idaho Falls, ID 83404, 1-888-SPOOKY2. www.carpenoitem.com. Single issues are \$5.00 on many newsstands.

I'm looking at **Issue #14**, and although the focus is, well, kinda "goth," I think it has a lot to offer to the Satanically-inclined, or at least those who agree with the editorial contention that "every day is Halloween!" The editor shares her experiences of being a "spooky parent." There's a fashion spread with source information for those of you who go for that Bad Kitty look. The atmospheric paintings of Anna Noelle Rockwell are featured, and nicely reproduced, and there's a chat with horror author Nancy Kilpatrick. This magazine also offers a scad of display ads from companies who can supply far-flung darkside types with the kind of clothing, books, music, and artifacts for which we are always searching.

CYBER-PSYCHOS A.O.D., c/o Jasmine Sailing, P. O. Box 581, Denver, CO 80201. Make check or money order for \$6.00 payable to Jasmine Sailing.

This full-sized mag is almost a book, and is chock-full of poetry, fiction, photos, drawings and opinion from many fellow travelers and darkside wayfarers. It's kind of wacky and a little disorganized, but the effect is energetic and always interesting.

BLACK CAT 13, 5045 Picadilly Dr., Madison, WI 53714. Catblack13@aol.com. Send \$5.00 to Tim Burton.

I'm looking at **Issue #2**, and it's full of tributes to the monster movies we grew up with, particularly vampire movies. Nice use of rescued graphics from old movie posters and adverts.

GICK! Horror, Splatter and Exploitation! Published by Stigmata Productions, Inc., P. O. Box 5273, Everett, WA 98201-5273. <http://members.aol.com/trashfiend/page/index.htm>. Money orders only for \$5.00 per issue, made out to Scott Stine.

Issue #1. This slickly-produced mag with full-color covers focuses on video reviews of films made in the aforementioned genres. If you're a fan of the gore, you need to keep up with *Gick!* This issue also includes an overview of the films of Amando de Ossorio Rodriguez.

Issue #2. The theme this time around is "The Devil His Dues," and it's a overview of Satan-movies in the Seventies. If you're a fan and collector of this genre, you really must check this out. I was especially pleased with a reproduction of the advertising poster for "Simon: King of the Witches," one of my old Saturday night favorites. The inside back cover also offers an attractive tribute to Dr. LaVey.

PAGAN REVIVAL, P. O. Box 686, Bowsell, CA 92003-0686. Make check or money order for \$5.00 payable to Wyatt Kaldenberg.

This magazine deals in Euro-Paganism, promoting Asatru and the old Norse gods, and

is most interesting when providing information that shows the inherent problems with entrenched organized religions, including Islam.

DAGOBERT'S REVENGE, Musick, Magick, Monarchism, c/o Tracy R. Twyman, 2301 New York Ave., #2, Union City, NJ 07087, www.homestead.com/DagobertsRevenge, dwayna@ix.netcom.com.

Issue #2, Volume 2. Another 'zine with Hitler on the cover, and a rather romantic figure he cuts. Of interest here was the article detailing, with illustrations, the emblems of Freemasonry by Mark Well. Also noteworthy was an essay by Stephen Dafoe entitled, "Do the Templars Still Exist?" Music is often the subject in this magazine, and singer Rose McDowell is interviewed.

ESOTERRA, The Journal of Extreme Culture, each issue available for \$7.50 US/\$9.00 foreign. Make checks payable to Chad Hensley, 410 E. Denny Way, #22, Seattle, WA 98122. <http://www.galaxy-7.net/esoterra>.

Issue #6 (out of print). "Macabre, Occult, Satanic, Sexual" is how this mag describes itself. This issue is graced with a wild, full-color, psychedelic cover by Alan Moore, who also has interview. Other interviewees include Genesis P-Orridge, Strength Through Joy, sorcerer Andrew Chumbley and groundbreaking horror author, Iain Banks. Several pieces focus on the black metal musicians of Norway, and an extensive discussion of The Process Church promises to be merely Part 1 of a continuing work. Reviews and much more—each issue of *Esoterra* is worth the price with over 80 pages and full-color covers.

Issue #7. "Dark Ambient Agenda" is what's in store with this issue. This time around, the interviewed include Joe Coleman, *Allerseeelen*, and others. Debbie Jaffe enlightens us to the attitudes and feelings of a female submissive. The article by R.N. Taylor on the Process Church continues, and another extensive article on strange cults is included. Interesting art on both covers.

Issue #8. "Noise, Nihilists, and Nightmares." Thomas Ligotti is interviewed and contributes some of the weird fiction that has made him one of the most respected figures in contemporary horror. His sometime-partner in dark dreams, artist Harry O. Morris, lends his artwork to the covers and many interior pages, and Forrest Jackson gives us a run-down on the career of this mysterious writer, publisher and manipulator of strange and haunting images. There are other interviews, with David Tibet, John Wayne Gacy and Iain Sinclair, and the third installment of Taylor's history of The Process.

RESISTANCE, available for \$6 US/\$8 foreign, P. O. Box 67, Hillsboro, WV, 24946, www.resistance.com.

Issue #8. This is a music and political

magazine focusing on white racist bands and issues. Very slick and professional, newsstand-quality mag features an interview with David Lane Wodensson, author of "the 14 words." And a little history about Scottish hero, William Wallace, known to most as the figure behind the popular film, "Braveheart." Lots of reviews, interviews with band members, and dreamy pictures of pretty white women and children.

Issue #9. This issue brings us a history of *Skrewdriver*, a look at skinheads in the military, racist cop websites, and lots more news and reviews. I particularly enjoyed Joachim Peiper's daring article about what it takes to be a real Aryan soldier; he decries the proliferation of tattoos and piercing by skinhead types, and characterizes most racists as undisciplined rabble who dance like savages to a screeching "Africanized cacophony" they call "music." Peiper sneers at the notion that such a group could ever, in their present state, aspire to form a disciplined militia.

CATALOGS & SOURCES

STORM

P. O. Box 3527, Portland, OR 97208-3527. Blood@teleport.com. All checks/money orders payable to Storm; foreign orders, use International Money Order or USD cash in a registered letter; allow 6 weeks for delivery. All prices include postage.

This is the mail order and music publishing company operated by Michael Moynihan and *Blood Axis*, distributing recordings on vinyl and CD, books and merchandise of their own creation along with that of others. Their catalog is extensive; you can ask to be added to their mailing list for a complete listing. I've taken special note of the following:

Triumph of the Williams by David E. Williams—a four-song EP on red vinyl, limited to 666 copies. Williams' dark orchestrations and wildly lounge-y delivery makes this worthy of any collector's top shelf. \$6 US/\$8 elsewhere. Williams' first CD, *A House for the Dead, a Porch for the Dying* is also available. Tune into the composer the late lamented *Fifth Path* described as "Liberace with a brain tumor." \$17 US/\$20 elsewhere.

A new compilation CD entitled *Lucifer Rising*, includes *Blood Axis*, *Allerseelen*, *Bobby Beausoleil*, others. \$17 US/\$19 elsewhere.

If you missed Moynihan's *Lords of Chaos*, the book that made history with its in-depth research into the Black Metal subculture and the psychological and cultural forces that created it, then you can still snag a copy from one of the authors himself—hey, maybe he'll autograph it. \$18 US/\$25 elsewhere. A promotional poster for the book is also available, and pictures a dramatic, full-color burning church. Perfect for your next Sunday school cookie sale. \$6 US/\$10 elsewhere.

MIKE HUNT

Michael Hunt Publishing, P. O. Box 226, Bensenville, IL 60106. mmhunt13@aol.com. (773) 847-7100. www.mikehuntsonfire.com. Checks or money orders by mail; to order by credit card, call 888-303-KILL.

This is the upstart little chance-taking publisher who first got in hot water with Mike Diana's outrageous comics. Now they sell all kinds of weird and unique books, recordings, etc. and you'll need to get a copy of their Monitor for a complete listing. But here's a few things you can get right now:

Dana Plato's Last Breath a booklet and CD with 70 minutes of interviews. If the tragic fall of poor little Kimberly Drummond from the sitcom "Different Strokes" interests you, here's a bonanza. \$24.90 includes shipping.

Bettie Page Uncovered, a thirty-minute video of the famous nude model, without whom thousands of slacker girls would have no hairdo. Bettie's backroom posing and many and varied garter belt combinations helped formulate men's fetishes for several generations. And she had such a nice smile... \$24.90 includes shipping.

Candles! Mike Hunt brings you the world's most unlikely subjects for memorial "bingo candles," but that's the charm of it. Charles Manson—Helter Skelter candle. Mike Diana—Christ Be Gone candle. Bettie Page—Domination candle. Inquire as to the availability of their two original candles, commemorating Anton LaVey and Aleister Crowley. All \$13.00 each.

Cargo Cult Books and Notions, 2804 Stuart St., Berkeley, CA 94705.

Science fiction, horror and media series books.

Mythos Books, 218 Hickory Meadow Lane, Poplar Bluff, MO 63901-2160. (573) 785-7710. Dwynn@ldd.net.

Books and curiosities for the Lovecraftian Scholar and collectors of horror, weird and supernatural fiction.

Caduceus Books, 28 Darley Road, Burbage, Hinckley, LE10 2RL, England. <http://www.cadu.demon.co.uk>.

Serious books for serious occultists. If you'd like to start building a library like the ones you saw in Polanski's "The Ninth Gate," look no further.

Trident Books, P. O. Box 85811, Seattle, WA 98105. Wdevil@aol.net. (206) 523-4824.

Limited edition, hardbound reproductions of some famous old grimoires.

Night of Pan Books, 179C Norwood Ave., Buffalo, NY 14222. (716) 886-2271. Mkolson@ibm.net. <http://www.lector.com/nop/nop/html>.

Occult books.

Kino Video, 333 W. 39 St, Suite 503, New York, NY 10018. (800) 562-3330.

<http://www.kino.com>.

All those old movies you can't find on video? Kino has 'em. You can't flip through one of their catalogs without ordering something.

Sexy Shoes, Leslie Shoe Co., 480 N. Second St., P. O. Box 48, Rogers City, MI 49779-0048. (800) 716-8617.

<http://www.sexyshoe.com>.

An old friend of *TBF*, this company is still sending out those slim little catalogs of high-heeled, spiked shoes. A haven from the chunky soles! They've also started selling seamed stockings with Cuban heels. Now where did they get THAT idea?

Gargoyles Statuary, 4550 University Way N.E., Seattle, WA 98105. (800) 253-9672. <http://www.gargoylestatuary.com>.

Step right up, getcha griffins, icons and chimeras right here!

Stickers From Hell, c/o Room 13, 1997 Friendship Dr., Suite E, El Cajon, CA 92020. (619) 449-1313.

If you like stickers and tee shirts with a rather dark sense of humor. My personal favorite: "Rejoice! For We Have Horrified and Repulsed Them!"

Good Guy Badges were being distributed for a time by the *Legion of Pan*, P.O. Box 60804, St. Petersburg, FL, 33784-0804. You might want to inquire to see if you can still obtain these—they make great gag gifts.

GUEST REVIEWS BOOKS

The Dark Side of Christian History by Helen Ellerbe. Morningstar Books, P.O. Box 4032, San Rafael, CA 94913-4032, 1995, 219 pages, \$12.95, ISBN 0-9644873-4-9, softcover.

Phantom, reviewer.

"The Christian church has left a legacy, a world view, that permeates every aspect of Western society, both secular and religious. It is a legacy that fosters sexism, racism, the intolerance of difference, and the desecration of the natural environment. The Church, throughout much of its history, has demonstrated a disregard for human freedom, dignity, and self-determination." Id., p. 1

The foregoing is just part of the introduction to an invaluable resource for Satanists and non-Satanists alike. This book should be required reading for every person of school age and, certainly, for the rest of us who may have missed its release. In a mere 219 pages, Ms. Ellerbe tears off the "Goodguy badges" millions of Christians hide behind and chronicles in great detail the horrors wrought by Christian rule. Page after page, the truth emerges about

Christianity's ruthless intolerance for any other political or religious group and how, by hiding behind a false cloak of righteousness, the Christian church has justified the most horrific atrocities yet known by man.

In an easy to read and concise format, Ms. Ellerbe presents a stinging indictment of Christianity's fascistic bid for power which has resulted in the torture, imprisonment, mutilation and murder of millions of individuals. She also sets forth Christianity's attempt to hinder and destroy advancements in the fields of education, technology, art, science, medicine, history and commerce. No stone is left unturned as the church's history is revealed in all of its ugly grandeur: laws are passed requiring persons to agree with church doctrine or face execution; massive book burnings are held to eradicate "anti-church" literature; pagan celebrations are converted into Christian holidays; thousands are brutally slaughtered who simply adhere to other religious faiths (women are raped and killed, children are not spared); the concept of "devil-worship" (as a simple inversion of Christian rites) is invented to justify the extermination of enemies; and the 300-year practice of "witch-hunting" as a way to spread fear, hysteria and provide a convenient scapegoat—are just some of the topics examined. The current political influence of the religious right and its attempt to dub the United States a Christian nation is also mentioned as carrying on the tradition of intolerance.

As to the latter, Ms. Ellerbe presents some wonderful quotes which should send the Pat Robertson types into a frenzy. For instance, she cites to a treaty ratified by the U.S. Senate in 1797 c.e. which reads, "The government of the United States is not, in any sense, founded on the Christian religion" (p. 183). She also concludes her work with this gem from our friend Thomas Jefferson:

"Millions of innocent men, women, and children, since the introduction of Christianity, have been burnt, tortured, fined, imprisoned; yet we have not advanced one inch toward uniformity. What has been the effect of coercion? To make one half of the world fools, and the other half hypocrites. To support error and roguery all over the earth." (p. 185, 186)

Although she states that her book "is certainly not intended as a defense of or tribute to any other religion," Ms. Ellerbe appears to have a rather Wiccan and feminist slant. Her viewpoint is also much more anti-Orthodox Christianity than it is pro-Satanism. However, despite these minor biases, Ms. Ellerbe writes fairly objectively and is to be given a great deal of credit for her thorough research. Each chapter is heavily footnoted and there is a lengthy bibliography for those wishing to further explore the topics presented.

Even if you are among the many who finds today's Christianity irrelevant, this book is sure to make your blood boil. It also provides vital ammunition the next time some Goodguy-bad-guy-

ing Christian starts ranting about the alleged illegal activities of Satanists. Rather than waste your time in debate, simply throw this book on his or her lap and yell, "Oh yeah, at least I can present proof of the crimes your religion has committed in the name of God. Explain this!"

This book is definitely worth the money and will fit in nicely on one's bookshelf right next to *The Antichrist* by Friedrich Nietzsche and *Might is Right* by Ragnar Redbeard. Do not miss this one.

The Neverending Story, by Michael Ende. Doubleday, 1983. ISBN 0-525-45758-5. 396 pages. \$19.99; hardcover.

Ole Wolf, reviewer.

The story is about a child, Bastian, who has a miserable childhood. His parents don't care about him, and he is picked on at school for wearing glasses, being overweight, and not being too bright either. He escapes the abusive real world by making up fairy tales in his mind—stories of bravery, virtue, and knights fighting dragons. One day on his way to school he suddenly stops at a book store, where he steals a book called *The Neverending Story*. He escapes into a small chamber at school and starts reading...

The book cover depicts a white serpent and a black serpent forming a wheel by biting each other's tails. The first part of the book is written in green and red letters: green when the story goes on in Bastian's fantasy, and red when the story continues in the real world.

The first part of the novel describes a land of fantastic creatures that is haunted by the Nothing. The Nothing consumes land and creatures, but is not of space and time. Creatures that are "attacked" by the Nothing find themselves, not with holes in their bodies, but with parts of them that are simply MISSING—not replaced by space. At a point in the novel where the main character is very close to the origin of the Nothing, he observes how he himself and others are mindlessly drawn towards the Nothing, casting themselves into it.

As the story progresses and Bastian identifies with the characters in the novel, the green and red sentences becomes interleaved, and suddenly Bastian has become unable to discern between reality and fantasy. In his imagination, he finds himself in the book—in Fantastica, as the land is called, and the text is now only in green. At his arrival in fantasy world, Bastian is given a medallion by the "Childlike Empress" who rules the world. The amulet, "Auryn," is generally referred to as "the Glory" or "the Gem." (In the Danish translation it is in fact referred to as "the Pentacle!") On the back side of the amulet is an inscription reading: "Do what you wish."

Bastian is told that he is the new hero that has saved the world, and by wearing the amulet he can do what he wishes. He interprets the inscription on the amulet as that he can do anything he pleases, including changing himself. The

amulet gives him the power to rid himself of all of that of himself that he despised. He is transformed into a warrior that looks and fights better than anyone else—but in his destruction of his past, he does not realize that he also destroys his present. In short, by not knowing his true will, he sets forth on his own destruction.

Influence—the Psychology of Persuasion by Robert B. Cialdini. William Morrow & Co, Inc., NY. ISBN 0-688-12816-5. 320 pages.

Ole Wolf, reviewer.

"Cheep-cheep!" The mother turkey hears the sound of her young, and gathers underneath her a stuffed version of her mortal enemy, a polecat, which has been rigged with a small tape recorder. The familiar sound cheats the mother turkey into thinking that the stuffed polecat is one of her young, and she reacts mindlessly.

Robert B. Cialdini has analyzed the principles employed by those that influence and coerce others to follow their will, and concludes that man is indeed just another animal. Like our feathered or furred brethren, we respond automatically to simple stimuli. A "trigger feature" is enough to activate a prerecorded tape, as it were, containing a sequence of behaviors.

The stimulus-response behavior is a "click-whirr!" behavior in Cialdini's lingo, because you click a button, and the appropriate tape spins.

Such automatic, mindless behavior is the result of millions of years of evolution, and have proven useful for survival. Instead of being distracted by a decision landscape with an incalculable number of options to be considered, simple shortcuts often suffice. For example, if you're in doubt, it is often advantageous to do what the majority does. Similarly, if someone offers you a gift or a favor, we have become conditioned to eventually returning the favor without stopping to think about it. While Satanists may initially shun such behaviors, it is worthwhile remembering that these behaviors have emerged because they were *advantageous*, and I dare say, in general, still are.

Unfortunately to most, just like predators that trick their prey into a trap by posing as friends, each natural behavior can be observed and used by people skilled in applied psychology. By pushing the correct buttons, one can exercise influence on a person to make decisions whose importance is that of life and death to the individual.

Cialdini divides the means of influencing into six categories: (1) reciprocation, which requires a person to return a favor; (2) consistency, which means that if you've made a commitment, you'll stick to it; (3) social proof, where social acceptance evidences success; (4) liking, which means that if you like a person, you'll agree; (5) authority, where titles and uniforms can bend your will; and (6) scarcity, the principle that if there isn't much of it, you'll want it more than ever.

The categories are not distinct, and largely overlap. Surprisingly, Cialdini only mentions shared aspects between earlier described categories when he discusses a particular category, but doesn't discuss how a "bigger picture" is shaped. Nonetheless, his findings are at times very recognizable to those of us that have a history of being difficult to manipulate, but also at times astonishing. Who would have thought that the influence imposed by canned laughter is no different than that which led to mass suicide in the Jonestown incident in the late 1970's?

Cialdini is fully aware that our natural behavior has a flip side to its advantage, and states in the epilogue: "Unlike the animals, whose cognitive powers have always been relatively deficient, we have created our own deficiency by constructing a radically more complex world. But the consequence of our new deficiency is the same as that of the animals' long-standing one." This is noteworthy. Driven by a desire to be inconvenienced and having created a highly advanced society by means of our "divine" intelligence, we only find ourselves as victims of what—based on our deeds—may best be termed stupidity disguised as intelligence.

Cialdini worries that by tricking our natures, we learn that our decision landscape cannot be trusted. Those who have read Antonio Damasio's *Descartes' Error* may recall the brain-damaged "Elliot," who was incapable of advantageous decisions and behaved frighteningly like the Christian image of the ideal man. If we mindlessly let ourselves be influenced, the future looks grim indeed. Cialdini warns us against those who threaten our existence by destroying the carnal instincts that have helped us survive. The feeling Cialdini is coerced to ignore is the feeling (in the pit of the stomach) that some of us get when we're about to make a mistake. He feels his very body being violated when someone takes advantage of him by exploiting his carnal instincts. Admitting to being the victim of many people that have taken advantage of him, Cialdini sees influence as exercised by psychic vampires as highly damaging. He has but one advice: retaliate whenever you can—exploit those that would exploit you (only!), and do not be guilt-ridden with concern for psychic vampires.

It is perhaps tempting to become one of the exploiters that use the herd to his or her own advantage. But, if you despise herd mentality, the question is whether you would truly want to be a herd leader, or whether you would rather not lead, and not have the herd around.

I recommend the book.

William Mortensen: A Revival. Tucson Center for Creative Photography ISBN: 0938262-33-5.

Michael Moynihan, reviewer.

For the astute Satanist, mastery of the "occult" principles which affect human existence has little or nothing to do with memoriz-

ing medieval grimoires or dressing up to perform archaic rituals based on 19th century ceremonial magic. Anton LaVey realized that pragmatism renders most old-fashioned hocus-pocus ludicrous and obsolete, and as a result he formulated his own theories of modern magic which were largely based on his sharp and unforgiving appraisal of human nature. This isn't to say that LaVey did not have his own precursors and mentors, but rather that they are invariably individuals whom the ignorant might never have realized were *de facto* Satanists, and therefore conduits for the dark current. One such personality was American photographer William Mortensen (1897-1965). As Blanche Barton notes in *The Secret Life of a Satanist*: "A 14-year-old LaVey expanded his theories on visual patterns when he discovered *The Command to Look* by William Mortensen. Ostensibly a guide to picture-taking, the small book forever changed the way LaVey perceived the world around him."

This exhibition catalog represents a long-overdue reassessment of Mortensen, whose compelling work seemed for years to have been cast aside into the dustbin of history. Mortensen developed an elaborate and disciplined style of theatrical photographic image-creation in Hollywood during its heyday of the '20s and '30s. Mortensen's pictures were widely popular during his own time, but after the ascension of the ideal of "straight" or "pure" photography via naturalists such as Ansel Adams, Mortensen was bound for denigration as a "trick photographer" and, ultimately, an irrelevant fantasist. Yet it is exactly the element of foreboding fantasy, macabre myth, and gothic eroticism that makes Mortensen's work so enticing, as he consciously strove to conjure allegorical forms from his mind's eye using models, a palette of infinite shadows, and deliberate manipulation of his negatives.

Although he was eventually castigated as a popular hack and later excised from the history books, subtle ripples of Mortensen's influence can nonetheless be seen in the pop culture underground of fetish photography and even the staged mutant dramas of Joel-Peter Witkin. Besides an array of rarely seen plates in color and b/w, this finely printed volume also presents three essays on Mortensen's life and work, illuminating his obscure origins and relations with notorious Hollywood legends such as Fay Wray and Cecil B. DeMille. The weakest text of the three is a tedious attempt to re-cast Mortensen as an unsung hero of homosexual collaborative art, despite the fact there is no evidence in the slightest that this was the case. But hell, since "queer theory" provides an opportunity for such post-modernist web-spinning, it's no surprise to find intellectual opportunists riding the gambit to the hilt. A more fruitful and intriguing exploration would have been to examine the genuine Satanic angle of Mortensen's *oeuvre*, since LaVey was one of the only visible public figures to tip his hat to Mortensen after WWII. The

importance of the photographer for LaVey stems not only from a similar sense of aesthetics and a common interest in both eerie and erotic imagery, and LaVey was impressively able to re-interpret a number of Mortensen's theories and apply their insight to the real world as opposed simply to the fantasy realm of the artificial. Thus the fundamental principles of "Sex, Sentiment, and Wonder" provide the enticement for the viewer's prurient eye in Mortensen's hierarchical universe of madonnas and monsters, just as they do in LaVey's manifested world of witches and warlocks.

With Mortensen's well-deserved revival only now beginning to gestate on the cusp of the millennium, this tome will provide a new generation with a fascinating initial glimpse into the haunting image-laden realm of a seminal creative outsider. For those conversant with LaVeyan philosophy, this is an even more fruitful resource and the dark power of the photographer's obsessive work will be immediately apparent. [For ordering by credit card, call (520) 621-7968. Or send \$27.00 postpaid from the Center for Creative Photography, University of Arizona, Tucson, AZ 85721-0103]

Adolph Hitler: Black Magician by Gerald Suster. Skoob Books Ltd, 1996, ISBN 1-871438-83-9, 222 pages, perfectbound.

George Sprague, reviewer.

By now most are aware that Adolph Hitler had more than a passing interest in the Black Arts. Several authors have explored this theme and usually wind up on some extrapolation regarding the existence of modern day organizations that are quasi-Nazi, are scheming to take over the world and bring Hitler back from the dead or Argentina. This book is not one of those. Suster's premise is that Hitler was not a madman since mad people are not in control of their faculties. Hitler was not very intelligent either, so the only possibility for his rise to power was that he evoked mastery from his subconscious. The methods employed were the ones ascribed to black magic. It seems rather ignorant of Suster to say Hitler wasn't intelligent or for that matter mad. Intelligence and madness often go hand in hand. Furthermore, bringing out the contents of your subconscious doesn't guarantee success. Unless you possess the intelligence and ability to act upon that which was brought forth you aren't going to achieve much. But there is a reason why Suster takes this position toward Hitler. Gerald Suster was a student and friend of the now-deceased Israel Regardie. Regardie was Aleister Crowley's secretary, and was instrumental in the Golden Dawn revival of the 1980s.

Being a "white" magician, Suster can't bring himself to acknowledge anything positive from sources other than his beliefs. For instance, he mentions Dr. LaVey and the Church of Satan, states this is the largest growing religion of our times but no outstanding success

stories, no important figures have emerged to affect the world. Yet, he faults historians for ignoring the influence of the occult on Hitler because "occultists are not of consequence, no occultist having ever achieved anything of importance." Therefore, Hitler could not have been into the occult! Suster mentions Hitler wisely hid his true affiliations with occult groups so as not to alienate the populace. Isn't it possible this is the same for prominent members of the Church of Satan who wisely keep private their true affiliations so as not to hinder their position and careers, etc? After all, Satan doesn't require martyrdom!

No matter how objective white light religionists seem to appear, they just can't handle the facts of Satanism. We will always be held in contempt by these ones; we will be feared and spoken of in nervous tones and that is exactly as it should be.

Suster does a good job of presenting his case in light of his assumptions, though. He begins with Hitler's birth, what the world was like, what socio-political and occult philosophies were prevalent. He looks at the influences of Nietzsche, Wagner and Schopenhauer, of Aleister Crowley, and various occult groups in Europe and Japan. And he looks at the ways that black art rituals and ideas in general shaped the course of action that the Third Reich embarked upon.

The same is done with prominent figures in the Nazi party, notably Himmler, Goering, Heydrich, and Goebbels. Suster doesn't hide his contempt for the Nazis but insists on portraying all these influential characters as being lackluster and not too bright. Again, he seems to ignore the fact that there are different degrees of intelligence and just because some may not have been accomplished in their youthful academic endeavors doesn't make them idiots. This book is easy to read as Suster has a smooth, flowing style. I could have done without the moralizing warning at the end—"beware lest other Hitlers take over"—but I understand his position. He is, after all, a product of Golden Dawn morality! And there are some very nice pictures of Hitler, Himmler and others. The cover is quite striking: Hitler's face peering at you from a dark background (a close-up of the Nazi eagle), under his face a red section with the title in black. Above Hitler's head and to the left a gold Nazi eagle and swastika, on the right a gold Horus, Egyptian god of war. Just the thing to leave on your coffee table when Aunt Martha comes to visit!

The Complete Book of Devils and Demons. Barricade Books, New York, NY, 1996; 279 pages, ISBN 1-56980-077-4, \$12.95, softcover.
The Complete Book of the Devil's Disciples. Barricade Books, New York, NY, 1996; 363 pages, ISBN 1-56980-087-1, \$12.95, softcover.
The Complete Book of Vampires. Barricade Books, New York, NY, 1998; 366 pages, ISBN

1-56980-125-8, \$14.95, softcover.

by Leonard R. N. Ashley
 Kevin Shelton, reviewer.

On the surface, Professor Emeritus Ashley's series of books about the occult glitter with promise. Their veneer of comprehensiveness and their alluring bibliographical treasures beckon to the reader. The author even reprints in *Vampires* Ludwig Tieck's classic tale "Wake Not The Dead," a necrophilous masterpiece that deserves greater acclaim from *aficionados* of the Undead. Professor Ashley does cast a wide net; unfortunately, he also ensnares himself within it. His labors are severely compromised by slipshod attention to detail, fatuous misinterpretations, irrelevant, irritating intrusions of personal opinion, saccharine moralizing and pious banalities ("Evil is real"), and, at times, outright dishonesty.

Space limitations prevent me from fully detailing Ashley's auctorial inadequacies. Here, then, is a representative sample of them. First, the dates cited in his books are frequently inaccurate. Second, Ashley is, to put it mildly, no friend of the Church of Satan's. While I do not fault him for that, I do fault his refusal to research the subject properly. In Ashley's simple world-view, Satanism is devil-worship, and nothing else. He despises the Church of Satan, yet his best arguments against "Sandor LaVey" (*sic*) consist of smirky S-M innuendoes and snide comments about LaVey's pet lion. Third, Ashley bows reverently before all things Wiccan. He never thinks to question that group's ridiculous claims about its origins or about the so-called "Burning Times." Instead, despite his pretensions to serious research, Ashley seems conveniently ignorant of recent scholarship, such as Robin Briggs' *Witches and Neighbors*, that violates his cherished assumptions. Fourth, and most damning, Ashley frequently fails to read the books that he cites, and thus pretends to a level of erudition he does not possess. For instance, he refers to Barbey d'Aureville's short story collection *Les Diaboliques* as a "short story," and he states confidently that Kenneth Grant's *Cults of the Shadow* appeared in 1926! Such statements prove that Ashley has never seen, let alone read, these books (among others). He is, therefore, a liar and a sciolist of the lowest order.

I refuse to waste further time and space documenting this man's scholarly atrocities, except to add that his tone, attitude, and approach reveal no respect for his readership or his subject-matter. For these reasons, I recommend Ashley's books only to die-hard completists. Everyone else should scan his works in the bookstore aisles, extract the few pearls they contain, and then leave them to the remainder bin oblivion that they otherwise deserve.

A Guide to the Cthulhu Cult, by Fred L. Pelton. Armitage House, 5536 25th Ave. N.E., Seattle, WA, 98105-2415, www.tccorp.com, 1998; 148 pages, ISBN 1-887797-06-8, \$9.95, softcover.

Tani Jantsang, reviewer.

This book is written in true Lovecraftian fashion; that is, one does not know which person referenced is real or not, or exactly when anything referenced was published before, if ever. For instance, what are Arkand and Zoltan? From which myth realm are these place-names taken? And was there really an "Etymological Considerations of the Cthulhu Mythos" published by Mr. Pelton in 1945? This book immediately puts a smile on the face of any seasoned Mythos *aficionado* and will probably make newcomers drool.

The book claims to be a newly published set of theses that were written in the 1940's. I might tend to believe this, since the writer seems unaware that the octopoidal first spawn of Cthulhu still exist (*Rising With Surtsey*). The writer is unaware of the short synopsis of mythos history as shown in *The Black Flame* (Volume 5, numbers 3 & 4), or of the etymological similarities between some of the mythos deities and names from other esoteric dark cultures. Mr. Pelton seems also to have never read *R'lyehian As a Toy Language*, a thesis by Philip Obed Marsh proving that the R'lyehian we all know (and love) is a creole. This essay was praised by Dr. Burleson, a professor of literature, and Mark Zender, a professor of linguistics who has studied Polynesian and other creoles first hand. There is a long passage of translated R'lyehian as was first shown by Lin Carter of which Mr. Pelton seems unaware. (The foregoing are all real people!) Oddly, mysteriously, two references, 29 and 30, which refer to the pre-Adamic races alluded to in the Bible are missing. Perhaps it was too dangerous to give the references, since we are still around today and one of us is reviewing this book?

One other mention, someone might be inclined to tell Mr. Pelton, that the Aklo Tablets have been translated; they appear in *Cthulhu Cultus*, issue number 4. That monumental endeavor was to be undertaken by occultist Lin Carter and an unnamed member of the notorious Church of Satan in the early 1970's. It was finally pieced together in the 1990's and, of course, published as fiction.

The rites in the book make for delicious reading, though this reviewer wishes they were translated into modern English. The remaining portion of the book contains the Sussex Manuscript. All in all, a great book!

Carnal Alchemy: A Sado-Magical Exploration of Pleasure, Pain, and Self-Transformation by Crystal Dawn and Stephen Flowers. Runa-Raven press, P.O. Box 557, Smithville, TX 78957, 1995; trade paperback, \$13.00 (add \$1.50 to direct order).

C.R. Dendy, reviewer.

We've all seen voluminous so-called "occult" books which take up shelf space and collect dust. These are the books that go on and on, page after page of mumbo-occult-jumbo.

Once in a while, you'll see a small volume of very solid principles, a book that doesn't waste your time, or shelf space, a book that gets straight to the point and stays there. This is exactly the kind of book *Carnal Alchemy* was for me. You won't find any shabby I've-got-a-complex spiritual nonsense within its pages. The authors lay down solid working techniques for a pioneering branch of sexual magic called "Sado-Magic." What's more, Sado-Magic is examined from a historical perspective, and there's a nifty little resource guide in the back for your Sado-Magic equipment and contacts. Finally, there's a bibliography of general sex magic texts for further study, in which Blanche Barton's *Secret Life of a Satanist* is the first book listed! Also, in Chapter Two, there is a highly positive and intelligent section on Anton Szandor LaVey, his life-philosophy and views on the dominant/submissive roles in relationships, etc. Need I say more? This work is a small, compact, powerful volume to be added to any Satanic library for serious exploration of Sado-Magic. Not only is it a tool for breaking societal taboos and herd-programming, it's also a tool to free you from your personal taboos. In short: This is a liberating book every Satanist can enjoy.

MUSIC / AUDIO / PERFORMANCE

Deepnet, Various Artists, Side Effects/Soleilmoon. Side Effects, PO Box 83296, Portland, OR 97283.

Michael Moynihan, reviewer.

A double CD of non-classifiable ambient compositions by a divergent roster of artists, many of whom have long plumbed the depths of electronic sound (*Lustmord*, *Adi Newton*, *Chris and Cosey*, *Paul Haslinger*, *Monte Cazazza*, plus a few relatively lesser-known entities, *Charles Uzzell-Edwards* and *Atom Heart*). Brian William's liner notes state, "It seems inevitable that individuals with integrity are the only ones willing and able to pursue their own vision, whatever the outcome." These sentiments certainly apply far beyond the world of music, but they are an apt accompaniment to this release as well. Many of these tracks on *Deepnet* contain almost no referents to rhythm or any other aspect of what is normally considered popular music. They are far more akin to amorphous soundtracks, some more dreamlike and others more nightmarish in overall effect. Considering the primarily electronic nature of these works, one compelling aspect results as they conjure the imagery of organic processes and mutation, or in the case of Monte Cazazza's powerful "Extinction Part 1," the slow fading of life itself. The latter piece represents some of Monte's most evocative soundwork that has yet been released, and is hopefully a portent of the future. *Adi Newton's* project *Psychophysicist* sounds like the ambient counterpart to his more well-known offspring *Clock DVA* (as one might

expect), *Chris and Cosey's* *CTI* contribution is on par with the best of their work in that guise, and *Lustmord* continue to explore the chasms of pure, reverberating frequencies they initially split open to expose on their previous albums. All told, this unsung compilation is one of the most effective examples of mood music in recent years.

Held, self-titled CD. Bastet Recordings, P.O. Box 170, 116 47181 Duisburg, Germany, or **Heid** c/o Olsson, Sanatorievägen 11, SE-856 43 Sundsvall, Sweden.

Michael Moynihan, reviewer.

An excellent debut of an obscure Swedish dark ambient project with a inclinations toward Germanic mysticism and the exploration of the shadowier nooks of the subconscious. This limited edition of 500 copies may be difficult to find, but they are due for a second album soon on Malignant Records. If their subsequent efforts evoke a similar vein of wyrd and ominous aural convergences as this initial upsurge, they are definitely worthy of continuing attention.

Actus, *Sacro Sanctum*, Cthulhu Records, Postfach 200465, 47424 Moers, Germany.

Michael Moynihan, reviewer.

Actus is an acronym for "Archaic Cultural Tradition United in a Society" and the name gives a hint toward these Hungarians' interest in traditional European culture and spirituality. Their latest album is a testament to the aesthetic victory of force, form, and depth over the superficiality and triviality of the modern age. The musical styles they employ vary across the album, but nothing is out of place—witness for example the traditional Hungarian folk instruments which cunningly loop through sections of a driving electronic backdrop on the epic "Babel Pit." *Actus* also make the fine commitment of singing all their songs in their own enigmatic native tongue, a rare feat during a time when most bands from foreign lands will automatically adopt English to hopefully pull in a few more listeners. *Sacro Sanctum* is also a historic release for *Actus* themselves, as it commemorates their tenth year of existence. The booklet is replete with stunning photographs from a jubilee concert held in a castle for this occasion, and these add an even deeper dimension to the sounds on the disc. Resounding with uplifting choruses and melodies, this is not music for malcontents or the perennially gloomy—or, on the other hand, maybe it should be. Very inspired, thoroughly unique, and highly recommended.

Ulver, *Themes from William Blake's 'The Marriage of Heaven and Hell'* Voices of Wonder, PB 2010, Grünerløkka, N-0505 Oslo, Norway.

Michael Moynihan, reviewer.

Ulver have carved a name for themselves as the most unpredictable and talented band to emerge from the Norwegian Black Metal scene. Their vision of Satanism and their musical

experimentation have led them down a widely divergent path from most of their contemporaries. This ambitious double CD, based on the heretical writings of William Blake, delivers a dizzying array of sonic textures ranging from the familiar to the utterly unknown. From the outset it becomes immediately evident that this is no Black Metal recording, nor is it a pop record. *Ulver* have created an epic form of tone poem utilizing elements from a wide range of musical elements, all woven into a tapestry that dashes any easy categorization. Not for the short-sighted or simple-brained; quite rewarding for the free-spirited and mighty-minded.

What Is Eternal, Various Artists, Middle Pillar, PO Box 555, New York, NY 10009.

Michael Moynihan, reviewer.

This compilation aims to introduce listeners to various bands in the increasingly overlapping worlds of gothic, atmospheric, neo-folk (or call it "apocalyptic" if you insist), and other "dark" musics. It is released by Middle Pillar, a distributor who specializes in these realms. Most of the bands here record for other companies, so this not a shameless self-promotion for the label, and it is nicely presented in a fold out digipack type case attractively designed by Derek Rush. The sonic contents are sometimes evocative and sometimes not, but overall they make a positive impact and will certainly tip the listener off on which bands warrant further investigation. Highlights include the classically-tinged *The Machine in the Garden*, *Unto Ashes'* quaint and nursery rhyme-like contribution, *Tony Wakeford's* medieval *Quartet Noir*, *Dream Into Dust's* eerie soundscape, *Backworld's* lush and folksy lament, and *Lundvall & Wakeford's* serpentine "The Big Nowhere" (which manages to arrive somewhere in the vicinity of incidental music for a *film noir*), and *Zoar's* unfolding and escalating "Beauty of Obscurity."

Der Blutharsch, Self-Titled CD, Wir Kapitulieren Niemals/World Serpent, Postfach 596, 1060 Wien, Austria.

Michael Moynihan, reviewer.

Over the past few years the Vienna group *The Moon Lay Hidden Beneath A Cloud* stirred up significant interest across Europe before its two protagonists irrevocably parted ways. The band had blended elements of both medieval and military music, and *Der Blutharsch*, the solo project of Albin Julius (formerly *The Moon's* male half), picks up the latter strain with unrestrained relish. Utilizing loops, samples, and even entire songs lifted from past mobilizations of the Teutonic war machine, *Der Blutharsch* resurrects the glory of conquest in all its guises, from its grim face on the battlefield to the drunken revelry of the officer's cantina. Anyone allergic to the idea of German world domination might best plug their ears to this clarion blast of millennial *marschmusik*.

Sol Invictus, All Things Strange and Rare, Tursa/World Serpent, BM: Sol, London WC1N 3XX England.

Michael Moynihan, reviewer.

This six song mini-album is comprised of otherwise hard-to-find **Sol Invictus** tracks from compilations, a 7" single, as well as a release which originally accompanied a hardcover book of Tony Wakeford's large and eloquent lyrical oeuvre. "Looking for Europe" starts off in a noisier remix from the album version. "A Palace of Worms" is a sound collage incorporating elements of **Sol Invictus** and **Evil Twin**, a side project of sometime-Sol members Karl Blake and David Mellor. Blake's forlorn reading of a section from Crowley's "Hymn to Pan" and Mellor's piano playing are both memorable ingredients. The song originally appeared on the now impossible-to-find Cthulhu Records compilation *The Lamp of the Invisible Light*. "Hedda Gabbler" is a cover version of a cynical John Cale number. The last three pieces, "On and On," "The Coffin Road," and "Above Us the Sun" round this out with both melodic and dissonant atmospheric qualities, linked together with a simple reverberating piano refrain. Besides being a nest of rare and sought-after songs, this is also a fine introduction to **Sol Invictus** for those otherwise not yet acquainted.

Genitorturers, Sin City, Cleopatra, 13428 Maxella Ave #251, Marina Del Rey, CA 90292

Michael Moynihan, reviewer.

A number of years have passed since the first album came out by this S/M shock-rock conglomerate and attracted a considerable amount of press. Its predecessor **Sin City**, however, cuts a far more impressive niche for itself than their earlier effort. The songwriting has evolved into a trademarked style, a well-wrought combination of electronics and samples driven forth by electric bass and guitars. Former **Morbid Angel** frontman and COS member David Vincent provides the low-end foundation and is a strong presence throughout. Frontwoman Mistress Gen's vocals are extremely bold and dynamic, and for those with an appetite for aggressive rock and perverse imagery, this will be a decadent treat. Even better, catch their incredibly indulgent live show—presuming the local authorities allow it to make a stop in your town.

The Spectral Light & Moonshine Firefly Snakeoil Jamboree, Scarecrow Stuffing, Dark Holler Records, PO Box 9, Upperco, MD 21155-0009, email: spectrallight@hotmail.com

Michael Moynihan, reviewer.

The "spectral light" emanating from this wonderfully macabre curio of an album is guaranteed to cast as much in shadow as it illuminates. Here is genuinely eerie music, played on traditional acoustic instruments and offered up without a hint of pretense. Founded by musician and illustrator Timothy Renner, **TSLMFSJ** nur-

tures its inspiration in the bygone hollers of the folk culture which was brought to these shores by early emigrant Europeans in the form of song and ballad, wrenched and mutated over the course of generations, only to eventually be abandoned or overwhelmed by an onslaught of more easily marketable forms of pop music for drones. Luckily there are still a few brave souls like Renner and his cohorts who are willing to give us songs of putrefaction and bone collectors, death and damnation, with an occasional hymn to God just for good measure (or maybe as a last ditch plea after committing a desperate and bloody crime of passion), all finely played on clawhammer banjo, slide guitar, squeezebox, fiddle, dulcimer, and sundry other creaking and wheezing devices. You're not likely find this dark gem in stores, so write to the label directly for ordering information.

NON, GOD & BEAST, Mute Records, 429 Harrow Road, London W10 4RE, England.

A. A. Cederberg, reviewer.

This is the most recent release of CoS Magister Boyd Rice's **NON**, and co-conspirators this time include Douglas P. (**Death In June**), Rose McDowall (**Strawberry Switchblade, Current 93**) and Dave Simmons. *God & Beast* features somewhat familiar, but nevertheless relevant themes and concepts explored on various earlier releases by Herr Rice. Present are the symbols used by **NON**: the Wolf's Hook runes and the *Totenkopf* (Death's Head), this time accompanied by naked ladies engaged in various activities. The liner notes speak of man being both God and Beast, but that these two aspects of his being have been waging war with each other for centuries. The notes continue: "...But there exists, however, a long forgotten place in the soul where God and Beast intersect. To go to that place is to witness the death of one world and the birth of another... join me".

The music is in the tradition of **NON**: cold and powerful soundscapes and rhythms, partly overlaid with spoken word. This stuff really takes you by the throat. Particular highlights are "The Law" and a new version of the classic "Total War," which is now harsher and more violent than the original version, much due to the added noise, raw drum-sounds, and more aggressive vocals. There are even some secrets to discover here, if you dare to look for them. Highly recommended.

Scorpion Wind, Heaven Sent, Twilight Command, a division of New European Recordings.

A. A. Cederberg, reviewer.

Boyd Rice and Douglas P. are at it again, this time along with John Murphy (ex-member of **SPK** and **Current 93**). The last time the two aforementioned guys did something together (along with Michael Moynihan) was back in 1990, the result being the now-classic album *Boyd Rice and Friends: Music, Martinis and Misanthropy*.

Heaven Sent revolves around similar themes as explored on *M, M and M*, such as the Abraxas, natural order and even Martinis, yet doing so in a more lyrical and dramatic manner via the utilization of the works of individuals like De Sade, Meister Eckhart, D'Annunzio and Jung to present their philosophy. This, coupled with orchestral and melodic compositions delivered via guitars, trumpets, percussion, keyboards, and samples, creates a truly unique and magical work. A perfect example of the world that *Heaven Sent* represents is the song "The Cruelty of the Heavens," in which Boyd recites a piece about the Gnostic diety Abraxas. The album ends with the eerie "Message..." that features the last messages left by a British girl, Jane Greenhow, on the answering machine of Jim and Debbie Goad, editors of the notorious *ANSWER Me!* magazine. Jane had sent the Goads her life's savings in money orders, and shortly after the above mentioned messages were left, committed suicide along with two of her friends.

Heaven Sent was recorded in Australia, so quite naturally the CD booklet features photos of **Scorpion Wind** alongside of Koala bears. So put on this album, pour yourself a Martini, and toast the world's funeral pyre.

NON, Receive the Flame, Mute Records, 429 Harrow Road, London W10 4RE, England.

A. A. Cederberg, reviewer.

The new release of Boyd Rice / **NON**, is more in the vein of his earlier works than the previous album, as it contains no vocals whatsoever, and yet it never fails to speak to those who are able to listen closely enough. It features eight tracks, beginning with "Alpha," ending with "Omega." To set the mood, the album covers feature obscure fetish photography and the now traditional quotes, this time by greek pre-Socratic philosopher Heraclitus.

NON could be described as archetypal, organic music; it's the beautiful and terrifying sound of life and death, creation and destruction, sex and violence intertwined. It communicates with the listener on a very instinctual level and reaches the very core of ones being, bringing forth feelings one never knew existed in the first place. To call it "noise" and leave it at that, is an oversimplification, but then again such reactions are to be expected, as this is music only the few among us can appreciate. So you'd better leave aside everything you think music should be like before you get into **NON**. It's worth it.

The Nitha Fields, Various artists, ULTRA, P.O. Box 11736, Atlanta, GA 30355, USA.

A. A. Cederberg, reviewer.

An excellent compilation CD conceived by Joshua and Karmen Buckley, and released by the new ULTRA label. The main theme and source of inspiration here seems to be Northern European Paganism, and features **Fire + Ice, Lux E Tenebris, Waldteufel, Blood Axis, Allerseelen** and

Alraune. Standouts include **Waldteufel's** "Perchtentanz" with its stirring percussions, and **Blood Axis**, with the moving "The Hangman and the Papist", which was originally written by David Cousins at the beginning of the 1970s. The layout is very stylish, and the CD itself features an image by Fidus, "The German Victory", from 1919.

Blood Axis / Allerseelen, 7" Split Single. Stateart c/o Koch, Roseggerstr. 2, D-30173 Hannover, Germany.

A. A. Cederberg, reviewer.

The **Blood Axis** portion of this split single is an arrangement of the traditional Irish "The March Of Brian Boru". The version appearing here differs from the one on "BLÓT", and is in many ways superior to it. This is much due to the electric and bowed bass played here by Aaron Garland, which gives the song a more aggressive and effective edge. **Allerseelen** perform "Käferlied", a "technosophic" tribute to the German writer and thinker Ernst Junger, who died last year at the age of 102.

Blood Axis, BLÓT: SACRIFICE IN SWEDEN, CD/ limited edition DLP. Cold Meat Industry, PO Box 1881, 581 17 Linköping, Sweden.

A. A. Cederberg, reviewer.

A new release of Michael Moynihan's **Blood Axis** (famed for its album "The Gospel of Inhumanity"), **BLÓT** consists of material performed live in Linköping, Sweden for the 10th anniversary feast of the cult label Cold Meat Industry. The concert was performed by Michael Moynihan on vocals and bodhran, Annabel Lee on electric violin and melodeon, and Robert Ferbrache on guitars and keyboards. For those unfortunate individuals out there not familiar with **Blood Axis**, it could be described as the Will-to-Power captured in a web of sound, lyrics and imagery, synthesizing the traditional and the futuristic.

There is a wide range of material here, both old and new. The opening track is "Sarabande Oratoria," which features a speech by the English faustian fascist Sir Oswald Mosley, along with what sounds like a church-organ playing a stirring melody. Other tracks include "Herjafather," a shamanic invocation to Odin, "Seeker," originally by **Fire + Ice**; "Electricity," one of the earliest **Blood Axis** tracks, "Lord of Ages," a hymn to the Persian Solar god Mithras, worshipped by Roman soldiers, selections from "The Gospel of Inhumanity," etc. Considering this is a live album, the sound is of suprisingly high quality, some tracks definitely superceding the original versions with increased bombast and aggression (particularly "Eternal Soul" and "Reign I Forever").

As is to be expected with anything put out by Moynihan or **Blood Axis**, the packaging and design here conveys a supreme sense of aesthetics and style. The cover features a painting by famous Swedish artist Carl Larsson called

"Midvinter Blót" ("Midwinter Sacrifice"), which depicts the king Domalde in an act of self-sacrifice at a pagan temple in Uppsala. The CD comes in a special digipack with a slide-out case, and a booklet that features woodcuts and color pictures from the live performance.

BLÓT is an inspiring celebration of force and form, and is highly recommended.

Ordo Equilibrio, Conquest, Love and Self-Perseverance, Cold Meat Industry. PO Box 1881, 581 17 Linköping, Sweden.

A. A. Cederberg, reviewer.

The Swedish group **Ordo Equilibrio** are back with their third, and possibly most complete release yet. **Ordo Equilibrio** ("Order of Balance") has been described as "apocalyptic industrial folk". This definition actually suits quite well, as their music ranges from powerful hymns like the opening track "Phosphorous Ascending / Anthem of Venus," to decadently ambient and ritualistic soundscapes such as "Mistress of Hourglass Figure," to more melodic and somber pieces such as the stunning last track "Man Always Forgets." The instrumentation is diverse, utilizing acoustic guitars, deep-toned drums, chimes, celestial strings, jew's harps, moans, whips and many other things. The lyrics revolve around Natural Order, sexuality (particularly of a Sadoomasochistic or fetishistic nature), misanthropy and other Satanic subjects, delivered by both a female and male vocalist. All in all, a truly unique, and thoroughly Satanic synthesis.

When I saw **Ordo Equilibrio** perform live, they were lit by burning torches, and had tied a topless woman at the center of the stage, creating a very strong atmosphere, both emotionally and visually. They reflected a perfect merge of power, beauty and sexuality—I was awed. Through *Conquest, Love and Self-Perseverance* you may experience the same.

Death In June, Take Care and Control, NER.

A. A. Cederberg, reviewer.

According to my knowledge, this is the most recent album of Douglas P.'s **Death In June**, this time produced in collaboration with Albin Julius of **Der Blutharsch**. Even though the music on *Take Care and Control* ranges from orchestral and melodic songs, militant hymns, and piercing soundscapes to more ambient pieces, there is an underlying feeling of wholeness here. This combined with masterful arrangements and instrumentation, and very elegant and poetic lyrics make this a truly evocative work. Particular standouts are "Smashed To Bits," "Little Blue Butterfly," and "Kameradschaft." The CD comes in an attractive digipack, and also included is a booklet featuring complete lyrics and somewhat humorous pictures of Douglas and Albin in action.

I got my hands on *Take Care and Control* around last year's Winter Solstice. Where I live, the winter is cold and harsh, with short days and

long nights. During this period I spent an extensive amount of time in solitude, reading, writing and listening to this CD, which fitted perfectly to such a noir atmosphere.

Burzum, Daudi Baldrs, Misanthropy Records/ Amazonian Music.

A. A. Cederberg, reviewer.

As you all know, **Burzum** is the musical project of notorious Norwegian Varg Vikernes, who is currently serving a maximum prison sentence for murder and church burnings. **Daudi Baldrs** is a follow-up to *Filosofem*, and at the same time a musical departure from the Black Metal *Filosofem* and earlier albums represented. **Daudi Baldrs** is a completely instrumental record, done with synthesizers. It tells the story of the death of Balder, who in Norse mythology is the god of light and beauty. The story is accompanied by unique and very evocative artwork by someone who goes by the initials of "T.S." Unfortunately, the music here doesn't really stand up to such mythic scenarios. Aside from a few nice tunes, the six tracks are repetitive, pompous and far too long. To my knowledge, this album is intended as the first part of a trilogy, so let's hope the next one is more interesting.

The Electric Hellfire Club, Empathy for the Devil, Cleopatra Records, www.cleorecs.com.

A. A. Cederberg, reviewer.

Are you tired of rock bands that toy around with Satanism and Satanic imagery, but when confronted with it, take the apologist position of "we don't really mean it," or simply don't have a clue as to what Satanism is really about? Are you tired of the "no fun" attitude of many Black Metal bands, who take their Satanism so seriously, that you can't take them seriously? Well, here is a group that takes the Devil's Name, and truly plays the Devil's Game: Satan's favorite rock band **The Electric Hellfire Club** is back with *Empathy for the Devil: A Collection of Creepy Covers and Holiday Hymns*. What has become known as the "Hellfire sound" consists of a unique mixture of psychedelics, rock, glam, goth, metal, industrial and samples, topped off with the malicious voice of Satanist singer/songwriter Thomas Thorn.

This album consists of two discs. The first one contains mainly cover songs, like "Sympathy for the Devil" and "Highway To Hell," that have appeared on various compilations before. The definite highlights are the previously unreleased "Devil Inside" and "The Bishop's Folly," (a new track that will also be included on the EHC's forthcoming album *Witness The Millennium*) that present a new, heavier EHC. The second disc features "Halloween Medley," which was previously available only on the hard-to-find "Trick or Treat" orange vinyl.

Empathy for the Devil is the perfect soundtrack for your Halloween parties and other devilish get-togethers. The man downstairs must be pleased.

ANTICHRIST SUPERSTAR LIVES!—MARILYN MANSON AT THE UTICA AUDITORIUM, Concert, May 6, 1997 c.e.

Phantom, reviewer.

"WELCOME TO THE FAMILY" an ominous voice announced over the elaborate sound system, causing the tension in the audience to rise to a fever pitch. In fact, the tension had been rising in central New York for quite some time, ever since Rev. Manson and company announced they were going to play in Utica. Almost immediately, fanatical parents and even more fanatical Christians lobbied the local Common Council to ban the show and produced petition after petition denouncing the "Satanic teachings and practices" of Manson. Local priests and ministers desperately urged their flocks to picket the performance and to not let their youth be exposed to Satanism by letting them go to the concert.

The protests made front page news for weeks and even the national media showed an interest as the fateful date approached. However, the sheer idiocy and hysteria of the protesters was not lost on the media. In response to arguments that an outright ban on the show would be unconstitutional and result in litigation, one particularly vocal shit-disturber was quoted on the national news as stating, "I'm sick of hearing the First Amendment ... and freedom of expression!" Other statements such as "The founding fathers are probably rolling over in their graves thinking that the First Amendment protects Satanists" were prominent, such persons obviously not having read the article "From Prohibition to Precedent" in *TBF*, Vol. 6 #1 & 2. However ignorant, desperate lawmakers in fact passed a unanimous (non-binding) resolution to ban the show citing Satanism that "might tend to pollute the minds of our youth" and promised to use or pass any law possible to stop the performance. Luckily, there was not enough time to repeal the First Amendment and, after a last minute attempt to stop the show by citing to an unpaid \$10 local licensing fee failed, the stage was set for Manson.

The Mayor allocated additional police officers to the auditorium and over 50 security guards were called in to keep the peace. To top off the hysteria, hours before the show, a bomb threat was made. Hearing all of this, I arrived at the auditorium expecting a barricade of Christians and irate parents. I soon discovered that, while the media would have one believe such lunacy was the majority mindset, the TV cameras outnumbered the roughly dozen protesters who quietly prayed and held a large crucifix off to the side of the venue! Having enough of the media and Christian circus, I unobtrusively entered the arena and took my seat to the side of the stage.

The venue and audience were much smaller than their prior tour dates, probably as a result of Manson's decision to play several upstate New York cities within a short time

span, although the audience appeared militantly loyal. The 2,500 plus fans were primarily teenagers and with the multitude of inverted pentagrams, crucifixes and "666" symbols being displayed it was hard not to think of the event as an Iron Youth rally. Then, in a mass of distortion resembling an electronic symphony, Manson took the stage as Antichrist Superstar and did not disappoint. Song after song the anti-Christian venom spewed forth with raving and moshing fans screaming along with virtually every word. This was especially true during "Get your Gunn" (a veiled reference to the murder of abortion Doctor David Gunn) as the fans sang along to such LaVey-inspired lyrics as "Pseudo-morals work real well on the talk shows for the weak, but your selected judgments and good guy badges don't mean a fuck to me!"

In response to the threat that he would be closely monitored for illegal activity, Manson ignored the heavy security presence and instead played into protesters' fears that he "openly advocated violence toward Christians" at his shows. "We will no longer be oppressed by the fascism of Christianity!" Manson shouted at one point (a sentiment he would repeat to a less receptive audience four months later at the MTV Video Awards). Later, in reference to the lame bomb threat, Manson bellowed, "It's going to take a lot more than a bomb to stop the fall of Christianity." He then lead the crowd through a refrain of "Shoot, Shoot, Shoot 'em Motherfuckers!" before launching into his cryptic piece "The Reflecting God" which has its own share of apocalyptic lyrics: "I went to God just to see, and I was looking at me, saw Heaven and Hell were lies, when I'm God everyone dies!" The good Reverend also performed a purely nihilistic solo version of Prince's "1999" which all Satanists should have in their private collections. Perhaps the crowning moment, however, occurred during the title track when Manson appeared in full Antichrist Superstar garb amidst a fascist backdrop of flags bearing his Antichrist symbol. Manson frolicked from the podium and mocked the Christians as he ruthlessly screamed the lyrics: "The time is come, it is quite clear, your Antichrist is almost here—Repent!" before shredding a bible and tossing it into the mass of fans who hungrily devoured its tattered pages.

If ear-splitting music is not your cup of tea, the theatrics alone were worth the price of admission. One backdrop at first resembled the stained glass windows of a Christian church only to reveal, when the lights were positioned properly, Saints violently impaled on steel poles. Other backdrops included an enormous American flag embellished with Manson's magical symbol (borrowed from the "Danger-Electricity" sign). Not to be outdone by stage props, during his rendition of "Sweet Dreams (are made of this)" Manson violently shattered a bottle against his chest producing a large gash. Blood flowed steadily for the remainder of the

night. At another point, Manson cut a truly demonic presence as he mounted 8 foot metal stilts and crutches and crept across the stage bathed in green light. Halloween-like distortion filled the auditorium between songs and there was no shortage of smashed equipment left at the end of the show. Three encores later, the ritual was over and the crowd filed quietly out of the auditorium.

Much to the dismay of the Christians, no arrests or serious injuries were reported and life resumed in this small central New York city, albeit with a few more indoctrinated Satanists under its watchful eye. Agree with his antics or not, Rev. Manson is surely a vital presence to be reckoned with and his celebrity status has paved the way for many a CoS member to come forth from the darkness and be held in awe by the masses.

F I L M / V I D E O

DAIMAJIN, THE RETURN OF DAIMAJIN & THE WRATH OF DAIMAJIN, VHS Video. 90 minutes each. A.D.V. Films, 5750 Bintliff #217, Houston TX, 77036-2123 Phone: (713) 977-9181. <http://www.advfilms.com>.

Michael Rose, reviewer.

Imagine a hybrid of *The Seven Samurai*, *The Golem*, and *Godzilla*. Actually, you don't have to imagine it, because that is what these movies are.

Combining elements of the Japanese giant monster movies and the Samurai movies, the premise of these films is that a powerful demon, Majin, is bound inside a huge statue resembling a *haniwa* figurine. When the victims of injustice call out for justice the statue comes to life, its featureless stone face transforming into the scowling visage of the Majin, and wreaks havoc on the unjust.

It is appropriate that the first of this series, *Daimajin*, which translates roughly as "great demon," was produced in 1966. These wonderfully Satanic films show the force of justice to be Satanic. The "good" gods help no one. It is only when the call for vengeance goes out that the demonic Majin comes forth to set things right. Another appropriate element comes at the conclusion of the final movie. As *Daimajin* departs, having destroyed the deserving parties, we hear nine resounding strokes of a gong. As the screen goes dark one almost feels like saying "So it is done!" having experienced the joy of seeing this "Monstrous machine of annihilation" smiting the unjust in the name of vengeance.

These videotapes are really well done, with clean prints presented in a wide-screen format with clearly readable subtitles. A final attraction, as if anything else was required, is the wonderful music of Akira Ifukube, who also provided the music for the original *Godzilla*. If you like Japanese monster movies, or Samurai movies, or just good Satanic fun you should add these titles to your collection.

QUICK TAKES

This issue grew to be far larger than we expected, and, even at 80 pages, we had to cut a great deal of material which will have to wait for our next issue. I usually write some fairly extensive reviews, but due to lack of space, must now take my cache of material and tell you that you should get the items I'm about to list—they merit your attention. Hie thee to Amazon.com.

My apologies to these worthy creators for not having the space to personally sing a hymn of praise to each of you.

Peter H. Gilmore, editor.

BOOKS

Lucifer Rising, by Gavin Baddeley, ISBN 0-85965-280-7. \$16.95. Plexus, London, 1999.

Lords of Chaos, by Michael Moynihan and Didrik Søderlind. ISBN 0-922915-48-2. \$15.95. Feral House, USA, 1998.

ISIS AND BEYOND: The Biography of Cecil E. Nixon, by Doran Wittelsbach. ISBN 0-9661308-0-4. \$16.00 + \$3.00 shipping. B U A Productions, 1701 Broadway #347, Vancouver, WA 98663, 1997. (also available from Feral House)

The Satanic Bible and The Satanic Rituals, German language versions by Ingrid Meyer, ISBN: 3-00-004343-8 (SB), 3-00-005255-0 (SR). Second Sight Books, 1999. www.second-sight-books.de.

TRUE BLOOD by Charles Gatewood and David Aaron Clark. ISBN 0-86719-443-X. \$19.95. Last Gasp Books, USA, 1997. www.lastgasp.com

Bombshells, Glamour Girls of a Lifetime, by Steve Sullivan. ISBN 0-312-16790-3. \$19.95. St. Martin's Griffin, USA, 1998.

War of the Worlds: Global Dispatches, edited by Kevin J. Anderson. ISBN 0-553-57598-8. \$6.50. Bantam Books, USA, 1997.

Godzilla Goods!

Monsters Are Attacking Tokyo, by Stuart Galbraith IV. ISBN 0-922915-47-4. \$16.95. Feral House, USA, 1998. www.feralhouse.com

Japan's Favorite Mon-Star, by Steve Ryfle. ISBN 1-55022-348-8. \$19.95. ECW Press, Canada, 1998. www.ecw.ca/press

Lovecraftian Lore!

A Cthulhu Mythos Bibliography & Concordance, by Chris Jarocha-Ernest. ISBN 1-887797-01-7. Armitage House, USA, 1999. www.tccorp.com

Delta Green: Allen Intelligence, edited by Bob Kruger & John Tynes. ISBN 1-887797-09-2. Armitage House, USA, 1997. www.tccorp.com

H.P. Lovecraft's The Haunter Of The Dark and other Grotesque Visions by John Coulthart. ISBN 1-902197-02-X. \$199.95. Oneiros Books, UK, 1999. <http://freeyellow.com/members6/oneiros/index.html>

Cthulhu Cultus #6 - #16 edited by P. Marsh & T. Jantsang. \$10.00 each. P. Marsh, PO Box 85, Lehigh Acres, FL 33970-0085.

PERIODICALS

PANIK MAGAZINE, 996 Redondo Ave., Ste. 626, Long Beach, CA 90804. qiblah@earthlink.net

SECONDS, The Art of the Interview, 24 Fifth Avenue, Ste. 405, NYC 10011. www.secondsmagazine.com

MUSIC

Nick Bougas presents **Celebrities At Their Worst, Volume 2**, two cd's, Mad Deadly Worldwide Communist Gangster Computer God, P.O. Box 420464, San Francisco, CA 94142, USA.

L'Orchestre Noir, Tony Wakeford, TURSA, <http://easyweb.easynet.co.uk/~flux/>

Project Thule, Cosmic Law, P.O. Box 40361, Central Station, Portland, OR 97240

Jesus of Borg, Crucimilation of the Human Collective, 325 SE Pt. St. Lucie Blvd., PMB 1, Pt. St. Lucie, FL 34984.

Rigor Sardonicous, Risus ex Mortuus, Smiling Death Records, c/o Joseph J. Fogarazzo, P.O. Box 77, Selden, NY 11784.

Rigor Sardonicous, Apocalypse Damnare, Smiling Death Records, c/o Joseph J. Fogarazzo, P.O. Box 77, Selden, NY 11784.

Wendy Carlos, Tales of Heaven and Hell, East Side Digital, 530 North 3rd Street, Minneapolis, MN 55401. www.noside.com/esd/

Eric Kauschen, Dark Knight of the Soul, Saundhaus, 3649 Lawton Street, Ste. 613, San Francisco, CA 94122. saundhaus@aol.com <http://members.aol.com/saundhaus>

VIDEO

The Devil's Rain, 1:26, 1975. VCI Home Video, 800-331-4077. Digitally re-mastered, widescreen format—with an Anton LaVey cameo appearance, how could you resist?

Straw Dogs, 1:58, 1971. Anchor Bay Entertainment, 500 Kirts Blvd., Troy, MI 48084. Uncut, widescreen format—Pekinpah's classic tale of an intellectual who retaliates with force when pushed beyond the brink.

WESSELMANIA, P.O. Box 1611, Manhattan Beach, CA 90267-1611 USA. Each video is \$25 (postpaid), \$30 outside the USA (postpaid). Send SASE for free catalog.

New titles from that cutting-edge video misanthropologist. Don't miss 'em.

•TATTOO DELUXE: Portrait of a Tattoo Parlour, 1:42, 1998. Observe those who give and get ink.

•SEX, DEATH and the HOLLYWOOD MYSTIQUE, 2:35, 1999. John Gilmore on the dark side of Hollywood, plus a visit with Fory Ackerman.

•SONG DEMO for a HELEN KELLER WORLD, 2:00, 1999. Inside look at a John Trubee rehearsal and recording session.

FILM

Boogie Nights—a Satanic fable which shows that one must embrace and develop his unique talents, and which warns of the dangers of indulgence becoming compulsion as well as counter-productive pride. Brilliant on all counts.

Sleepy Hollow—Tim Burton presents Sleepy Hollow as Arkham, and Walken's Hessian is a monster of nearly classic stature. Christianity is portrayed as the source for malevolence and injustice, and each frame looks like a dark-hued painting of scenes from a Hammer horror film.

The Devil's Advocate—Keanu Reeves is fine and Pacino is excellent as the kind of Satan we'd all enjoy knowing, who really understands the human animal and who dispenses some truly Satanic words of wisdom. Great fun!

The Ninth Gate—Polanski comes home to Satan with this bibliophilic take on the usual Dennis Wheatley devilry. Langella makes a suave Satanist and there's plenty of style and lush imagery accompanied by Kilar's brooding score.

Dark City—Intelligent science fiction *noir* where in one man fights to discover the truth about his own nature and that of his haunted, surreal world.

The Matrix—How to become a God in a shared subjective reality which masks a monstrous truth. Quite an essay on magic for the perceptive. ✱

[We invite our readers to submit reviews of books, music, film, video, or events which they've found Satantically significant—follow our format and email to TBF@churchofsatan.com]



By Michael Moynihan

NORWAY'S UNDERGROUND music scene is a veritable witch's cauldron. While the Black Metal which developed there in the early '90s may have fanned flames both literal and figurative, many of the bands endeavored to be little more than low-fidelity emulators of their genre's primitive founders. But that is far from the entirety of the matter, and for every few dozen substandard groups content to churn out two chord buzzsaw noise, there have been at least one superior confederation of musicians with loftier visions to pursue. Ulver is a perfect example, and are almost certainly the most unique and unpredictable band to emerge out of the Norwegian subculture. Their first album, *Bergtatt (Spellbound)*, alternated between a Gregorian strain of complex Black Metal and esoteric acoustic landscapes. The second, *Kveldssanger (Evening Songs)*, was entirely comprised of baroque-lyric folk songs compositions with nary an electric instrument to be found. *Nattens Madrigal (The Madrigal of the Night)* completed the initial Ulver trilogy, spitting forth a maelstrom of amplified sonic lycanthropy. A beautiful boxset of these first three efforts in picture disc format is available on European import. Most stunning of all may be the latest effort, *The Marriage of Heaven and Hell*, which breaks down all boundaries and will probably shock even dedicated admirers of Ulver's diverse past work. A massive endeavor inspired by William Blake's verses of the same name, *The Marriage* is light-years away from any simple categorization. Nor can it be dismissed as the work of dilettantes, for the musicianship is impeccable and complemented by

a powerful command of modern studio recording technique. None of this is accidental of course, and the men behind Ulver demonstrate an intelligence on par with their musical accomplishment. What follows is somewhere in between an interview and a philosophical discussion, conducted sporadically via electronic mail during 1997 and 1998 between myself and Erik Lancelot (drums and flute) and Garm (vocalist and primary composer for Ulver)...

To start off, please give us some background on the concepts behind the music of Ulver. From where do you draw your primary inspirations?

Garm: Our first three first albums complement each other as different stages in a big musical play showing the dark and mysterious forces which lurk in Norwegian folklore. We often sought the natural environments together, usually bringing with us an acoustic guitar, in order to get inspired to create a counterpart to the atmospheres which had already been portrayed many times in the old Norwegian fairytales, the paintings and the traditional folk music. We wanted to describe the moods from our own angle.

With this trilogy now brought to close, we are playing with the idea of doing a new series of conceptual albums based on the writings of great visionaries. First off is a double CD featuring William Blake's *The Marriage of Heaven and Hell*, taken from his luscious illuminated texts.

Where was it that you first came across the work of Blake?

Garm: I remember his name came up a couple of times in connection with literary history classes at school, but it wasn't until I saw all the homage paid to him by UK music-maestros Coil that I was inspired to check him out more closely. I came across a special edition of *The Marriage of Heaven and Hell* during a weekend trip to London with my friend Ihsahn (Emperor) a couple of years ago. Needless to say, I was awestricken.

Both the band name and the theme of *The Madrigal of the Night* refer to wolves. What is the importance of the wolf to you? Do you admire wolves in a mythical or allegorical nature, or in a more literal sense?

Erik: The mythical wolf is a Satanic character. He is often pictured as a solitary antagonist, a representative of animalism appearing before humans to promote values of selfishness and brute force, as for instance in the tale of "Little Red Riding Hood" and certain tales of La Fontaine. The wolf lives in the forest, symbol of the demonic world outside the control of human civilization, and serves thus as a link between the demonic and the cultural, chaos and order, light and dark, subconscious and conscious. Still I do not by this mean to say that the wolf represents the balance point between good and evil—rather he is the promoter of "evil" in a culture which has focused too much on the light side and disowned the animalistic. He symbolizes the forces which human civilization does not like to recognize, and is therefore looked upon with suspicion and awe.

Garm: We see the wolf as an interesting symbol in our art because it indisputably holds a strong position as the Devil's herald in Norwegian myths and conceptions. Lycanthropy, the metamorphosis of man into wolf, was believed by the pious in older times to be a disease brought upon them by Satan. When we then use the werewolf as source of inspiration it is because he depicts an "accomplishment" of soul which they do not understand—the amalgamation between the animal and civilized forces in man. Our third opus glorifies this fiery crossroads and describes both the pain and pleasure by giving in to and recognizing the beast within. This metaphor in a unique way allowed us to spice the folkloristic aspect of the band with something deeper and more psychological.

From a more modern, prosaic point-of-view the animal does of course not hold the same splendour, and would be no fun as it does not leave much to fantasy.

Fantasy and imagination are a large part of the drama of Satanism, whether it is in the form of aesthetics, rituals, or simply the interest in the supernatural. At the same time, from my point of view (and I would say this is also true of Satanists whom I respect), a firm grip on reality is essential. Reality must be acknowledged in all its glory and all its grime. There is a phenomenon among many occultists where they become enveloped in a whole fantasy world of spells and ceremony, yet all of it has practically no bearing on the real world. I recall one fellow I knew who claimed to be a great Crowleyan mage, yet worked full-time for \$5 an hour flipping hamburgers to pay his rent. Something didn't seem to add up in the equation to me. Given Ulver's use of folklore and fantasy for artistic themes, how does this relate and apply to "reality," or do you consider art to be intrinsically separate from it?

Garm: No, I believe art and reality is interconnected. Ulver is like a projector that transforms our emotional experiences into pictures that can stimulate artistically. This is very evident on *Nattens Madrigal*, where we have adopted images from old superstitions principally to serve the aesthetics. Despite this outré wrapping, the lyrics are essentially taken from my own life, not from fairy-land.

The drama of Satanism... very articulate indeed. Yeah, most Satanists have certainly taken some "artistic liberty" in using the title as there are very few "true" believers among us. However, since the empathy is so strong it's easy to get reverent about this most eminent manifestation of antagonism to be found in the history of religion and literature. Besides, the dramatizing (to use your word) of the icon is helpful because it enables us to strike at the core of a religiously-oriented society and mark our position as their spiritual opponents.

I'll probably have some Satanists frowning by asserting our vanity is quite thankful for being given a "language" that so efficiently alarms our surroundings to the fact that they are dealing with someone of a different nature. It can be a bugbear or a power of attraction, all depending on how the Satanist chooses to use his cunning. All in all, I'd say the Devil works our cause perfectly in conjunction with the social, aesthetic and philosophical.

Regarding reality: One must keep in mind that it is a relative and changeable term, especially these days. Reality will also be limited or unlimited all depending on the individual who makes the designs.

William Blake once wrote: "Everything possible to be believed is an image of truth," and it made a lot of sense to me.

I think art, as a counterpart to science,

can aid in broadening our conception of reality by transgressing many of the barriers imposed upon us by our senses. With this I mean that it accesses spaces not otherwise accessible. Music for instance, emanates from the dark recesses of the mind and the senses; and it tends to hit you as more pure, pristine and resonant than the most well-chosen of words. It sails on elevated seas.

And hey, nothing wrong with a vivid imagination as long as you are aware of it. Your acquaintance was probably not, though. I recognize the type, and those scary occultists really frighten me sometimes (interpret this as you want).

Ultimately, it all comes down to wits and breadth of vision.

Erik: What is reality? Is not reality something



each individual must create for himself? Reality is only that part of the outside world which is registered by your senses. You have to decide for yourself how you will relate to it. Is not each individual a unique universe impenetrable to any outsider? Each individual stands in his own angle in relation to the world around him, and you can never be certain that your perception of reality is the same as your neighbor's. You seem to take for granted that we refer to the same thing when we speak of "reality," as if reality were a perceptual basis mutually shared by all individuals. But your view of reality is but a product of yourself. "A fool sees not the same tree as a wise man sees" (William Blake). During drug intoxication, for instance, the outside world remains unchanged—it is your experience of it which is different: You relate differently to the world because you change the perspective from which you see it.

With this said, I of course agree with you that it is necessary to keep both feet on the ground. If material reality is uninteresting, depressing or in any other way unsatisfying, resolute, concrete action causing physical change is the only solution. Escapism is miserable.

It's true that as soon as we start tossing around references to "reality" or similar concepts we may not be thinking of the same thing at all. You mention drugs, which are often used as a crutch for the weak to escape dealing with "reality," but it seems you appreciate their possible value as a visionary aid, correct? The issue of drugs is a volatile one, of course, and Anton LaVey himself considered them worthless for his ideal of a Satanist (although he was mainly talking about strong mind-altering drugs, not more common substances like alcohol or tobacco). I would say they can be tools in the hands of the strong, but there's always a fine line with the issue of who is really in control in such a situation—the user, or the drug which is distorting their perception?

Erik: That is precisely one of the challenges with drugs: they test your strength. If you have the strength to tackle it, the experience of drug intoxication can be very educational and liberating—if you lack the strength, it destroys you. Drugs can be a ticket to heaven or hell, depending on the way they are used, and by whom.

But I see no reason to retain control all the time. In order to expand and learn, it is sometimes necessary to give oneself free rein and open up to new experiences with the playful curiosity of a child. I regard drugs as extremely valuable to this purpose. Note that "psychedelic" is synonymous to "mind-altering" in English, whereas the Norwegian translation is "consciousness-expanding." And that is precisely the nature of psychedelic drugs: they expand your consciousness by breaking down perceptual barriers, enabling you to stretch the limits of your perspective. You live more intensely when you are on drugs, no matter whether it is your spiritual or physical activities which are enhanced. You comprehend more, you perceive more, feel more, touch the deeper essence, and you react more spontaneously and honestly to impulses. Drugs can simply help you reach a higher state of life. This makes inebriation a noble act.

Many Satanists will probably frown at this glorification, bearing in mind how easily drugs can be used as a way to escape from everyday life; but it is as you say: a drug can be a tool if used correctly. To the Satanist, whose ideal it is to live like a lion, enjoying life on the edge, calling for challenges because he constantly seeks to overcome himself, the state of inebriation can be a taste of the sub-

lime, and thus an inspiration which can be used constructively as an incentive to make life more inebriating in itself. I can perfectly understand why certain Indian tribes revere psychedelic plants as sacred—these peoples regard the psychedelic state as divine, and I agree: it pushes your consciousness to a higher level. And needless to say, the experience of this marks your way of thinking on a broad scale, not just during the inebriation. Once you have experienced how intensely beautiful and vigorous life can be, this elevates your mind and opens your eyes to the richness of the world to a degree that may not have been possible without the initial psychedelic experience. Of course it is easy to fall into the classical trap, where life without drugs becomes dull and grey in comparison, and one becomes dependent on drugs to feel good. Again, this is a question of character and intelligence.

Garm: It is a fact that under the influence of certain drugs the threshold of consciousness increases. So a crucial question is, do drugs distort perception, or are we merely quite distorted in the starting point? It is of course also true that drugs involve a certain danger, but so does Satanism, right?

Cautiousness is the name of the game here.

Do you consider yourselves to be aligned with Black Metal in terms of music and ideology? Obviously some of your work, such as *Kveldsanger* and the piece on *Souvenirs from Hell*, doesn't fit into any preconceptions of the genre. Is Black Metal something you have left behind, or will it always have a bearing on your work?

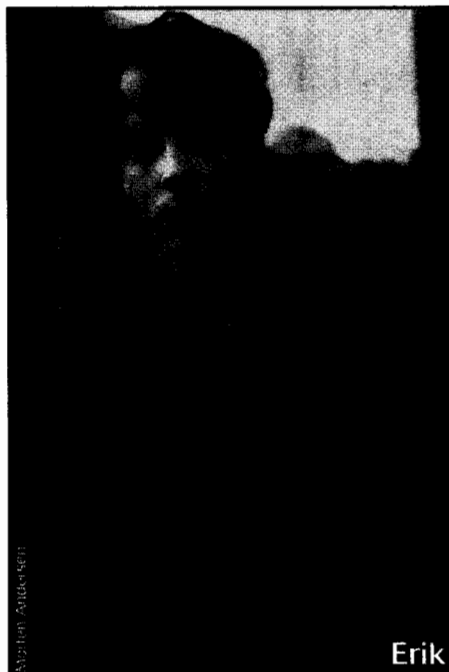
Erik: Ulver was born out of the Black Metal scene, and on the trilogy, there can be no question about our alignment with Black Metal music. Our statements have also born evidence of related attitudes. However, bearing in mind the way Ulver has developed over the years both musically, lyrically and philosophically, the label is becoming too limiting.

But what is behind Black Metal "ideology"? The source of Black Metal is **Venom**: beer-drinking, base-minded rabble, icons of Heavy Metal idiocy. The essence of Black Metal is Heavy Metal culture, not Satanic philosophy. Just look at our audience: the average Black Metal record buyer is a stereotypical loser: a good-for-nothing who was teased as a child, got bad grades at school, lives on social welfare and seeks compensation for his inferiority complexes and lack of identity by feeling part of an exclusive gang of outcasts uniting against a society which has turned them down. And with Heavy Metal as a cultural and intellectual foundation, these dependents on social altruism proclaim them-

selves the "elite"! Hah! Could it be more pathetic?

We feel it is about time now to find a more mature form of expression and seek a more intelligent public better qualified to understand the philosophy behind our work. It is not flattering to our artistic vanity to see that the only people interested in what we are doing are braindead teenagers.

Garm: Black Metal was definitely the decisive factor for both my interests in music and the darkside. But since the early days I have undergone many changes, and now find it difficult to see myself as a part of this "movement" because a lot of the people involved follow very fallacious and narrow concepts of life. I seek wisdom and perfection, and it can only be achieved—or rather, approached—through open-mindedness. This implies inter-



ests outside what is common in the mentioned circles. A lot of deplorable developments have taken place in the scene since I was truly involved, and most of the people who now dominate this milieu are but a bunch of young 'n' stupid conformists with no genuine feeling for the concept and searching for an easy way to feel initiated to something "eccentric" and "special." I think Ulver has always stood kind of on the sideline, and it has lead to certain defiances against genre till now, but you've seen nothing yet. With our fourth album, *The Marriage of Heaven and Hell*, we raise a one-finger salute to the genre purists.

You have consistently used Satanic symbolism on your releases, yet your music seems to deal more with themes of Norwegian folklore. What is the connection to Satanism? Satanism in the LaVeyan sense has always encouraged an eclectic and indi-

vidualistic approach to symbolism and cosmology, where the practitioner chooses the imagery that proves most inspiring to his own personality. Would it be accurate to say that Ulver are Satanists, but ones of a distinctly and overtly Norwegian character?

Erik: On the trilogy, we explore the dark sides of Norwegian folklore, which is strongly tied to the close relationship our ancestors had to the forests, mountains and sea. The darkside of our folklore therefore has a different outlook from the traditional Satanism using cosmic symbolism from Hebraic mythology, but the essence remains the same: the "demons" represent the violent, ruthless forces feared and disclaimed by ordinary men, but without whom the world would lose the impetus which is the fundamental basis of evolution.

Our use of old Norwegian imagery is not an end in itself, but rather a manner to symbolize our own thoughts with pictures close to our own traditions. We believe that the underlying, metaphysical source of life is essentially what "white light" religions have regarded as "evil" because it is ruthlessly and aggressively vital, untamed by any restrictions lest they be the morals imposed by "reason" or "culture" in order to subjugate the expansion of force.

How did you arrive at such a philosophy? Much lip-service is paid to "Satanism" in the Black Metal subculture, yet very few of these people have any clear understanding of it. They merely appropriate the most superficial trappings, exaggerate them in often ludicrous ways, and then attempt to back it up with a hodge-podge of beliefs that demonstrate more of a Christian dualistic outlook than anything else (for example, their obsessions with childish notions of being as "evil" as possible) and so forth. You seem to be coming at it from an entirely different, and more intelligent angle. How did you arrive at your present point-of-view?

Erik: Black Metal was the gate. As a 13-year-old Heavy Metal fan, I developed an interest for more and more extreme forms of Metal and got involved in the Death/Black Metal underground, on purely musical grounds. As I got involved in bands using Satanic and occult imagery, I discovered that the symbols they used, both visually and lyrically (if Metal can be called "lyrical"), exercised a strong influence on me. I started studying Satanism more seriously—I read LaVey, contacted the Church of Satan, the Order of Nine Angles and a few other similar organizations, and was via them introduced to the thinking of Nietzsche, Spengler, Sade, Jung, Ragnar Redbeard, Herbert Spencer and others. It did

not take me long to realize that the Metal milieu had a superficial, infantile and idiotic interpretation of Satanism. My dedication to Black Metal has now left, but the fascination with Satanism and related thought lives on.

Garm: It's pretty much the same story as Erik tells above, but I still have my long hair and wear black leather-underwear with spikes.

Do you consider Christianity in Norway something that should be battled against? The more notorious proponents of Black Metal often spoke of their actions as being part of some kind of modern "holy war." Can any of this be taken at all seriously?

Garm: Nah, the way I see it, it's not necessarily beneficial for the Satanist to actively pursue Christianity. The Christlings legislate for the weak and worthless with humility, charity, subordination, guilt and the taking of the world's burdens upon one's shoulders on their agenda. This is just too easy for one of the Devil's party to take advantage of. The fact that they advocate such degenerate morals ironically prevents them, with a few practicable exceptions, from doing anything at all to put out the emancipated spiritual fire in him. Instead they believe they can talk(?) him into changing his mind. Hello! Anybody home?

Given these conditions, society is to the cold, calculating scrupulousness of the heretic mind a playground of infinite possibilities. I don't mind keeping it that way.

Besides, what's really the point in proselytizing? In case of success, the world would soon turn a very nasty place to live, and the Satanist would no longer be able to touch those stars undisturbed. There's too much hullabaloo involved in those idealistic concepts anyway. I choose to retain my self-control.

An appropriate example of the possible consequences of such futile aspirations is the case of Varg Vikernes (**Burzum**). I have much respect for this man's conviction and courage, but not his sense of reality. His precipitate enthusiasm made him his own "Judas." The picture of perhaps a hundred militant "Satanists" believing they can start some "Jihad" armed with Heavy Metal and some matches is pathetic.

Those attacks on Christianity hold only amusement value to me. If Christianity should be waning it would rather be by self-inflicted blows than those of a few headbanging iconoclasts. After all, we live in the end of the second millenium and most people actually seem capable of smelling rotten fish. Look around you. Christianity has nothing to offer the young people of today. I'm starting to think it'll die with our parents. Meanwhile I oppose it by growing in my knowledge.

Erik: Christianity is but one expression of

herd mentality, and to battle against it is like battling against the nature of society. For as long as organized human societies exist, there will always be a division between the unconscious masses and conscious individuals. The Christian religion may wither and die, but only to be replaced by another philosophy glorifying the qualities of the herd. It lies not in the nature of the herd to live according to elitist ideals—their nature is to be cogwheels in the machinery of society, and the fact they follow a philosophy which glorifies this quality is aesthetically nauseating to the heretic, but still necessary for society to function.

The Satanist is an observer of society—to him, the world is like a stage, in relation to which he chooses sometimes to be a spectator, other times a participant, according to his will. He can watch from the outside and laugh, cry, sigh or applaud depending on the effect the scenery has on his emotions, or he can throw himself into the game for the thrill, but his nature is always that of the watcher, the artist. He is not overly concerned with

Erik: I do certainly not mean that one should adopt a fatalistic attitude and let anything go—the Satanist should not flinch from acting aggressively in order to obtain what he wants. What I am trying to say is that the Satanist stands aloof from the society he lives in. If he acts sometimes accordingly, at other times contrarily towards popular mores, it is precisely because he, as a heretic pariah, is free, detached, not only from the values and norms of society, but from any value or ethic in general. This, however, does not imply that he is passive. On the contrary, his conduct can be quite ruthless when he involves himself in the game of life.

Garm: My attitude here is that a sense of humour often saves the day. Without one the disappointment will be thorough.

Your second release, *Kveldssanger*, clearly has a traditional/archaic feeling to it, but the third album is fast, noisy, abrasive, and heavily centered on electric guitar. The con-

"That lambs dislike great birds of prey does not seem stranger only it gives no ground for reproaching these birds of prey for bearing off little lambs. And if the lambs say among themselves: 'these birds of prey are evil; and whoever is least like a bird of prey, but rather its opposite, a lamb—would he not be good?' there is no reason to find fault with this institution of an ideal, except perhaps that the birds of prey might view it a little ironically and say: we do not dislike them at all, these good little lambs—we even love them: nothing is more tasty than a little lamb."

—Friedrich Nietzsche: *On the Genealogy of Morals* I 15.

changing society, for his commitment to humanity is minimal. So no, I do not bother to battle against Christianity. In what ways does it affect me? It fills me with disgust. But I feel no urge to take the role of a Messiah, teaching the blind how they should live.

I agree that a genuine Satanist should not be particularly committed to any kind of abstraction like "humanity," but you seem to be saying that he should maintain a passive disposition toward his surroundings, unless involving himself temporarily "for the thrill." Satanists, to me, would be those who effect reality in some tangible way, in accordance with their will—those who pursue their own goals and spread influence where they deem it appropriate. The opinions of society should not necessarily be anything they acknowledge (and much of the time they must act contrarily toward popular mores), but they should operate in an aggressive and quite non passive manner in order to seize what they desire and move reality into accordance with their personal vision.

nection to your native Norway is evident from the subject matter of your songs, but is the music itself distinctly Norwegian?

Erik: I would not say that. Our music is the result of our own moods and emotions. As explained earlier, the folkloric symbolism is merely a way to clothe our thoughts. Still our bonds to Norwegian nature and its spirit strongly affected everything we did on our first three albums. Most of the material on *Bergtatt* was composed on a weekend trip to Valdres, where Garm's family had a cottage until recently, and the twilight/night ambience of the forest there is very present in the tones and harmonies of the riffs. *Kveldssanger* was likewise created in a period of strong absorption into ancient Norwegian fairy tales and mysticism, and is therefore strongly marked by our state of mind during the making of the album.

We were at the time naturally susceptible to the relationship our forefathers had to the world that surrounded them; their affiliation to nature was truly mystical.

Garm: Our trilogy was conceptualized around subjects which normally date quite some time back in the history of our lands. Many of our traits were typical for the 17th, 18th and 19th centuries, when Norway was still united with Denmark. This was an exciting epoch in which many of our foremost artists from the National-Romantic school of thought lived and were creative. But distinctively Norwegian... what can I say? Heavy metal doesn't really belong in this picture, besides I believe it was a black guy who first invented the guitar.

The disc design on *Nattens Madrigal* prominently features the wolf's hook rune. What is its meaning for you?

Erik: The wolf's hook symbolizes the interaction of opposites, the dynamic process that results from the conflict between opposing forces—dark and light, evil and good, intuition and rationality, instinct and reason, animalism and culture, beast and civilized man. In the context of *Nattens Madrigal*, it becomes a symbol of lycanthropy—the awareness that the human being is a battle between primitive instinctual drives and the mind's striving to transcend them. The lycanthropic metamorphosis represents the animal reminding the intellect that the very basis of the mind's will to transcend the primitive is precisely a primitive instinct of domination, of will to power, which stems from the animal nature of man.

How literally do you take such concepts of lycanthropy? Here you appear to be speaking in a largely symbolic way, but is there a more visceral level on which such concepts function, and are the results something to be admired? In most societies a reversion to wolfishness and surrendering oneself to truly animalistic or bestial impulses is a quick ticket to prison. Where do you draw the line, and is it identical to the one drawn by the forces of legal authority in the land?

Erik: How literally... I believe I am a wolf, aaaaaaooooo...

Garm: It's true, I've seen him at midnight. No, seriously. Throughout history a variety of people from different cultures have attempted to define the phenomenon of lycanthropy. This has resulted in a term carrying many notions, ranging from "scientific" to poetic, from shamanism to psychiatric case histories etc. Brother wolf is to us a potent and forceful totem to identify with. We can be inclined to believe in a potential psychological effect of such identification. That's about as visceral as it gets.

I have of course read the stories about wolf-children, the werewolf trials in times past, etc., and I guess most of these cases were

mixed up with some heavy duty madness; a state of mind that always tends to fascinate, but doesn't exactly call up my admiration. However, they are good stories and remain compelling in other ways, for instance as inspiration for artistry.

Speaking of lunacy; a term deriving from the older lunar disease... Earlier this "illness" was believed to vary in intensity according to the different phases of the moon. When she was full, the lunatic was supposed to topple over and surrender to the darkside. This is an interesting myth, as it seems like lycanthropy is but a more specified division of the same "disease."

The world of the natural wolf may seem dull compared to all this mythical hocus-pocus, but when observing it more closely I think we can allow ourselves to get a little social-anthropological. The fearless hunter of old is today a secluded animal, entirely dislocated from the eco-system. The wolf is now acting more reserved than ever before—in all likelihood because it has understood that men are out for its blood. Since it is expelled from its surroundings it is left with no other option than to act craftily. It never goes for the sheep without having ensured that there are no people around. Satanists are the "wolves" of society, and if one, like our brother in the wilds, desires to pluck forbidden fruit with impunity one needs to be sly, and possibly brave as well. I won't draw any lines.

In the past I know you have said the music you create is best described by the Norwegian word "trolsk." How would you best define this in English? Does it still adequately describe Ulver?

Garm: If you look this word up in a dictionary you will find the translation "trollish." The reason why we chose to use this adjective in Norwegian is because the English version easily may be misinterpreted. English-speaking people might link the word directly to the troll, a well-known creature in Norwegian mythology; but this would not be accurate. "Trolsk" is a word that has strong connotations in Norway, and it refers more to an atmosphere than something palpable like the creature itself. It is an expression closely connected to nature and its effect on the minds of those who wander in it by twilight when the forest is draped in a play of shadows, and the soft night-breeze is muttering with unknown whispering voices beckoning you to join them. It represents sensations of eeriness and hostility, and is an omen of the night-powers. We couldn't find a more appropriate word with which to describe our music as those moods were essential to what we were doing at the time.

Nevertheless, we will not describe our future works with this term as we have now

completed a chapter of our career, and desire to walk new fields.

"Trolsk," as you implied, also carries connotations of witchcraft and magick. Are these traditions merely intriguing fantasy material on which to base artistic creations, or do you acknowledge the supernatural as something which can be harnessed by the competent individual?

Erik: My interest in Satanic/occult symbols is of Jungian/psychological character. I regard these as archetypes representing ideas or principles—using them in art provides a pictorial way to describe our thoughts on certain aspects of life.

An archetype can produce massive changes in the physical world—in this sense, an abstract principle can be said to function as a "force," exercising influence both on individual and supra-personal levels in society. Strong individuals can help advance/promote principles, or even create new ones. A concrete example of this is how the ideology of Nazism changed the history of the world, and the well-known theory seeing Hitler as a medium channeling certain forces lying in the collective subconscious of the German people.

But I am here speaking of how archetypes and humans interact on a higher level, in a Jungian or Hegelian sense. I have no belief in "magick," "rituals," etc. I regard it as ridiculous to believe that an individual can cause someone to die by reciting a spell, or that you can find a girlfriend by burning candles, locked up in your apartment. When it comes to harnessing the supernatural, I think science is doing this to a far greater and more impressive degree than any occultist has ever done. With today's achievements in technology, we can actually fly, we can communicate with anyone anywhere on the planet, we can manipulate and create life and send people out in space. This would seem like magic to anyone coming from a less advanced culture. The mathematical formulas used by astrophysicists to explain in minute detail the processes that occurred under the Big Bang, can be viewed as "magical formulas" describing the creation of the Universe. I find this far more fascinating than the vague and obscure mysticism of the Quaballah, for instance.

Garm: It is interesting to note that Jung often referred to his creative "daimon." It was his metalanguage. "Trolsk" is/was ours.

To help emphasize our view on magic I'll borrow some appropriate words by William S. Burroughs: "Magic, in the light of modern physics, quantum theory and probability theory is now approaching science. We hope that a result of this will be a synthesis so that science will become more magical and magic more scientific."

Agreed. Technology is magick, to be sure, but again the issue of control comes into the picture. As long as the technology is harnessed to the will, it is a magical tool. But when one becomes harnessed to the technology to the degree that life itself loses its inherent magic, then you have merely fallen into a new form of slavery. Man forever teeters on the edge of such an abyss.

Erik: I understand your point, but I think the positive aspects of technology by far outweigh the negative. I see science and technology as tools which will help man transcend the limits of nature. The technological revolution we are witnessing is as fundamental as the Industrial and Neolithic revolutions were in their times. We stand at the threshold of a new age ("aeon") where man, to a far greater degree than ever before, will have the possibility to set his own standards and decide for himself how the world he lives in should look like—genetic technology may even give us the possibility to decide over our own physical characteristics. Technology will give man possibilities which we still cannot even suspect the range of. A negative consequence of this may be the danger of becoming dependent on technology, but I do not consider this any worse than being submitted to nature, as we were in elder times. Technology offers more freedom than slavery.

It is interesting to see the development of science and technology in light of the myth of Adam and Eve. As known, the snake said to Eve that if God forbade them to eat from the tree of knowledge, it was because he feared that by doing so, they would "become as God and know good and evil." That is precisely what is happening now: with the help of science (knowledge), we are gaining the powers of God. In this respect, Satan is the Christian Prometheus.

Garm: Evolution has taken a prodigious turn and is now driving the digital highway. I'm in the front seat anxious as a kid. Cybernetics are taking over the world, and everything we know will be customized to the digital market. Pessimists would say that what we're about to accomplish, genetic technology for instance, is unnatural and will have fatal consequences, blah, blah, blah. This is gibberish. Nature is only the given name for billions and billions of particles playing their infinite game. We are part of this game and with modern technology as our newest tool we play out our role as nature's most clever and capable organism. We were not born into this world with claws, but brains. It is said that the human thought came into being when the need for weapons arose. This was something we needed because we were fundamentally very fragile against the big ugly world, physically speaking. Since the age of "ugh-ugh" the human mode of liv-

ing has naturally advanced, and modern technology is just a new remedy to help us get on in the world.

But of course there will be problems in the wake of this new revolution. I think the overkill of information will lead to an increasing flow of decadence and cultural chaos in society, and psychology will probably prove to be a lucrative profession in the future. The average American consumer will become as ignorantly enslaved to the new stuff as they are to the Ricki Lake show, but what else is new? There will always be garbage-people. Well, unless of course genetic technology can eliminate the problem. I think I qualify as a bit more conscious than the average mongrel, and even though the methods and techniques of living may be different in the future, I will surely continue to take pleasure in the details of life and its enormous dynamic vigour; which to me is a neverending magic-spring. My computer is definitely my muse nowadays.

What qualities distinguish the sound and outlook of Ulver from other extreme or

"The werewolf may have become extinct in our age, yet he has left his stamp on classic antiquity; he has trodden deep in Northern snows, has ridden roughshod over the medievals, and has howled amongst Oriental sepulchres. He belonged to a bad breed, and we are quite content to be freed from him and his kindred... Yet who knows! We may be a little too hasty in concluding that he is extinct."

—The Reverend Sabine Baring-Gould, 1865

Black Metal bands in Norway? Have you received any attention from those beyond the Black Metal scene? Your music certainly transcends any such simplistic labeling.

Garm: Ironically our most distinct quality is that we are indistinct (!), since our music and sound varies so much from one opus to another. On social levels I think we have earned some points through the self-irony that blends in with the more solemn sides of our work, and yes, we have received positive attention from other groups in cultural society that are not so convulsive as the "blacksters." The fact that "outsiders" seem to like what we're doing is a declaration I value very much and it fortifies my belief in our work.

Does the music of Ulver serve a function beyond enjoyment or expression? What would your lives be like without it, and does it satisfy all of your creative drives?

Erik: Our attitude is to use Ulver as a channel

to express certain feelings and thoughts. There is no purpose beyond that.

Garm: I have no more profound purpose than to keep myself away from the terrible fate of boredom. I think the striving for enjoyment is one of the main driving forces in all people, and to create in Ulver is one of many ways for me to accommodate this desire. My life without it would be different, to say the least. If such a striving for enjoyment is inherent to all humans, why do so many of them settle for such a pathetic lot in life?

Erik: Simple people enjoy a simple life.

Garm: The emotional life of a Satanist is a turbulent one, and he must strive harder than most to find happiness because he is not, like the simpleton, amenable to bullshit. The ignorant bastards out there go about with a big happy grin on their face, simply because they don't know any better. Happiness comes easy when you can be soothed by a bunch of pathetic lies.

Wisdom and happiness are not well acquainted. Remember Faust.

Erik: "For in much wisdom is much grief: and he that increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow." (Ecclesiastes 1,18)

[*The Marriage of Heaven and Hell* was released on Ulver's own label, Jester Records, on September the 1st, 1998. It is distributed in Europe by Voices of Wonder, Postbox 2010, Grünerløkka, 0505 Oslo, NORWAY. Fax +47 2271 7587]

May Ulver long haunt you, and may the wolves forever hunt their prey...

Michael Jenkins *Moy'niban*
Samhain, 1997



Toward a New

Lounge Culture

By Robert Rust

THE SYMBIONESE LIBERATION Army allegedly inundated Patty Hearst with loud rock music at selected intervals in order to wear down her resistance and eventually break her, allowing her to be as putty in the hands of her captors. I know that I personally, after having endured a full work day of "classic rock" blaring from a radio on a work site, have felt far more enervated than I would have working in silence.

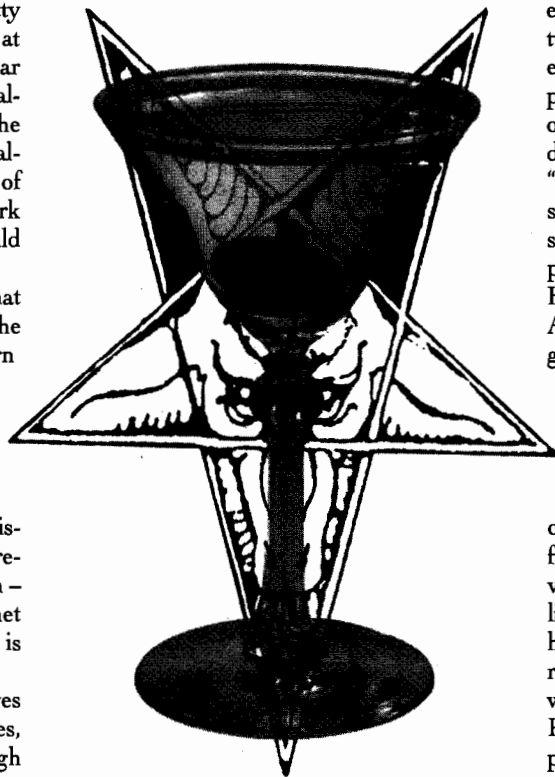
Physiological studies have shown that loud rock music has a weakening effect on the human heart. Similarly, bass-heavy modern dance music has been shown to have a negative effect on the internal organs and reproductive systems of the listener. It is hard to imagine that the driver of a car booming rap music so loud that the concrete shakes is not splintering his bones, distorting his heartbeat and scrambling his pre-hominid cerebral cortex. This is fine for him—unfortunately, I have to share the same planet with this genetic Twinkie and his ilk. And it is harder and harder to find sanctuary.

Indeed, all modern pop culture serves only to disorient and engage the multitudes, so that their susceptibility level remains high and they will keep on buying in.

It is interesting to note that from the dawn of rock 'n' roll, as music has become louder and more dissonant, the average listener has grown ever softer and more suggestible, and ever less capable of independent thought or action.

I recall being in high school in the 1970's and looking around a 20,000 seat stadium during a Black Sabbath concert and seeing not a single person who was not wearing blue jeans. Certainly there is a far greater diversity of dress and thought at any symphony orchestra concert.

From the late 50's onward, youth culture has always purported to be about "rebellion" and "freedom" while those on the receiving end of its huge profits carefully orchestrate the style, attitudes and values of its various subcultures. But this phenomenon has now reached a level of absurdity that strains the imagination.



How bad has it gotten?

It's hard to say exactly. My last close-up look at the horrific face of modern youth occurred in 1994 when I had an opportunity to view "Woodstock '94," a pathetic, "updated" mass exploitation of the "historic" 1969 outdoor rock festival, only this time featuring a contemporary parade of future has-beens.

I caught only ten minutes of Woodstock '94 on MTV, but what I did catch was telling. All one had to do was witness the horde of lifestyle-purchasing baby busters and their utter mesmerization by giant video screens beaming out images of their onstage musical deities to wonder how long it will take the U.S., like the Mayan civilization, to fall not from invasion or by outsiders, but from cultural dissolution resulting from massive sub-

urbanization.

The original Woodstock crowd, themselves a herd of followers, nonetheless largely ignored the cameras aimed at them by documentary filmmakers. Our current crop of video-enthralled zombies, however, when in the presence of MTV cameras, stood transfixed in reverential awe, as if gazing into the eyes of the All-Father. The sheeplike submissiveness and cookie-cutter conformity of people at the age where hyper-aggressiveness should be the norm is difficult to comprehend and frightening to consider. Even the peace-worshipping hippies of yore, sedated by marijuana or in an acid trance, seem marauding deviants in comparison.

The most amazing moment I bore witness to in my brief viewing spell was a sublime example of the imaginationless stupor of the twenty-something "individualists." The camera focused on a bikini-clad female, her body painted with flowers. In an unintentional parody of her Woodstock predecessors, she was doing an uncoordinated Grateful Dead-style "dance" to the sounds booming from the speakers. But this musical reverie did not consist of passionate homilies to failed ideals of peace, love and freedom. This was Cypress Hill rapping, "I'll make you famous like Amos, just like the last punk when I stuck the gat up his anus... cock the hammer it's time for action." Maybe her addled brain was processing this as "I'm just a far-out cat from Uranus," or maybe she was a hapless dumbfuck, oblivious to the fact that she was enraptured by the glorification of humiliating a crime victim by discharging a firearm in his rectum. Not really a cosmic love vibe type thing. And this woman was not a lithe and lovely original flower child having her last big freakout before settling down to run a New England health food store. This was a graceless and overweight pasty-faced Pringles-eating shopping mall employee, stepping to avoid the Pepsi cans at her feet and trying to escape the violent and oppressive world outside by pathetically invoking the look of a thankfully long-gone era.

The closing shot in this segment was of a long-haired, bearded and bedraggled-looking neo-hippie sitting naked in a folding chair and smoking a joint. "Why did you come to Woodstock?" the intrepid MTV reporter asked him. In the most obnoxious lazy stoner drawl possible, he replied, "I came here to get my life back together, maaan, and now that I'm here, it's back together." Yeah, right, naked stoner dude. I'll be looking for big things from you. The crowd around him, young and untested by life, clapped and roared its approval of his sentiment, wishing that attending a three-day corporate-sponsored rock fest could actually help to fulfill one's destiny.

Rock icon Pete Townsend wisely said of

the original Woodstock Nation: "If sitting in the mud on drugs for three days is their idea of some sort of alternative society, then fuck the lot of them." That statement goes doubly so for the crowd currently lapping up the tired old riffs and hackneyed postures of today's media-hyped luminaries.

These are the Generation Xers, the generation who more than any other to date has willingly enslaved themselves to the rock ideal they have been swallowing whole since birth. You've seen them. They wear clothes from the Emmett Kelly fashion line that any self-respecting person wouldn't wear to a shit-fight. The "Loser" and "Zero" tee shirts they adorn themselves with are a rare example of truth in advertising. They have not a single new idea to add to the world, so it's probably a good thing that they are completely ambitionless.

The "X" in their generational title is not the X of a Mysterious Mr. X who oozes foreboding in a mystery novel. It is not the X that Malcolm X used to illustrate his unknown ancestry, nor is it the X that Charlie carved on his third eye to X himself out of linear society. Theirs is the X that an apathetic illiterate uses to sign his name, unconcerned with his identity or legacy.

The Xers are merely the end result of a degeneration of the human spirit and imagination at the hands of a bankrupt rock/pop/youth culture. But at least they have youthful inexperience on their side.

Sadder still are those older folk who insist on "rocking out" in defiance of their age, denying themselves the opportunity to evolve.

You can't pump your fist in the air to rock favorites forever, although Satan knows, some boomers and busters will try. There are those who are intent on growing old with the volume-laden anthems of their youth just as their parents and grandparents did with Benny Goodman and Perry Como. There are distinct disadvantages to this unimaginative loyalty. Not only does it keep one's musical vocabulary and mental boundaries constricted to the primitive yearnings of youth, but as raging hormones subside with the advancing years, there is a diminishing return in listening to power chords, and excessive decibel levels can be downright annoying.

There is also the cold, hard reality that the confident, experienced suaveness of the late, great Dean Martin is an infinitely more worthy ideal to shoot for than the utterly embarrassing "I'll Never Grow Up" foppiness of Mick Jagger.

The generation that grew up in the Depression and fought in World War II was generally a hard crowd who had been through a lot. They got their ya-yas out to Big Band swing in their youth but retreated to the aural anesthetic of the piano lounge when they no longer felt the need to strut their stuff.

Piano lounges were total environments

that once dotted the American landscape and featured low lighting, a semi-formal dress code and plenty of liquor to wash the work week away. The aesthetics were maximized to create a self-contained world of attainable sophistication, and the music was never so loud as to drown out the after-office-hours conversation or to make seductive schmoozing difficult.

Some piano lounges featured cozy fireplaces to heighten the hein' and shein' atmosphere that should be the focus of all night life. In an age where it is difficult to find a live music outlet where patrons are not forced to face the band like rounded-up cattle and shout over the din, how badly we need the decompressive effect of the piano lounge today.

Alas, piano lounges are passing away as quickly as their long term customers, and leaving nothing comparable to take their place. We must hold fast to the few threads left of this rich fabric and study them intently, that one day a new lounge culture will arise.

As society de-massifies, there are no better-suited places than lounges to host small intimate groupings of like-minded people for the pursuit of leisure. The lounges of the future needn't be replicas of past surroundings, although there is nothing wrong with that ideal. Lounges of the past are certainly the foundations on which to build, but the field of interior design is virtually unlimited and any theme or mood can be instituted and altered at will.

A strict return to the music of previous generations is desirable for certain settings, although the most dynamic ingredient in the development of a new lounge culture would be the development of new types of music that cull the timeless elements of past musics and expand upon them.

The science of sound is in its relative infancy. The development of Muzak was a giant step in the distillation of sound for specific usage. Yet Muzak was designed primarily to serve industry by stimulating production and shopping, and was fairly limited in its instrumentation.

Muzak was originally created for mass settings and the range of possible sounds has increased dramatically since its inception. Sounds can now be created that would hone in on the pleasure centers of the brain in a very pre-

cise manner, and this can be done on a selective, micro level never possible in the past. Obviously different humans respond to different audio stimulus in different ways, and studying and cataloguing soundwaves and their effect on different human types is a discipline that would pay huge dividends to whoever is most adept at manipulating them for the recreation of different target audiences.

The tools for refining the skill of matching music to environment to intended listener have never been so vast and varied or the need so great. After having been forced to endure the profusion of abrasive and life-force-dampening noise that emanates from every corner of the modern pop cultural horizon, nothing could be as tonic for the soul as settling oneself in an agreeable lounge atmosphere and bathing in tones that simultaneously relax and inspire.

The lounges of the future and the sounds that fill their airspace can take as many forms as the mind can dream of. However, they all must share one common bylaw:

Anyone who at any time requests "Stairway to Heaven" will be ejected with extreme prejudice and malice aforethought. ★

Vampires Exist! Join us!

for information, send \$2.00 US to:

Temple of the Vampire

P.O. Box 25, N. Lacey, WA 98503

<http://templehome.netcom.com>



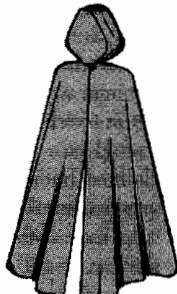
Azure Green

Wholesale & Retail

FREE
96 page
Catalog

FAST SERVICE • GREAT SELECTION • QUALITY PRODUCTS •

Premier Occult Supplier...



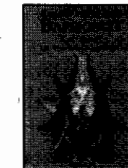
Black Cloaks
in Chamols or Cotton
Beautiful, full, well-made
hooded cloak with one
decorative button closure.
Sizes in Med/Lg/XLg
Chamols - \$147.95 ea.
•RCBM/•RCBL/•RCBX
Cotton - \$133.95 ea.
•RCCM/•RCCL/•RCCX

Books



**Aleister Crowley,
Egyptian Hermetic
Magick, Ritual Items,
Herbs, Spell Kits, Oils,
Incense, Candles,
Statuary & much more.**

Tarot Decks



Jewelry



**Cobalt Blue
Glass Chalice
Inverted
Pentagram
Etched
7 1/2" h.
•RCPIN \$27.95**



**Stitched
Pentacle
Patches
1.5" Patch
•ESPEN1 \$2.95
3" Patch
•ESPEN3 \$4.95**

PO Box 48-BF • Middlefield, MA 01243-0048
Phone: (413) 623-2155 • Fax (413) 623-2156
email: AbyssDist@aol.com • web site: www.azuregreen.com

SATANISM AND THE AFRO-CARIBBEAN Traditions

By Kevin Filan

IT IS HARD TO SAY WHICH HAS BEEN more maligned, modern Satanism or Afro-Caribbean traditions like Vodou and Santeria. According to Hollywood, Vodou ceremonies consist of blood-smeared witch doctors torturing animals to appease the forces of darkness. According to urban legend and fundamentalist propaganda, Satanists infiltrate day care centers in the name of Lucifer. The reality (as reality is wont to be) is considerably different. Far from being obsessed with death and torture, the Afro-Caribbean faiths are strongly life-centered and life-affirming spiritual traditions. Modern Satanists, in a similar vein, are far more likely to be found in recording studios or art galleries than in pre-schools. And yet there are numerous similarities (and a few very important differences) between these two worldviews. A study of the areas where they converge and diverge can help us understand both of these traditions, as well as the fears and prejudices of our culture.

DEFINITIONS

UNTIL VERY RECENTLY, THE TERM "SATANISM" was not something you did, but rather a convenient stick with which to beat anyone who proved inconvenient to the religious and political hierarchy. Moslems, Jews, heretical Christians and other unfortunates were accused of worshipping the "father of evil" at moonlit sabbats featuring writhing orgies, sacrificed infants and covenants in blood. These accounts were frequently "verified" in torture chambers and embellished by folk tradition and sexually frustrated clergymen into tales guaranteed to arouse revulsion and hatred. In the present day, Satanists are envisioned as a shadowy, Illuminati-like organization with tentacles in child pornography, drug dealing, "snuff films," and world government; imagine *Protocols of the Elders of Zion* as a Hammer film and you'll get the idea.

Modern Satanism, as described in Anton LaVey's *Satanic Bible* and as practiced by members of the Church of Satan, is a consid-

erably more sedate affair. LaVey envisioned Satan not as an actual anthropomorphic being, complete with horns, tail and pitchfork, but as a symbol of man's animal nature and of indulgence in the pleasures of the flesh. Those CoS members who perform ritual typically see it not as "summoning powers from Hell" but rather as psychodrama and emotional release. A "Black Mass," for example, becomes not a tool to evoke Satan to visible appearance but rather a way to break the chains of a Christian upbringing. Many Satanists actually eschew ritual altogether. They reject not only Christianity but mysticism in general and are frequently dogmatic materialists and skeptics.

Sacrifice, be it animal or human, is not part of modern Satanic ritual. The idea of sacrificing anything to ANY god, whether you call that god YHVH or Satan, is seen by modern Satanists as repellent and degrading. A Satanist would sooner spit in a deity's eye than say "Please, Mr. Deity, will you do this favor for me if I kill this cat in your name?" Rather than sacrificing an animal, a modern Satanist is more likely to try to *learn* from it; Satanists see man as "just another animal" and strive to get in touch with their own inner beast.

(I am aware that there are self-proclaimed Satanists who are not influenced by, or who did not understand, LaVey's work and who may commit violent or criminal acts in the name of Satan. Richard "the Night Stalker" Ramirez comes to mind immediately; the stereotypical glue-sniffing pet-killing metalhead teen would be another example. For the purposes of this discussion, I am not including this subset. This article deals with modern religious movements, not abnormal psychology, and these people no more represent modern Satanism than Jim Jones represents modern Christianity).

The Afro-Caribbean traditions are a synthesis of various elements. At their heart are the religious practices and deities of western Africa, mostly from the Fon and Dahomey regions. These are combined with images and legends from Roman Catholicism; Santeria,

for instance, identifies St. Barbara with the thunder god Chango and St. Lazarus with Babalu-Aye, orisha of healing and medicine. Altars to the orishas (Santeria) or lwas (Vodou) will typically feature statues of these saints or religious figures, together with various items connected to the deity in question. One might, for instance, find a statue of the Virgin on an altar to Erzulie, lwa of love and beauty; around it might be sugar cakes, a bottle of perfume, pink roses, and jewelry. Added to the mix are various deities and ideas from pre-Columbian cultures. In Santeria the figure Maximom (syncretized with St. Simon Judas) is a modern representation of an Indian fertility deity named Macha. Many of the petro lwas, entities known for their fury and quick action, originally came from the Arawak and Carib cultures; the ghesdes, Vodou spirits of death, are known for obscene jokes, as were the spirits of the dead in the pre-Columbian cultures of Hispaniola. Finally Western magical, ceremonial and hermetic traditions like Freemasonry and spiritualism have been thrown into the mix, making for a veritable religious gumbo.

While there are many differences between the various traditions, and even within a particular tradition, there are certain notable similarities. First and foremost is the practice of spirit possession. In each of these traditions worshipers are at times "ridden" by the various entities, who then proffer their blessings (or warnings, or curses) on those assembled for the ceremony. These possessions are quite impressive. A hougan ridden by Oggun Ferri, for example, may lie atop the point of a sword placed in the ground without getting cut or impaled, while one ridden by Baron Samedi might gulp down a mixture of rum and hot peppers which would leave any faker gasping for breath. The altered state which leads to "riding" is achieved through drumming and dancing; to a casual observer, a Vodou or Santeria ceremony may well look like a Carnival celebration.

These traditions also involve sacrifice. One who wishes to gain the favor of the lwas or orishas must make offerings appropriate to the particular spirit. A Santero who wishes to appease Ellegua (the opener of the gateway, called Legba in Vodou and Exu in Candomble), might offer him rum, candy and toys; to gain the favor of Oshun (orisha of love), he might offer honey and a statue to the Madonna de la Caridad del Cobre. These offerings frequently involve animal sacrifice. While some Westerners find this shocking, it must be taken in its proper context. For the most part the sacrificed animals are later fed to the congregation; we should also remember that these practices originate in cultures where one may frequently see animals killed. We have distanced ourselves from our abattoirs and can purchase our meat without

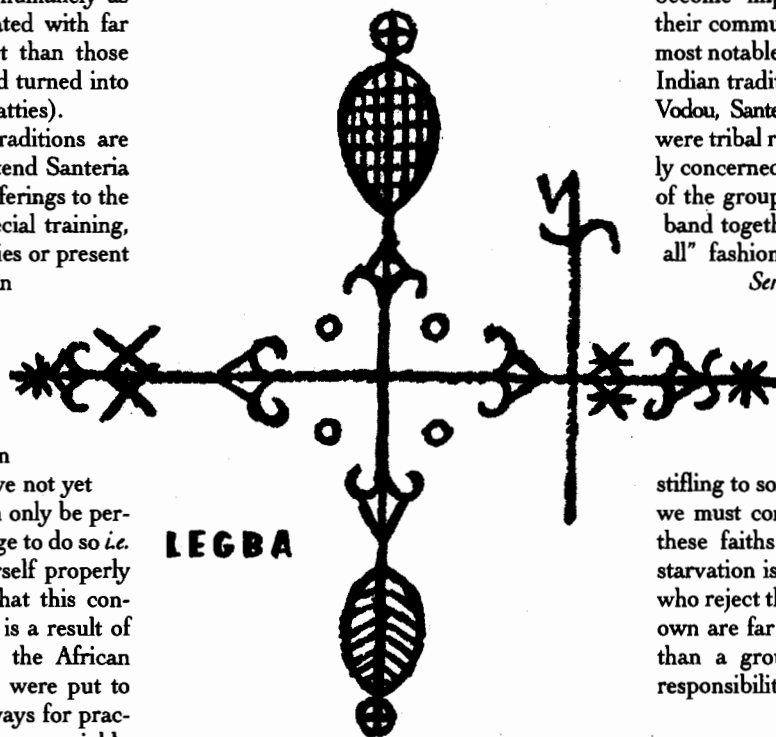
being reminded that it was once a living animal. This luxury is not available to most rural Haitians or Cubans. For them killing a chicken is not "a vile sacrifice to the forces of darkness"—it's the first step in making soup! They do not have our gag reflex upon seeing a chicken beheaded or a goat's throat slashed. It is something they have seen frequently since childhood, and no more repulsive to them than a trip to our local supermarket's Meat Department is for us. (Those who would still condemn them should also note that these animals are killed as quickly and humanely as possible, and are generally treated with far more care, concern and respect than those killed on our "factory farms" and turned into Oven Stuffers and hamburger patties).

Finally, the Afro-Caribbean traditions are initiatory. While anyone may attend Santeria or Vodou ceremonies or make offerings to the lwas or orishas without any special training, one who wishes to lead ceremonies or present himself as a Babalao or Hougan must first be trained in various facets of the religion by one who has already undergone this training, and must follow various tenets and taboos leading up to an initiation ceremony. These ceremonies have not yet been committed to print and can only be performed by one who has the lineage to do so *i.e.* by one who was himself or herself properly trained. Some have theorized that this concern with secrecy and initiation is a result of slaveowner persecution against the African faiths. More than a few Blacks were put to death in extremely unpleasant ways for practicing "witchcraft" and secrecy quickly became a necessity for those who wished to serve the ancestors and the African Powers. Others point to the various secret societies and "coming of age" ceremonies of African culture. Whatever the root cause, the practical result is that you can only learn so much Vodou or Santeria on your own. While there are several excellent books on Vodou (Maya Deren's *Divine Horsemen* is particularly recommended) and Santeria (anything by Migene Gonzales-Wippler is good), sooner or later an interested student must find a teacher willing to initiate and train him.

DIFFERENCES

PERHAPS THE MOST IMPORTANT DIFFERENCE would be that most modern Satanists see Satan as a symbol, not as an entity. In the Afro-Caribbean traditions, the ancestors and various deities are seen as actual beings, not as archetypes, images or symbols. They are as real, to their followers, as your next-door neighbor or the greengrocer down the street. They regularly attend ceremonies held in their honor and communicate with their wor-

shippers in a way which is difficult to understand for those who have never seen or experienced spirit possession. They are immanent in every aspect of daily life; Legba watches at every crossroads and Oya can be found in any graveyard. Many Western readers will scoff at this as uneducated, unsophisticated animism and spirit-worship. In actuality there is a complex and profound system of metaphysics underlying the Afro-Caribbean faiths; those who doubt this should consult Deren's



LEGBA

observations on the figures of Legba and the Marassa (Twins) in *Divine Horsemen*.

Another difference would be that Santeros and Vodouisants see Satan and his minions not as proud, rebellious spirits to be emulated but as dangerous forces of darkness which should be dispelled or dispersed. A goodly part of the Hougan's or Babalao's day is devoted to protecting people from evil spirits and from black magic. Floor washes, unhexing candles, exorcisms, prayers; the Afro-Caribbean traditions have innumerable defenses against the powers of evil. The average botanica has far more items intended to lift curses than items used to cast curses; the average Santero is far more likely to offer stern warnings against tampering with evil spirits than to summon them for you. This contrasts sharply with modern Satanism, which does not see the necessity for blessed candles, Holy Water, or any other forms of "protection" against the devil and his minions.

Finally, modern Satanism sees itself as essentially in opposition to the established social order and the needs and wants of soci-

ety. Most modern Satanists see themselves as "lone wolves" or "the Alien Elite" and speak with contempt of the "sheep" and "herd mentality." While the Afro-Caribbean traditions began as a rebellion against an unjust social system, they have since become the established social order. Vodou is a pervasive force in Haiti's everyday life. Ceremonies at the peristyle, like church socials in rural America, serve as meeting places and community gatherings as well as religious rituals. Many prominent houngans and mambos also become important political figures within their community; the Duvaliers would be the most notable example of this. The African and Indian traditions which were synthesized into Vodou, Santeria, Candomble and their variants were tribal religions. As such, they were keenly concerned with the survival and prosperity of the group and expected their followers to band together in an "all for one and one for all" fashion. Wade Davis, in his excellent

Serpent and the Rainbow, discusses

how "zombis" are typically made from those who have in some way violated the trust of their community or otherwise endangered the group. This might seem

stifling to some "lone wolf" Satanists, but again we must consider the environments in which these faiths developed. In Cuba and Haiti starvation is a real and constant threat; those who reject their society and strike out on their own are far more likely to die of deprivation than a group which shares resources and responsibilities.

SIMILARITIES

TECHNICALLY, SATAN IS NOT PART OF THE pantheons of Vodou or Santeria. In practice most followers of the Afro-Caribbean faiths are also Roman Catholic and believe in Satan's existence and his power. There are "lwa flags" (elaborately painted and embroidered banners used in many Vodou ceremonies) dedicated to "Le Roi Lucifer" and other Satanic figures, and devil candles burned to bring harm to one's enemies or to obtain a lover ala LaVey's Destruction and Lust Rituals are sold at most botanicas. Candomble, the Afro-Brazilian tradition, syncretizes Exu with Satan. Exu altars and figurines frequently feature red devil figurines, complete with horns, tail and an enormous phallus. His consort, Pomba-Gira, is identified variously with Lilith or with the Whore of Babylon and is the patroness of prostitutes. And of course the "Old Man at the Crossroads," who has been featured in so many blues songs and who plays such a role in African-American folklore and hoodoo, is none other than Papa Legba, grinning broadly and offering forbidden power and knowl-

edge to those brave enough or crazy enough to sign over their souls.

Both Satanism and the Afro-Caribbean traditions reinterpret Christian figures for their own purposes. The heroic Promethean rebel envisioned by modern Satanists bears little or no resemblance to the skulking "father of Lies" who runs screaming from a cross or a few drops of Holy Water. Similarly, few Catholics would recognize St. Barbara as she is envisioned by those who put her statue on altars dedicated to Changó. This attracts scorn from many "magical purists" who claim their own religious views are "untainted by Christian influence" and who scoff at Satanism and at the Afro-Caribbean traditions as "variants of Christianity." In actuality, the ethics and metaphysics of Santería or Vodou (and modern Satanism) are very different than anything found in Christianity, saints, rosaries and inverted crosses notwithstanding... while the ethical systems of many of the most self-righteous Newage and Wiccan types come straight out of the New Testament.

The Afro-Caribbean traditions, like modern Satanism, hold no stock in the "Threefold Law" or in many of the other "thou shalt nots" common to many of the "white light" traditions. A Santero or Vodouisant feels no compunction about using magic to harm, injure or kill his opponents; he typically assumes they will be doing the same to him and acts accordingly. Legal disputes in Haiti provide business not only for lawyers but for *bokors*, itinerant sorcerers specializing in particularly potent and lethal forms of magic. A Madrina whose husband has strayed can choose from any of a wide variety of Santería spells designed to break lovers apart; should these fail, she can choose from an equally wide variety of spells designed to kill her rival. In a similar vein, love spells are generally frowned upon by white-light types as an attempt to "control another's will." A Santero or Vodouisant would laugh at this idea. For them a candle burned so Erzulie Freda Dahomey or Oshun might make the desired fall passionately in love is as much a part of the arsenal d'amour as a candlelit dinner for two. In the Afro-Caribbean traditions, as in Satanism, all is fair in love and in war.

There is a profound distrust for the body and the material world found throughout much of Western magical thought. This combines the worst of our Christian culture (the idea that the body, the material world and physical pleasure are inherently evil) with misunderstood Eastern philosophy à la Blavatsky and a few others. This distrust does not exist in the Afro-Caribbean traditions.

The legends of the lwas and orishas are filled with drinking, gambling, sexual misadventures, and all sorts of fun things which would leave a pious clergyman scandalized. Material success and well-being are not seen as obstacles on the path to enlightenment, but rather as evidence that a person is favored by the gods. The lwas and orishas regularly intervene on the "material plane" for their worshipers; a Mambo or Babalao whose spells don't work will quickly be a Mambo or Babalao without a congregation. (Imagine a priest losing parishioners because he couldn't heal the sick, or a rabbi scorned because his

the day. In Haiti and Cuba stupidity is not just painful; it can quickly prove fatal. As a result, their ethical code is tinged with a hard realism. The lwas and orishas serve those who feed them; they will help a criminal escape the clutches of the law as quickly as they will heal a sick child. The Vodouisant or Santero may serve his gods, but he expects them to serve him back; he feels no compunction about asking for miracles, nor is he surprised when he gets them. He doesn't ask for peace of mind or "enlightenment" or other such hoo-hah; instead, he asks for money, for sex, for power... for all the things which Christianity

considers evil and which Satanists (and most sane people) consider desirable. Their belief in literal spiritual entities may not sit well with us skeptical Western types, but it is a belief based on empirical evidence. Vodouisants and Santeros believe in their deities because these deities produce results for them, not because of "faith."

These are traditions where witches hex as quickly as they heal. They are traditions where ancient religious practices have been preserved (not "recreated") and combined with anything else that works in a strange, beautiful, and intoxicating blend. Unlike the wooly-headed pabulum which passes for "mystical thought" in our society, theirs is a practical mysticism; it seeks for, and regularly gets, results in the material world. A Satanist who wanted to see real folk magic in action, minus the tree-hugging crystal-polishing hippie crap which has polluted so much modern "witchcraft," would be well advised to take a look at the Afro-Caribbean traditions, or to pay a visit to his local Botanica. ✱



love spells didn't work). While Satanists would generally give themselves credit for their victories rather than praising some spiritual entity, most would certainly have more interest in gods who reward their followers in this world than in gods who present all kinds of taboos and restrictions but give nothing in return but "spiritual reassurance" or "tickets to the afterlife."

CONCLUSION

THE AFRO-CARIBBEAN TRADITIONS ARE NOT Satanic in any sense of the word, save perhaps the sense in which "Satanism" is equated with "everything my pastor doesn't like." Nevertheless, there are many points at which the ethics of modern Satanism intersect with the ethics of the Afro-Caribbean traditions. Modern Satanists like to talk about "social Darwinism;" the Afro-Caribbean faiths grew up in an environment where it is the order of

Purging Talon Publishing

Box 8131, Burlington,
Vermont 05402

FEATURING...

Not Like Most

A Publication of Satanism In Action
Issue 10 \$5 U.S./\$7 foreign

See our website for more diabolica
and debauchery...

www.purgingtalon.com

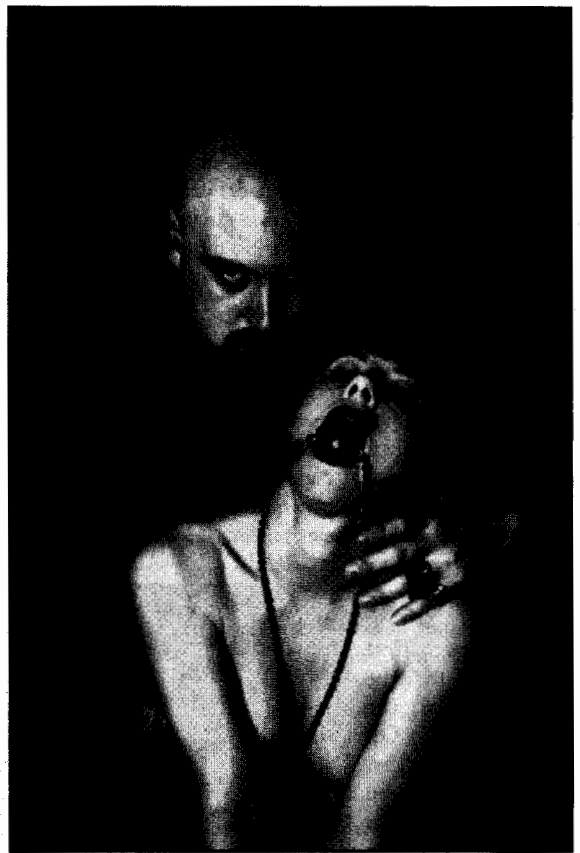
And join our internet mailing list...
[www.purgingtalon.com/
exposed.htm](http://www.purgingtalon.com/exposed.htm)

Cash or postal money orders only
no checks!



Magister Vincent Crowley

By Steven Ericson



REMEMBER IN THE 80'S when the media was trying to expose the dangers of Heavy Metal bands whose main goal was to recruit children for Satan? Only later would they realize that most of these so-called Devil worshipping bands were only using symbols and occultic themes for a gimmick. After the hype was over, they moved on to other sensational topics and dismissed these bands as rebels looking to make money using Old Nick's names.

It seems they dismissed their crusade a bit too early when the likes of the American Black/Death Metal band ACHERON emerged upon the scene. The band, openly endorsing the Church of Satan, was a shock to a scene of fakes and freaks. Anton LaVey himself acknowledged ACHERON to be one of the few real Satanic bands out today. This Florida based band was destined to put a black cloud over their sunshine state.

This interview is with band leader/founder Vincent Crowley, who is also a Magister of the Church of Satan and founder of the now retired Order of the Evil Eye. His involvement in the Satanic community is well known and respected. I recently had the privilege of interviewing him at a local Tampa pub over a few beers.

ACHERON has recently celebrated a decade of creating Apocalyptic Black/Death

Metal for the public. How does it feel to have been a part of the underground music culture for so long?

I am proud to be involved with this form of extreme art. We are in no way "Rock Stars," but we have gathered loyal fans from all over the globe. ACHERON fans are the best fans, because they truly understand the reason for the invocation of this band. I'm looking forward to another 10 years of recording ACHERON hymns.

I would never force my beliefs on a child. My parents did that to me and that's why I have such a hatred for the Nazarene cult. Children should grow up studying all kinds of philosophies and religions and then come to their own conclusions.

The band has just released an album entitled *Those Who Have Risen on Full Moon Productions*. Could you elaborate on the concept and the style of this full length release?

Those Who Have Risen is based on the teachings and mythos of the Temple of the Vampire, which is the modern day form of the ancient Sumerian Cult Hekal Tiamat. It is a call to the bloodline of those who resonate to the sacred acts of actual vampirism. The music on this album is heavier than anything ACHERON has ever done before, yet it

seems to appeal to a far broader audience. This is the best sounding ACHERON album thus far.

Do you think straying from the bluntly Satanic and Anti-Christian lyrics on *Those Who Have Risen* will make some fans think you are trying to sell out?

I would surely hope not. This album is just as Satanic as all the other ones. The only difference is we are not saying, "Hail Satan"

or "Fuck God." This in no way is selling out. It is just expanding our lyrical content.. There is no way a band like this can change and all of a sudden become the new MARILYN MANSON. We are too over-the-top for the mainstream. And this album is based on real occultic vampirism, not Hollywood antics. I'm sure our fans will evolve with us.

Your band was one of the few that CHURCH OF SATAN founder Anton Szandor LaVey labeled as "the real thing." How did his death in October of 1997 affect

you and the band?

It was a sad day to lose such an important comrade and mentor. He will be missed. But I also think we will now know who is serious about this movement. Many people just wanted to kiss the Black Pope's ass to feel important. Now it's time to put our money where our mouth is. If anything, his demise has made me want to work even harder with the Satanic movement and band. People like myself will help carry on his legacy.

So you don't think there is any chance that the CHURCH OF SATAN will discontinue without him as a figurehead?

The CHURCH OF SATAN is its members, so I really don't see that happening. There are thousands of people out there who are striving for a Satanic world and I am one of them. As long as just one of us exists, the CHURCH OF SATAN will remain alive.

You were first appointed to the Priesthood of the CHURCH OF SATAN in 1994. Then in 1996 you were promoted to a Magister. What do these titles mean to you? How did you get them?

They are acknowledgements I received from Dr. LaVey. I accepted them with honor and feel I represent them with a sense of pride. Basically, I was told I represented Satanism in an authentic way and showed it in my life. This is how I received the title Magister.

On your mini-album *Anti-God, Anti-Christ*, you have a song called "Baptism for Devlyn Alexandra" which is about your youngest daughter. How is fatherhood treating you? Do you feel that doing a Satanic Baptism is somehow forcing your Satanic views on her?

I was divorced a year ago, and my ex-wife moved out of the state I am now living in, so I can't see her on an everyday basis. But I do keep in close contact with her and try to see her as much as possible. My ex-wife and I get along, so there is no problem staying close with Devlyn. As for the song, if you read the lyrics I am celebrating her birth using my metaphors and informing her that her path will be up to her, for her to use knowledge and not herd mentality for her choices. I would never force my beliefs on a child. My parents did that to me

and that's why I have such a hatred for the Nazarene cult. Children should grow up studying all kinds of philosophies and religions and then come to their own conclusions.

Now that you are single, will you indulge in all the fleshly pleasures of female groupies or do you want to get married again?

I love women, but I'm in no way looking to get married. I'm enjoying being myself in my own domain. Groupies who are into this type of music are very rare. We're not some pretty boys like SKID ROW or POISON.

In 1991, ACHERON released an album called *Rites of the Black Mass*, which set to music the actual texts of *La Messe Noir*. How did the public react to this?

We were the first band to do this, so we did attract some attention. I think that's when

almost all of our releases. I've worked with many musicians, but Peter has always stuck by my side. He is always welcomed to honor us on our albums. His "Nosferatu Prelude" on *Those Who Have Risen* is amazing.

ACHERON has had many problems with record labels. I recently heard that the UK label BLACKENED RECORDS has bootlegged your *Lex Talionis* and *Satanic Victory* albums on one disc. What are your feelings on this.

Most labels are pieces of shit that only want to rape the artists. BLACKENED RECORDS did just that. It seems like these labels like making money off us, but they never want to pay. They will get theirs in the long run. They better hope I never meet them in person, because I'll bust their fuckin' heads open. That's why we signed to FULL MOON

PRODUCTIONS. They are located 40 minutes from us and we see first hand what they are doing for us.

Another ACHERON trademark is the album cover art by Diabolos Rex, who is also a CHURCH OF SATAN Magister. Do I detect a certain theme with ACHERON?

I have always been a big fan of bio-mechanical artwork. Since Rex creates his paintings ritualistically, I thought, "who better to do our covers?"

And yes, I do try to work within the framework of the CHURCH OF SATAN. I guess that's my fascist side.

Speaking of fascism, "CHURCH" OF SATANIC LIBERATION leader Paul Valentine has insinuated that you, along with Peter Gilmore and Boyd Rice, are Satanic Nazis. What is your reaction towards this comment?

Mr. Valentine is a little worm that has nothing better to do than talk shit. He'd better watch his fuckin' mouth or I'll bitch slap him back to the funny farm. I have always maintained that I am a Satanist, not a Nazi. I am intrigued by the occultic roots of the SS, but that doesn't make me a Nazi. I'm a misanthrope, not a racist. I hate everyone!

Do you get disgusted with people who seem to take cheap shots at the CHURCH OF SATAN and its hierarchy?



we earned a lot of respect within the Satanic community. Between ACHERON's music and Peter Gilmore's introductions, it did conjure the very elements of Hell. I am always trying to go beyond the typical Black/Death Metal boundaries. "Rites of the Black Mass" did just that.

You mention Peter Gilmore, who is also a CHURCH OF SATAN Magister and the editor of the infamous forum *The Black Flame*. How did he become involved with ACHERON and what is his role within the band?

Peter was working on an article on Satanic bands, so he contacted me. We got to talking and I mentioned how I was wanting to do a concept album about a Black Mass. He was happy to hear that, since he had the same idea. We decided to fuse out two musical creations together to create a truly ritualistic album. It worked very well, so he has been a part of

I think it's more pathetic than anything else. They are just jealous and wish they could be on our level. These people mean nothing to me or the Satanic movement. They are all wannabees that most people ignore.

You left your previous label MORIBUND RECORDS, which just happens to be owned by a CHURCH OF SATAN member, Odin Thompson. Why did you leave? Will you work with them again?

We just needed a label that would push us more actively. Odin is a Satanic brother, but he didn't have the resources to push this album the way we needed it to be pushed. We left on good terms. In fact, we will be releasing an ACHERON history CD called *Compendium Diablerie*, which will feature vintage ACHERON material, including un-released demo and cover songs. It's due out in 1999.

What kind of bands are you listening to nowadays?

I always listen to bands like VENOM, CELTIC FROST, DESTRUCTION, BATHORY, and MERCYFUL FATE. Recently, I've been listening to a lot of THE RION, SAMAEL, KING DIAMOND, RAMMSTEIN, THE ELECTRIC HELLFIRE CLUB, TYPE O NEGATIVE, DEICIDE, MORBID ANGEL, NINE INCH NAILS, MYSTICUM, NON, HYPOCRISY, INCANTATION, THE GENITORTURERS, RAHOWA, CANNIBAL CORPSE, EMPEROR, and OCTOBER TIDE.

Is there any plans on doing any touring in the near future?

We've been waiting to do one for years, so we will just have to see. I've been recording albums for a long time and I feel it's now time to meet all the people who have supported us throughout the years by touring. This is a goal of ours.

You have debated Christian evangelist Bob Larson and were featured in his two videos, "The Devil and Death Metal" and "Highway to Hell." What was your experience like, confronting this jester of Christ?

The best comparison I can give is the example of professional wrestling. Bob knows how to put on a real entertaining show. There's more shock value than intellectual stimulation. If I could only body slam him into the crowd it would make his show complete.

He uses us and we use him. He's a joke.

MARILYN MANSON has become somewhat of an icon to the youth of today. What's your opinion on the Anti-Christ Superstar?

I may not agree with all of his opinions, but I totally support the way he has taken on



the Christian groups in a mainstream arena. He is pushing buttons that need to be pushed. I personally enjoyed his last album, and hope he will continue down the same path.

Your latest album features guest vocal appearances by ex-MORBID ANGEL frontman David Vincent and CANNIBAL CORPSE vocalist George "Corpsegrinder" Fisher. How did you get members from two of the biggest bands in Death Metal to appear on *Those Who Have Risen*?

I just asked them and they both said "yes." It was a pleasure to include their assistance on the release. Both of them support the band and hope this album will do well.

What's the future hold for ACHERON? Any ideas regarding what the next album will be about?

As I mentioned, we hope to support the new album with a world tour. After that, we will start work on the next album which will appropriately be called *The Apocalypse*. My goal is to release this on January 1st, 2000, if all goes well. It's concept will be that of THE WOLFEN SOCIETY, an extreme occultic elitist order. It will be somewhat of a call to war—another stage in our evolution.

That's about all the questions I have. Is there any final thing you would like to tell the readers?

We hope you all pick up our album, *Those Who Have Risen* on FULL MOON

PRODUCTIONS and come and see us if we come to your town on tour. ACHERON will continue to be a threat to the sanity of modern music! Hail Satan! *Ad Maiorem Satanae Gloriam!*



As of 8/20/99, I have decided to put ACHERON to rest for various reasons. There will be no more live shows or new albums under the ACHERON name. My disgust with the music industry grows everyday and these pathetic trends disgust me. I plan to continue creating different forms of dark music, but only for myself. Record companys and music scenes don't mean shit to me. My selfishness will get me to the next level. Hail to those who supported my work throughout the last 12 years. Also my thanks to Peter H. Gilmore and Rex Church who have worked on the ACHERON project since the beginning.

Let the glory of Satan always prevail!

Ad Maiorem Satanae Gloriam!

ACHERON
1988-1999 (R.I.P.)



ACHERON

"Those Who Have Risen"

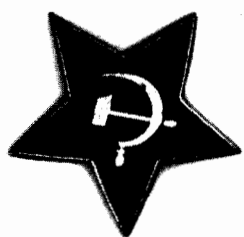
Blasphemous symphonic black / death metal from one of the most respected bands in the scene today. Featuring guest support vocals by David Vincent of Morbid Angel and Corpsegrinder of Cannibal Corpse.

CD \$13 us/ \$15 world

Full Moon Productions
2039 Roxburgh Court
Lakeland, FL 33813

www.fmp666.com

SEEING



RED

A SATANIC DOUBLE-TAKE ON A SUBJECT YOU THOUGHT YOU UNDERSTOOD

By Satan's Commissar

SATANISM IS A PHILOSOPHY of the occult, of ideas and knowledge considered taboo or dangerous by civilized humanity and, above all, all of its so-called "moral teachers," from Socrates and Jesus, to Buber, Pope John, Schweitzer, et al. In the twentieth century, perhaps no topic has been more maligned, distorted, and reviled by the theologians, moralists, scholars, and politicians in the Western world than the subject of Marxism, Communism, and the Stalinist Soviet Union. When these pundits and preachers speak out against something so unilaterally and with such rabid fervor, as they did with Darwinism and Marxism, it is almost a sure sign that there is **something** Satanic about it!

Three of the thinkers with the greatest influence on twentieth century Western intellectual life and popular culture are Sigmund Freud, Friedrich Nietzsche, and Karl Marx. All of these were noted atheists with damning insight into the cherished social order and illusions of civilized humanity, and had much to say against humanity's enshrined leaders and teachers. Freud disputed the teachings of Moses, Nietzsche attacked Socrates and Jesus, but Marx criticized Hegel, Jesus, you name him! Despite this, it seems that educated Satanists are familiar with Satanic elements in the thought of Freud and Nietzsche, yet unfortunately ignorant of such ideas in Marxism. Part of the reason for this is that in American colloquialism, "socialism" has become synonymous with inefficient bureaucracy, state-imposed tyranny over the personal lives of citizens, the welfare state, and some hare-brained programs that destroyed the educational system in this country, thanks to the efforts of certain self-hating American Leftists during the Cold War era (who are now known to have been funded by the post-Stalinist Soviet Union, which had openly vowed to "bury" the USA!). It should be pointed out from the start that these characterizations are inaccurate representations and

outright LIES about old-style Marxism and the social reality in the Soviet Union under Stalin.

The basis of Marxism is a hard-bitten analysis of human society, reducing culture to a manifestation of peoples' real-world physical environments and labor (e.g., what you think is determined by what you do), and the history of civilization to the struggle over resources (class struggle). Karl Marx is famous for his biting observation that "religion is the opium of the masses;" in fact, Marxism has been the **primary** enemy of religion in history.

Of interest to Satanists, Marxist dialectical materialism takes the dark, entropic force in nature (Satan) as **given**. Dialectical Materialism envisions a cosmos of constant flux where even apparent stability is only a mask of never-ceasing forces of creation, growth, and destruction (a model validated by modern quantum physics).

Karl Marx observed Europe in the midst of the Industrial Revolution, when Industrial Capitalism was *just arising*, a world where the old classes of artisans and talented workers were being replaced by machines, and downtrodden masses increasingly groveled under the whim of a handful of parasitic millionaires (who often compensated for their despicable behavior with lame moralistic "philanthropic" platitudes), where life was **shit** and barely worth living for the vast majority of people, and where human beings themselves became commodities sold on the market as "slaves."

Marx's idea was that once things got bad enough, the workers of the world would wake up and **unite** to smash their arrogant overlords, and then establish a "dictatorship of the proletariat" where **the people** ruled, instead of licking some aristocratic asshole's dainty little high-priced feet for a pay raise. By then, capitalism will have developed technology, factories, etc., which can then be used by the majority under communism. Anyone who has watched the movie "Stargate" will recognize this scenario where the humans overthrow

the parasite Ra using its own technology.

One point in Marx that might be of interest to Satanists is his definition of labor. In *Das Kapital*, Marx defines the value of a product biologically (or physiologically, as Marx terms it) as "expenditure of human labor-power." A product has no inherent value in itself; only by applying work (from humans) does the product attain a higher value. Work is worth the human labor-power expended. A capitalist is one that pays a person less than what his work is worth, that is, the capitalist does not reimburse the worker for his expended labor-power. From a Satanic perspective, labor-power is the black flame, which drives people to create. A capitalist is one that doesn't have the black flame, and instead needs to derive the labor-power from someone else. Exploitation then means to "steal" the black flame from someone. Satanists are people that honor that black flame above all superficial trinkets. That should put things into perspective in regards of what kind of people are capitalists and who aren't.

Many of the super-rich of the Capitalist world are hungry souls driven by an inner lacking, a black hole in their hearts, that they unsuccessfully seek to fill with material luxury and the trappings of the "high life." (This **infinite, insatiable** greed is fundamentally different from the normal, **finite** biological desire for happiness and pleasure.) They are truly damned people, unable to experience the innocent, Satanic joy a child feels eating a delicious ice cream sundae or running through a sprinkler. These agonized people create misery in the world because they are unable to experience joy. Some are so driven by jealousy they seek out happy, creative people to enslave and torture. George Soros is one such person. Like Christians, these people sometimes speak deceptively beautiful but essentially empty maxims and doctrines (e.g., "freedom of the individual," an "open society") to fool people into believing them. As Satanists know, such real-life monsters can be known not by their **words**, but by the **fruits** of their deeds.

150 years after *The Communist Manifesto* was written, Capitalist economists are gradually beginning to come upon the rudiments of Marxist thought, which Marx formulated *before* the American Civil War, without realizing it, and *certainly* not admitting it. Right now, the cutting edge of economics is finally incorporating **empirical** real-world data, and beginning to realize that many of the notions of "classical" economics are dead wrong. Meanwhile, Marx's correct predictions about the inevitable tendency towards monopoly, class division (which must **now** be seen on a global scale, with "Third World" workers at the bottom of the barrel), and never-ceasing expansion can be verified by a glance through the popular press. Nevertheless, Marx's pre-

scient theories are still arrogantly dismissed as "nonsense" or "totalitarian" by the herd, brainwashed via Cold War indoctrination. The first reason why so much energy has been devoted to discrediting Marxism in the West should be blatantly obvious to any realist asking, "Who benefits?" America is a proudly capitalist country (despite the fact the FDR instituted 8 of Marx's 10 points from the *Communist Manifesto*), and the powers that be don't want to be overthrown.

However, there is also a subtler and more Satanic reason why even a dirt-poor American will give a spirited defense of the virtue of capitalism: in a Capitalist world, Karl Marx's theory dismisses all cherished illusions that we live in the best kind of society, that our wealth or poverty is our just deserts, etc., the kind of rosy ideas that many Americans (and others) find so essential to their flimsy grip on sanity. Marxism says that not only is American consumerist Capitalism not the "enlightened," "moral," "highest form of human civilization" it imagines itself to be, but that, to the contrary, it is a chaotic, diseased, confused, insanely destructive, and supremely **wasteful** society that not only relies on the exploitation of the less-degenerate (Islamic barbarians excluded) Third World for physical labor and places to sell its JUNK—contrary to deluded, bleeding-heart missionary-like liberal "humanitarians" who imagine that the USA is really "**helping**" those people), but is also so sick that it is a dangerous, stressful, unhealthy trash heap within its own borders, or, at best, a repressed, Stepfordesque society of Christian consumerist clones and lunatics so broken by their own upbringings that they cannot even enjoy the material wealth they drain out of their colonies.

The Big Lie of Western capitalism and its apologists is that *only their* system upholds human rights, rather than tramples on them; a claim that **cannot** stand up to objective, intelligent historical scrutiny. Satanists should remember that the period of the strongest and most adamant defamation of Communism in the USA was during the nineteen fifties and sixties, an era when parents were shocked by the Beatles' *one inch* too long hair, Elvis could only be shown from the waist up on television, social life consisted of "keeping up with the Joneses," *et cetera ad nauseam*: an era so utterly, disgustingly conformist that all its self-deluded judgements of foreign societies are utterly and completely **invalid**.

Ever since its inception in 1917, when Lenin and his gang of Bolsheviks overthrew Kerensky's ass-kissing government and said a big "FUCK YOU" to the Czarist royalty, Orthodox religious establishment, and the greedy, bloodsucking capitalists of the West, volumes have been written about the "Evil Empire," claiming to expose the supposed

failure of its famous Five Year programs, its suppression of "individual rights," the horror of its purges, etc. However, the reader should realize that the history of the Soviet Union has long been instinctively hidden away from the prying eyes of the West, concealed behind a Hermetic seal of secrecy and illusion. Now that the Iron Curtain has officially fallen, a trained eye *might* discern a few *glimpses* of this vast and utterly *alien* empire amid the cluttered morass of propaganda (from **both** sides).

However, the Satanic inquirer should never forget that, contrary to foolish American perceptions, the realms of the Soviet Union are **not** European or Western, but rather, as the Nazis knew, **Asian**. They are not Asian as in Chinese or Japanese, but Asian as in Genghis Khan and the Golden Horde, Asian as in Attila the Hun, Tamerlane, Gog and Magog, Asian as in the Turanians, the only people who had the Dark Doctrine in an undiluted form; this is the domain of the unknown Central Asian Paleoafrican "Yellow Peril" before which the petty civilized Christian nations in Western Europe trembled in abject terror, that their Popes have labeled as Satan Incarnate. The manic-depressive Winston Churchill's fanatic reactions and efforts against the Bolshevik Revolution parallel those of Pope Leo and others to the rise of the Khans in the East in the medieval twelfth and thirteenth centuries. This is the Asia that Western history has tried to forget, until Vladimir Ulyanov, the son of a Kalmuck and a Slav, overthrew the European Czar's regime and raised the Red flag over his vast inherited empire. It is no wonder that the once cowering Capitalist Christian West to this day considers Stalin's USSR the Devil with which **Hitler** had to make a deal! This *ancient* Western prejudice against the peoples of the Soviet Union, which dates back at least to Roman times, might explain some of the paranoia surrounding this nation.

Note: I want to make it perfectly clear that I am **not** talking about the post-Stalinist USSR that came into being after Khrushchev pulled a coup d'etat and decapitated the NKVD. I will make it perfectly clear right now that this NKVD, which, under Stalin, patrolled every economic sector to ensure honesty, is most definitely **not** the KGB, a totally separate organization that existed alongside it, and who were as corrupt as any state police in the USA could be corrupt without their own department of internal affairs being there to catch them. From the onset of Khrushchev's takeover, the economics became state capitalist; that's **not** socialism, and it's certainly not Communism.

With that technicality aside, let us try to cover a few points about the Soviet Union pertinent to the Satanist. Despite what American liars try to say in futile attempts to escape the reality of their *own* wretchedly con-

formist lives, the USSR was not a giant welfare state, nor was it an Orwellian empire of brainwashed zombieified drones (although we cannot say the same about Maoist China). Lenin's socialist motto was "if you don't WORK, you don't EAT," and Stalin's Soviet Union was one of the **strictest** meritocracies in history, where people (whether male or female) were given their due for *every* kind of work they did, including the nitty-gritty manual labor that is always arrogantly sneered at by the withered corpses in degenerate societies who fancy themselves "above" such **physical** activity, and incompetence was given no excuses. The petty classist, sexist, and racist biases against manual, female, and (more recently) non-white laborers have prevented the Western nations from **ever** being anything even **approaching** meritocracies.

Under Stalin's socialist regime, if you were going to be a dishwasher, be the best, because you have the public health in your hands. If you were going to be a doctor, do not hold yourself away from your patients, or talk over their heads, because it is these people that paid for your education, and if your knowledge does not benefit the people of your society, then it is useless. Remember, *every* occupation has its native jargon. Both a doctor and a dishwasher are fundamentally responsible for public health, and both took pride in their work in Stalinist society: this is the meaning of "from each according to their ability, to each according to their needs." This Communist slogan does **not** mean that the physically healthy should toil for the sake of degenerate corpse-rotten vampires. In fact, two Stalinist epithets for such human leeches were "cannibal" and "vampire," and these also applied to those who made their billions on the backs of the able-bodied that they enslaved. Lenin's motto for the stage of Socialism or *building* Communism in the Soviet Union was "from each according to their ability, to each according to their *work*."

These demanding standards that stratified Soviet society according to natural ability have drawn much derision from Westerners, but it is an undeniable fact that even *after* the degeneration that set in after Stalin's death, the USSR *continued* to produce the world's finest scientists and athletes, setting a standard the West didn't hope to even *compare* to (much less surpass) until the USA managed to "win" its self-initiated "race to the moon," a showpiece of propaganda. Nevertheless, the USSR was far ahead in all other aspects of space science: they launched Sputnik, the first man-made satellite, had the first cosmonaut, made the first photographs of the moon, etc. Kennedy's moon landing was a *crash* program to **catch-up** to these historical Soviet achievements.

To this day, standard Soviet college *entrance* questions are sought after in the USA by "math whizzes" and professors looking for

a "genius-level" mathematical puzzle! Unlike in America, where most scientists must grovel for research grants, often compromising their true ideas to corporate interest or, even worse, living in abject poverty, the Soviet Union enshrined the scientists whose work benefited the whole society, including many Satanic figures such as the defamed, derided, and distorted Ukrainian botanist Trofim Lysenko, who was described by his Western-supported Mendelian adversaries as a *mrakobes* ("demon of darkness!"), was known to understand the plants on the fields like a shaman would, and befuddled his enemies with an impressive gutter mouth along with a penchant for then-"cryptic" metaphorical descriptions of life processes that have since been verified by modern science. Despite what liars say now after the fact, his agricultural techniques fed the people, and he was promoted by Stalin to be the head of biological science in the Soviet Union. Is it not coincidental that it was this country that later honored Anton LaVey, whose ancestors hailed from these Eastern lands, in its Museum of Atheism?

As for the much-hyped "brainwashing" attributed to the Soviet Union and other Communist countries, such as Maoist China, Satanists should not be disappointed to hear that the official school of psychology in the Soviet union was Pavlovianism, which is famous for its drooling dogs and ringing bells. Stalin's regime tried to create a "New Man" by manipulation of the social environment, removing stimuli that produce broken people and neurotic antisocial behaviors, and encouraging those that build healthy, functional humans. Despite what humanitarians imagine about the people in such regimes, the average citizens of the USSR in Stalin's times did not *feel* oppressed, because they were happy with their lives, which were affluent with material, animal comfort (unlike the average person in a stressful Hobbesian capitalist society).

In this Pavlovian school of psychology, the disassociated non-limbic "spiritual" types of people were considered insane, in contrast to this society, where such types are considered the "Norm," or even glorified as role models: neurotics and psychotics like Mother Theresa, Winston Churchill, Cardinal Spellman, etc. In the Soviet Union, those who showed a lack of interest in carnal life, for example, teenage boys who weren't horny for girls, were suspected of "creeping schizophrenia." In fact, that Pavlovian school of psychology, which is so offensive to human illusions of what B.F. Skinner called "freedom and dignity," is verified by recent hard-science neurology findings, such as the work of Dr. Antonio Damasio, whose book *Descartes' Error* thoroughly discredited Western mind-body dualism, and sparked the recent fad in "Emotional Intelligence."

As for "thoughtcrime," people were not arrested for what they thought about the government, as the case of the Christian scientist Pavlov demonstrates: he was never arrested, nor were people who voiced sincere discontent over hunger, fear, etc. However, people were arrested for such crimes as screwing up on important jobs, wasting money (The People's resources!), and other things that Westerners pretend were "trivial, innocent mistakes"—in an era of real sabotage in the face of a war of annihilation. As such, many people who were simply emotionally confused, unaware waste products (whose unconscious exploits fill Freud's books) were eliminated along with avowed enemies of society. Since these unaware types fill American society, their arrests might be seen as inhuman. We Satanists say, "Good riddance!" Ironically, it is America's refusal to deal decisively with some classes of such angry incompetents, destroyers, and obstructers (as the Stalinists tried to do) that has created the modern American "welfare" system of spending billions of tax dollars for certain parasites to stay home and raise illegitimate, unemployable children. However, many right wing American politicians complain about parasites of the "welfare queen" variety. What differentiates these right wingers from the Stalinists is that the Stalinists targeted all parasites equally, instead of prosecuting only those from a certain class or race, as Americans usually do.

Since the USSR was created by people who had been, by their own admission, literally on the cultural level of New Guinea savages, their social life had not been poisoned by the decadence typical of the civilized Western world, where is it normal for children to hate their parents, pick on their friends, hate themselves, repress their emotions and sexuality, *et cetera* (which is one reason Westerners fail to grasp the nature of Soviet society). However, the Soviet Union was not completely free of the degenerate types described above (as attested to by the confused moralistic whinings of such anti-Communist "luminaries" as Alexander Solzhenitsyn, Mikovan Djilas and the Medvedev brothers), and these dissatisfied (with *themselves*) people plagued Stalin's new regime. The existence of genuine industrial saboteurs and *Vragi Naroda* (Enemies of the People) in Stalin's times is attested to by non-political and even anti-Communist American first-hand observers, such as recorded by United States Ambassador to the Soviet Union John Davies.

These discontents, which included both people with relatively normal motives such as nationalism, as well as genuine mental degenerates, were dealt with in a period of sweeping purges by the NKVD (People's Commissariat of Internal Affairs), who were infamous in the West as agents of the Stalinist Terror, and

were the epitome of a truly Satanic police force. The NKVD was responsible for cleaning out the garbage in Soviet society, and did so with terrifying efficiency: they apprehended not only criminals, but also their extended families, friends, spouses, and anyone connected with them. This sort of thoroughness strikes most Jewish and Christian Westerners as paranoid, bloodthirsty, and excessive, but a Satanist might note that all of those people were either physically related to the criminal, or associated with them of their own free will. As the saying goes, you can judge a man by the friends he keeps, and recent scientific findings about the hereditary and familial nature of personality and mental disease make these methods seem very reasonable, if perhaps "unethical" by Judeo-Christian standards.

Another aspect of NKVD operations that might interest the Satanist is that NKVD officers were not content with merely catching criminals and jailing or executing them, but instead would not kill them until the accused *confessed* to not only *what* they did, but *why* they did it. This is the Satanic, Asian "Durga" method of forcing someone to not just spit out a phony excuse, but painfully dig into their souls to remember what *desire* compelled them to commit crimes against their society, which often involved seeing some buried awful *truth* about oneself, a process to which most people would find *death* preferable. Sometimes these criminals would be brought before the citizenry and international media for "show trials," where they would publicly confess to what they had done and why. Western scholars usually dismiss these trials and confessions as faked, but, for one, experienced lawyer John Davies considered the testimony at the famous Bukharin trial to be genuine, and he was a first-hand observer who had no political agenda or reason to distort the truth.

The NKVD was the internal police force of the Soviet Union that fought corruption and prevented counter-revolution, and when Khrushchev had his violent *coup d'état* after Stalin's death, the first thing he did was dismantle it in order to instate his poisonous state-capitalist programs. From then on, Communism was doomed in the Soviet Union, and life there was not the same and destined to get increasingly bad. The Soviet economy (which was already severely crippled by World War 2) was strained to collapse by excessive military expenditure in the Cold War. All of Khrushchev's rhetoric about de-Stalinization and the "crimes" of Stalinism were a cover for his vile destruction of the USSR, and people who had lived through the era of a man who had made their country great, despite poverty and a war that wiped out one third of their new industrial achievements, were horrified to hear him derided as a criminal.

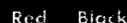
According to the recently published

They, or more correctly, those fools and saboteurs who bought into the Western web of Capitalism (definition: the greedy, desperate searching after material *trinkets* by those attempting to fill up a black **vortex** inside themselves), have brought the Soviet Union: to utter degeneracy, **real** bread lines, a society without even medical care, and, of course, a resurgence of Christianity. Like most people, the citizens of what was once Genghis Khan's empire, the impenetrable wilderness unknown to the degenerate temperate zone civilizations, have been deceived by the shiny, deceptively pretty *shell* of the human Black Holes, and tried to snatch up the shiny and glamorous but illusory "treasures" of Capitalism (just like the "treasures" of Christianity) they offer, only to find crumpled-up foil in their hands, or at least some of them have bought into this **nothingness**. Perhaps when it is too late, once

Maybe they will realize that it is possible to have a life with material comfort and luxury and real friends and family as jungle primitives do, except in a *modern* technological society, **without** enslaving someone else or scrapping with your own brother over a piece of bread. And now that the greedy klippoths in the American capitalist world have had their wildest dreams fulfilled, their own big businesses are moving their operations **overseas**, into the labor markets newly-opened by the fall of Communism, gradually depleting the once prosperous standard of living in even the so-called First World. A Satanist might have warned them, "Be careful what you wish for: you just might **get it.**"

1. Karl Marx and Friedrich Engels, *The Communist Manifesto*.
2. Ludo Martens, "Another View of Stalin." (Available on WWW; do net Search for title)
3. John Cassidy, "The Return of Karl Marx." *New York Times*, October 20&27, 1997, pages 248-259.
4. Bruce Bower, "Yours, Mine, and Ours." *Science News*, Volume 153, March 28, 1998, pages 205-207.
5. Arthur Koesstler, *Darkness at Noon*.
6. John Davies, *Mission to Moscow* (see also movie with same title).
7. J.D. Bernal, *Science in History*, (1954): second ed., Watts, 1957; 3rd ed. 1965, also Penguin pb. (Third ed. is the best edition).
8. J.D. Bernal, "The Biological Controversy in the Soviet Union and its Implications," *Modern Quarterly* 4 (Summer 1949), 203-217.
9. J.D. Bernal, "The Abdication of Science." *Modern Quarterly* 8 no.1 (1952-53), 44-50.
10. Rius, *Marx for Beginners*.
11. *Stalinist Terror: New Perspectives* edited by J. Arch Getty and Roberta Manning.

P. MARSH, P.O. Box 85,
Lehigh Acres, FL 33970-0085
[HTTP://WWW.APODION.COM/VAD/](http://www.apodion.com/vad/)



You'll Hear From MY LAWYER!

By Blackjack

LIKE MOST SATANISTS, I agree that *Lex Talionis* is an idea whose time has come. Most of us know that the current system of justice is seriously flawed, and that criminals often have more rights than the victims. I have seen many people write about the criminal side of *Lex Talionis*, but nobody has mentioned the civil side. This is surprising, considering that this will be the more difficult aspect of the criminal code to change. Christianity might be mediocrity's best friend, but the lawsuit finishes a close second. With all of the lawsuits I see, I find myself constantly asking the same question: "What ever happened to just having a bad day?"

It's one thing to try to protect individuals from their own stupidity, but to let them profit from it is downright scary. Instead of encouraging people to develop something called *common sense*, society rewards the opposite, and companies constantly have to come up with new and better ways to protect the mentally challenged from themselves. For instance, if you come across a construction site, you might see the following sign posted near a deep hole that they have dug:

"Warning! We have dug this hole because, well, we're construction workers, it's our job. While this hole should not be in your path, we realize that curiosity may get the better of you, and you may stumble upon it, anyway. This hole is approximately 40 feet deep, give or take a few inches. Falling into this hole might be painful, and bring a premature end to your dreams of anchoring the 4 X 100 relay at the Olympics. Should you lose your balance, we have provided hand rails at the edge of the hole, hoping that you remember the purpose of opposable thumbs. Also, for your safety, we have provided a demonstration of pretty flashing lights approximately 30 feet away from the hole, figuring that your short attention span will get the better of you. If, for some reason, you still feel the need to plunge into the hole, a medical technician will be with you shortly, being considerate enough not to laugh his ass off in your presence. At this time, feel free to call your lawyer and sue us for underestimating your capacity for self-destruction."

This scenario might be funny, if you and I

weren't the ones who ended up paying for it. Criminals might be frightening, but self-destructive nitwits are more plentiful. You are less likely to run into a mugger than an old lady who sues *Starbucks* because she failed to see how hot coffee and her vulva were not made for each other. In case you think that this doesn't hurt you, just wait until you are paying an extra quarter for your latte because *Starbucks* has to redesign all of their cups to say "Screw the lid on really tight unless you want the worst hot flash of your life." Murders grab the headlines, but lawsuits grab your money.

While I have no love for lawyers, I really don't blame them for the lawsuit frenzy. They are merely the tool used to continue this judicial version of the "I'm a victim" syndrome. Sure, lawyers may encourage the behavior, but, they figure as long as society continues to follow the mantra "Blessed are the dumb asses, for they can make a fortune," they might as well make a profit from it. As long as stupidity is profitable, common sense doesn't stand a chance. Therefore, I have created *Blackjack's Pentagonal Civil Code*, to be incorporated into *Lex Talionis*. The code consists of the following five addendum, in both regular and Blackjack versions:

ADDENDUM 1: PUNITIVE DAMAGES

Regular Version: In any lawsuit where the defendant is found guilty, punitive damages will not exceed triple the actual medical costs incurred. To award punitive damages, a jury must prove beyond a reasonable doubt that the defendant actually showed malicious intent or gross negligence towards the plaintiff.

Blackjack Version: Same as above, but, if the jury can prove that the plaintiff's harm was caused by pure idiocy, the plaintiff will pay all court costs and sit still while everyone in the courtroom laughs at him/her for no less than one hour. Also, plaintiff will be forced to relinquish all *cool points* on the spot.

ADDENDUM 2: "GOOD SAMARITAN" LAW

Regular Version: Defendants will not be held liable for damages in civil cases when it is demonstrated that injuries occurred while the defendant was making a bona fide attempt to provide aid and assistance to the plaintiff dur-

ing an emergency situation.

Blackjack Version: If you are such a dick that you would sue somebody who tried to save your life, I will personally spread bone marrow jelly on your genitalia and lock you in a cage with Otto, the starving rottweiler.

ADDENDUM 3: SLANDER / LIBEL

Regular Version: In order to receive damages, a plaintiff must demonstrate that the defendant caused actual harm, in terms of physical/bodily, financial, or other tangible forms with their writing or speech. Claims of psychological harm must be verified by court-appointed psychiatrists.

Blackjack Version: If the jury finds that no tangible harm occurred, and that the plaintiff is merely a "wuss-boy" with no sense of humor, then the plaintiff will be forced to walk down the main street of the town wearing only a diaper and screaming "Waahh, I'm a baby, change my diaper, I soiled myself again!"

ADDENDUM 4: CRIMINAL LIABILITY

Regular Version: Plaintiffs will not be awarded damages in civil cases where it is demonstrated that injuries occurred while committing a misdemeanor or felonious criminal act.

Blackjack Version: Actually, I'm still shaking my head over the fact that I even need to include this addendum. Good news for the plaintiff: I will present you with a stylishly engraved plaque for possessing the gonads required to file such a lawsuit. Bad news for the plaintiff: I will also see to it that you spend the duration of your prison sentence as "Crazy Tyrone's bitch."

ADDENDUM 5: FRIVOLOUS LAWSUITS

Regular Version: Frivolous lawsuit statutes (already in place in some states) will be applied across the board. If the jury finds no merit in the lawsuit, they can order the plaintiff to pay all court costs and award damages to the defendant for lost compensation.

Blackjack Version: One word, folks, caning. It works for Singapore, it can work for us, too.

There you have it, a plan that will actually force people to get out of the courtrooms and do something productive in order to earn a living. While not fixing all of society's ills, it should help to keep consumer costs down, courts less crowded, and remove a lot of stress from potential defendants. A justice system no longer works when it helps to create more injustice. With the dark force at our side, we can make streets safer, and remove a potential jackpot for the unworthy at the same time.

Just remember, *Blackjack's Pentagonal Civil Code* is copyrighted. Therefore, don't use it without my permission, or I'll sue you! ★

THE CRUSADES

AND THE BAPHOMET

AN OVERVIEW OF THE SUMMITS OF A CHRISTIAN ENTREPRENEUR

By Herbert Paulis

HOW IT ALL BEGAN

IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN A DAMP AND chilly Tuesday on November 27th, when Pope Urban II mounted the podium in the French town of Clermont in 1095. "Christians," he was calling out, "terrible news has reached us. The peoples of the Eastern empires, wicked races, alienated towards God, have devastated Christian lands by fire and sword. They have desecrated the houses of God and His altars. They have circumcised Christians and poured their blood into the wells." Peasants, knights, dukes and priests listened, spellbound. "Who shall revenge these woeful deeds, if not you? You are the people God has given the courage and the spirit and the power to humiliate those haughty heathens."

Having carefully prepared his speech, the Pope made a well timed break. "Go and fight those barbarians! Go and fight for the holy lands!" The crowd was frantic. "Remember God has died for you and now it is your duty to die for Him," Urban declared, holding a cross into the air. With the cry "Deus le volt!" ("God wills it!"), thousands took the challenge. They took red strips of cloth and sewed them on the right shoulder in the shape of a cross, thus giving the period its name. (There were but a few critical chroniclers who were just wondering where those strips of red cloth came from all of a sudden.)

This was the beginning of the First Crusade. With his carefully staged scene at the Council of Clermont, Pope Urban II opened two of the bloodiest centuries in Christian history. The toll was paid in the form of hundreds of thousands of lives, the total number being unknown forever. Interestingly, if we would get a chance today to talk to one of those warriors and ask him about going on a "Crusade," he would not even have understood the word. The term itself, although nowadays naming an entire period, is not recorded in this form before the eighteenth century. Earlier French forms were "croisade" and "croisée," both from

around the late fifteenth or early sixteenth century. Contemporary sources usually speak only about a "holy war" or an "expedition to the Holy Land."

Bands of poor and inexperienced pilgrims, poorly armed and equipped, set out for Outremer, the Holy Land ("oultremer" meaning "overseas" in French). They were led by Walter the Penniless and Peter the Hermit. The latter rode a donkey and read letters which ostensibly had fallen from Heaven; these letters foretold of the Christian victory. He was even bold enough to distribute copies! Peter, probably coming from Amiens in the French province Picardie, was begrimed with dirt and filth, and the chroniclers report he looked quite similar to his donkey. But they also report that he must have been a gifted speaker as not even abbots and bishops were able to withstand his banishing sermons.

One of Peter's companions, a certain Emicho of Leiningen, a German count from Mainz, stated that Heaven itself had burned a cross into his breast. As one can clearly see, Heaven did not restrict itself to writing letters during those days. This Emicho was responsible for initiating a wave of pogroms unknownst to Medieval times until then. His motto was, "When we will lay battle to the barbarians who have desecrated Christian lands, let us start with those who are responsible for the dead of our Lord Jesus first!" So on their way to the East they were massacring Jews in the Rhine valley, starting in the town of Speyer, and working their way down, not leaving out one single town of contemporary importance. Thousands of Jews remained behind, robbed, raped, dead.

When they finally reached Constantinople, the Byzantine emperor Alexios shipped the mob over to Anatolia as fast as possible because he was in fear that they might pillage the city. And his fears were more justified than one might first think. It was deliberately that Pope Urban had not been more specific about those "Eastern Empires" in his speech at the council. The

separation of the former unified Roman empire into an Eastern and a Western part had also brought with it a separation of the formerly unified Christian church. So, if those rather uncontrollable bands would misunderstand him and turn to battle against the Byzantine empire, what could he do? (Never mind that the immediate cause for all this was the cry for help against the Turks from the Byzantine emperor himself.) Maybe the poor people there who survived would turn out to be without a spiritual leader afterwards. The Holy Father would then see it as his holy obligation to jump in, of course. But the conquest of Constantinople did not happen before more than a century later, and by then it was too late for the cunning religious reunion plans of Urban.

Many already perished on their way further east, and the rest was destroyed in an ambush by the Muslims at Civetot in Anatolia. The main army, this time properly equipped and trained, was led into Anatolia by Godfrey of Bouillon, a French baron. After a long and arduous march, garnished with lots of bloody skirmishes and tough battles with Muslims, they captured Antioch in June 1098. This only happened because the defenders were betrayed by some Armenians who managed to leave a part of the wall unguarded during the night. Due to a blunt underestimation of the knights' fighting power and severe tactical errors by a soon arriving Muslim relief force, the Crusaders were able to hold and secure the heavily walled fortress.

With Antioch in the firm grip of the invaders, the Crusaders were able to move on to their final destination and arrived at Jerusalem in June 1099. Forewarned by what had happened at Antioch, all Christians were expelled from the town and the defenders prepared themselves well to stand out a lengthy siege. But the leaders of the attacking Western armies realized this soon enough and decided to storm Jerusalem as fast as possible. With the help of two quickly erected siege towers, they could finally breach the walls. Despite heavy losses due to fierce defense, they stormed the town, led by the Norman noble Tankred, on July 15th, 1099.

IMPRESSIONS FROM OUTREMER

BOTH CRUSADERS AND MUSLIMS WERE forced to adapt to one another's military strategies to quite an extent. Turkish and Seljuk forces used to harass the Crusader armies on the move, without committing themselves to a full scale battle. So special attention had to be paid to the formation of marching units with van, flank and rear guards getting a new important role. Usually the foot soldiers walked on the outsides to protect the valuable mounts of the knights

from enemy arrows. Logistics, a military art which had almost disappeared from Europe after the decline of the Roman Empire, had to be learned anew. And it was learned the hard way, with thousands of Crusaders dying of starvation and lack of water during the first two Crusades. But by then a set of well-supported supply bases was installed and maintained, proving its value already during the third Crusade. Concerning medical support, a contemporary source tells us that one was usually better off without medical assistance, considering the ill-developed medical sciences of the time.

On the other side, the Oriental cavalry forces consisted mainly of lightly armored and armed riders on ponies and light horses to support their method of swift attack strikes with a quick retreat before the enemy was able to react. But they did not realize at first that in a full scale field battle the heavily armored and armed knights would be more than a match for them. So during the first few of those battles, the knights with their full-scale armor brought the thrust of the attackers to a full stop by just standing it out. Then when they would charge, they practically leveled their enemies to the ground by sheer momentum.

Also, tactics in these wars were cruel and bloody. At Nicaea the heads of beheaded Muslims were thrown into the beleaguered town with catapults. But the enemy did not fall behind, usually beheading prisoners of war as a standard treatment or at least treating them most cruelly. As a result of this no-quarter struggle both sides always fought to the bitter end. With Christian warriors from Armenia and Syria joining the Crusaders, and French, Norman, and Byzantine mercenaries fighting on the Muslim side, it was sometimes difficult to tell who was the enemy in the thick of the fight.

Both sides also had their problems with envy and jealousy among the partaking barons. Muslim officers disclosed the military secrets of their own troops during personal feuds with fellow commanders, or sometimes just in exchange for gold coins. And the most noble dukes and barons of the Occident occasionally spent their energy more on gaining new tenures and properties in the Orient than on keeping the Holy Crusade in motion; something which did not go by unnoticed by the Muslim rulers.

After the fall of Jerusalem the Christians broke into all the houses, killing men, women, and children at random, regardless of confessions. They took with them all they could and many a knight was richer than ever after the Blood Night of Jerusalem. The crusaders even cut the guts out of citizens when they heard rumors that the Saracens sometimes

hid their gold coins from their enemies by swallowing them. The Jews of Jerusalem fled into their main synagogue. But this did not trouble the Christian knights of the Crusades. They simply burned the building down with all the people in it.

At least as cruel were the Shiite Assassins: members of a secret order of Muslim fanatics who terrorized and killed not only the Christian Crusaders, but also laid hands (and blades) on other Muslims. Incited by drugs, they followed their leaders unques-

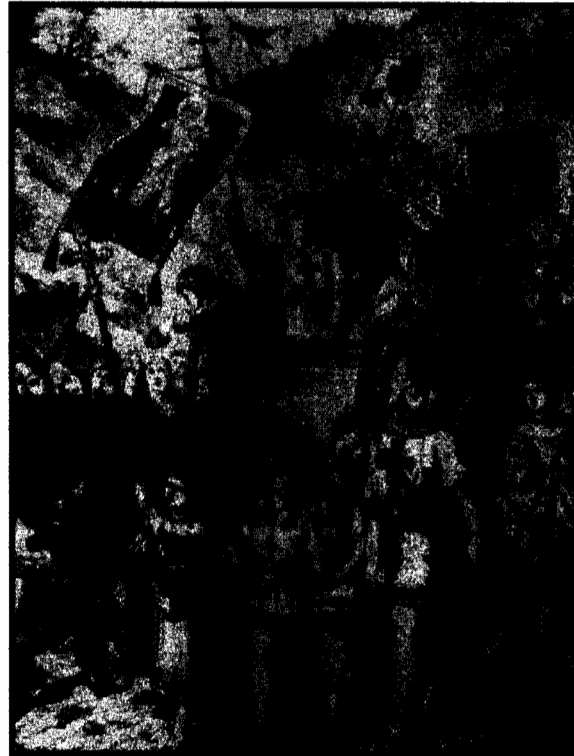


Figure 1

tioningly and murdered without mercy. Hashish was already known in these lands by that time, and those drugged assassins were called "hashishyn" (lit. "hashish-eater") by their compatriots. The English word "assassin" also has its roots in this word which entered the language via the medieval Latin form "assassinus."

It is not possible to estimate the true size of the crusading armies and thereby guess at the number of victims. Contemporary sources usually quote vast numbers which left Europe for the Holy Land, listing between 300,000 and 600,000 "Crusaders" passing through the Byzantine empire during the First Crusade, probably including many non-combatants, such as camp followers, pilgrims, wives, and children. A figure of 150,000 might perhaps be more accurate. The total number of fighting men was probably not much more than 4,500 cavalry and 30,000 foot, including all men capable of bearing arms, rather than an organized infantry force. For the other Crusades, figures are even more vague. A rea-

sonable estimation of figures can be achieved from transportation used. In the Third Crusade Richard's army cannot have exceeded 8,000 in number, judging from the ships he used, Philip's force even less. Frederick's forces were stronger, perhaps reaching some 30,000, of which only 1,000 (!) reached Acre in 1190. In the Fourth Crusade Venice agreed to ship 20,000 men on foot, 4,500 knights, and 9,000 squires but in the end only a total of some 10,000 did show up, the size of the force which then attacked Constantinople.

But there was not always bloodshed and murder. During the Sixth Crusade, 1228 - 29, Holy Roman Emperor Frederick II from the German Hohenstaufen dynasty regained Jerusalem and several other important pilgrimage sites from the Muslims. He accomplished this by negotiation after traveling to Outremer rather unenthusiastically, having even been excommunicated by the Pope because of constant refusal to go on a Crusade.

Jerusalem was recaptured by the Khwarismians, master cutthroats from Mesopotamia, in 1244. They assured the last 8,000 Crusaders a safe-conduct but betrayed them. As soon as they had left the walls they were ambushed and slaughtered. Only 300 reached the town of Haifa alive. This bloodshed marked the end of the Christian reign in Jerusalem. Except for a six month long interruption in 1300 it should take 673 years until a Christian army was to enter Jerusalem again. On December 9th, 1917, the Turks surrendered the town to the British general Sir Edmund Allenby.

THE CAMPAIGNS AT A GLANCE

THE FIRST CRUSADE (1096 - 99) WAS CALLED upon by Pope Urban II at the Council of Clermont in 1095. During summer 1096 a large number of fanatic wretched men, women and children reached Anatolia, where the "Poor Man's Army" was destroyed by the Muslims. The main army, mostly French and Norman knights under the leadership of Godfrey of Bouillon, Baldwin of Flanders, Raymond of Toulouse, Robert of Normandy, and others assembled at Constantinople at Christmas 1096. They captured Antioch in June 1098 and finally stormed Jerusalem in July 1099, forming several Crusader states along the Syrian and Palestinian coast, among them the County of Edessa, the Principality of Antioch and the Kingdom of Jerusalem where Baldwin was crowned king. Rivalries among the leading nobles impaired however the chance of consolidating these holdings.

The Second Crusade (1147 - 49) was caused by the loss of Edessa to the Muslims in 1144. The German King Conrad III and King

Louis VII of France lead their armies separately through Anatolia, against the advice of the Byzantine Emperor. They lost most of their men. The remains joined in an unsuccessful attempt to take Damascus turning the operation into a complete fiasco and a terrible disaster.

The capture of Jerusalem in 1187 together with most of Palestine by Sultan Salah Al-Din Al-Ajubi (pron. sal'ah ad-din ay-yubi; c.1138 - 1193), commonly know under the name Saladin, led immediately to the Third Crusade (1188 - 92). King Philip II of France, Holy Roman Emperor Frederick I and King Richard I of England had initial military success, recapturing Acre in 1191. But Frederick drowned en route in Cilicia and Philip returned soon to France. King Richard was able to secure Jaffa and Cyprus but failed to reconquer Jerusalem. On his journey home, Richard was taken prisoner near Vienna by Duke Luitpold V of Austria and turned over to the German Emperor Henry VI who had a personal feud with Richard. But he was also in need of money and so he agreed to release the king in exchange for high ransom in 1194.

Pope Innocent III tried to reorganize the Crusades with the Fourth Crusade (1202 - 04). But the Crusaders were unable to pay for the passage of the 10,000 men in Venice. At the request of the Venetians they laid siege to Constantinople, conquering and looting the city in April 1204, making it the residence of a Latin emperor. A Byzantine army almost casually recaptured the city in 1261 under the lead of the Byzantine Emperor Michael VIII Palaeologus. The Venetian puppet king Baldwin II fled on a Venetian ship.

In the 13th century the enthusiasm for Crusades gradually declined, despite several reviving attempts. The Muslims were in firm control of Syria and Palestine and the European leaders preferred to concentrate on their own affairs rather than fighting the devoted and fierce warriors of the jihad ("holy war"). In 1212 the most disgusting Children's Crusade (figure 1) took place. Thousands of children from German and Dutch states left to recapture Jerusalem "innocent and weaponless", led by clergymen. Most died from hunger and disease en route, the rest being sold into slavery by unscrupulous merchants from Genoa.

Interestingly from here on historical sources as well as modern works on the subject begin to differ in the numbering of the crusades, further indicating their lessened importance. So some history books list up to eight Crusades, while others count only to seven. Therefore you might or might not agree with my remaining count, depending on what book you are looking into.

During the Fifth Crusade (1217 - 21) a papal legate took the harbor of Damietta

(1219) in Egypt, but all further attempts were crushed by a Nile flood and Damietta was finally evacuated after only two years.

The Sixth Crusade (1228 - 29) was a peaceful expedition into Outremer by Holy Roman Emperor Frederick II who was able to negotiate the return of Jerusalem, Bethlehem and perhaps Nazareth from the Muslims under an agreement. This lasted to 1244 when Jerusalem was recaptured finally.

The Seventh (1248 - 54) and the Eighth (1270) Crusades were led by King Louis IX of France in Egypt without success. He ruled the coast from Acre for four years but was captured at Damietta and released for ransom. A second campaign against the Sultan of Tunis in North Africa in 1270 was equally unsuccessful. In the meantime, Jaffa and Antioch were lost to the Mameluke Sultan Baybars in 1268 and the last

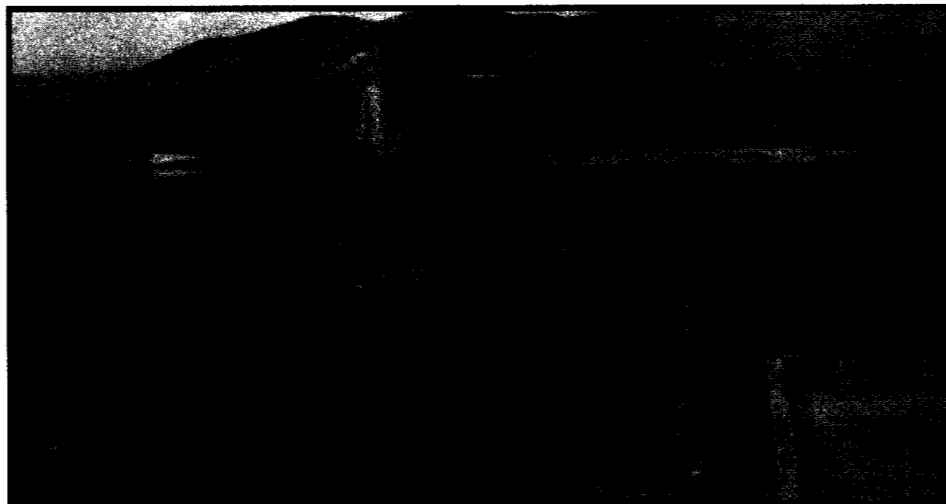


Figure 2

Christian bastion, Acre (figure 2), was stormed by him in 1291.

During this period Crusades were also used increasingly by the papacy against foes in the West. First against the Slavic pagan Wends in Germany in 1147 and later against Muslims in Spain, the Baltic Prussians and Lithuanians, and the heretic Albigenses in southern France, 1209 - 29. This use of Crusades as mere tools of papal power politics continued well into the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries.

CONSEQUENCES AND RESULTS

BASICALLY, THE EXPECTED RELIGIOUS RESULTS of the Crusades backfired. They hardened the Muslim attitudes towards Christians, at the same time raising doubts among Christians about God's will, the role of the papacy and the church's authority. Religious fervor yielded to disinterest, skepticism, and a growing legalism as, for example, in the use of indulgences. On the other hand, the Crusades did stimulate religious enthusiasm on a broad

scale. They inspired a great literature in Latin and in the vernacular, especially the Romance languages. Contacts with the Muslim world started to replace ignorance about other cultures and religions with a certain respect for them. The abbot of Cluny, Peter the Venerable, had the holy book of Muslims, the Quran, translated into Latin, an act which two hundred years earlier would have brought him to the stakes for heresy.

Politically, the consequences of the Crusades were even less significant. The Crusader states were rather short lived, leaving behind only the military orders founded in the East. The most important ones were the Knights Hospitallers, also called the Knights of St. John, the Knights Templar and the Teutonic Knights. They had a significant influence on later European politics. The strong Muslim forces which came out of the

Wars, together with the shown weakness of Western leaders with their endless quarrels in the Levant led more or less directly to the Turkish wars of later centuries. The Ottoman Empire was stopped twice, taking a tremendous toll of lives, at Vienna 1529 and 1683, threatening to flood directly into the very heart of Europe. The impact this development had on the Balkans can still be felt today, while from the once impressive Crusader castles only ruins remain as silent monuments of Christian vanity and delusions of grandeur.

Economically, the Crusades imposed huge burdens on the citizens by draining western Europe of funds in support of the campaigns. Still, the Crusades furthered the growth of a money economy, of banking, and of new methods of taxation. The widening of the geographical horizon prepared Europe for the discoveries of the modern age. Trade, architecture, and urban culture were stimulated through the Crusades, and Islamic science, philosophy, and medicine began to deeply influence intellectual life in the West. (Much of this influence, however, came through contacts with the Muslims in Spain and Sicily; the Crusaders in the East generally remained

isolated from the surrounding culture.) Also this was the reason for the rising power and wealth of the Italian cities like Genoa or Venice, as for them the Crusades opened up the trade routes to the East thereby enabling their dominant merchant position in Europe for the next centuries.

A BY-PRODUCT OF THE CRUSADES: THE KNIGHTS TEMPLAR AND THE HEAD OF BAPHOMET

ONE OF THE MORE IMPORTANT MILITARY AND religious orders founded during the Crusades were the Knights Templar, named so because they originally were occupying a building on or near the site of the Temple of Solomon at Jerusalem. With full title, "The Poor Fellow-Soldiers of Christ and the Temple of Solomon" (Latin original: "Pauperes commilitones Christi Templique Salomonis"), they were founded by Hugh de Payns of Burgundy and Geoffroy de Saint-Omer, a Fleming (Hugue de Payens resp. Godfrey de Saint Adhemar in other sources). The order was originally formed by its founders in 1115 together with seven other knights, as a voluntary association to escort and protect pilgrims on their way from Jerusalem to Jericho. In 1118 they swore an oath before the Patriarch of Jerusalem to protect the pilgrims and observe the monastic vows of poverty, obedience and chastity. Under King Baldwin II of Jerusalem, who was impressed by their devotion and gave them the quarters from which their name stemmed, they became in effect an unofficial police force.

By now, their numbers had had grown and it was felt they should be organized permanently and officially in accordance with their vow and their special military role. Around 1124 Hugh de Payns went to Europe for guidance and finally ended up at the Council of the Catholic Church at Troyes in France. There Hugh met Bernard, abbot of the Cistercian monastery of Clairvaux, who was considered to be the greatest Christian spiritual authority of that time; he drew up the order's rules. Confirmed by the Council which officially gave them their statutes, the Knights Templar were established as a military-religious organization—the first official warrior-monks. They took vows of poverty, chastity and obedience and wore monks' habits in chapel but rode to battle in mail and the distinctive cloak of their order, white with a red cross on the left breast and on the shield, displaying their black and white banner (figure 3). They were professional soldiers ruled by an iron discipline. Divided into knights, chaplains, sergeants, and craftsmen they were organized under a Grand Master and were responsible only to the pope.

Their seal shows two knights riding on the back of a single horse (figure 4 showing a

photograph of a real seal; figure 5 outlining it in b/w for better recognition of the features), the inscription reads "SIGILVM MILITVM XRISTI", "The sigil of the soldiers of Christ." Some think that the symbol stems from their vow of poverty, indicating that not each knight could afford his own horse. But while they might have been poor as individuals, this certainly did not hold for the order as such. So another theory states that this is not to be seen as a sign of poverty but as a symbol of order initiation. The acceptance into the order was linked to merits and abilities of the candidate. One man, standing outside the order, was not

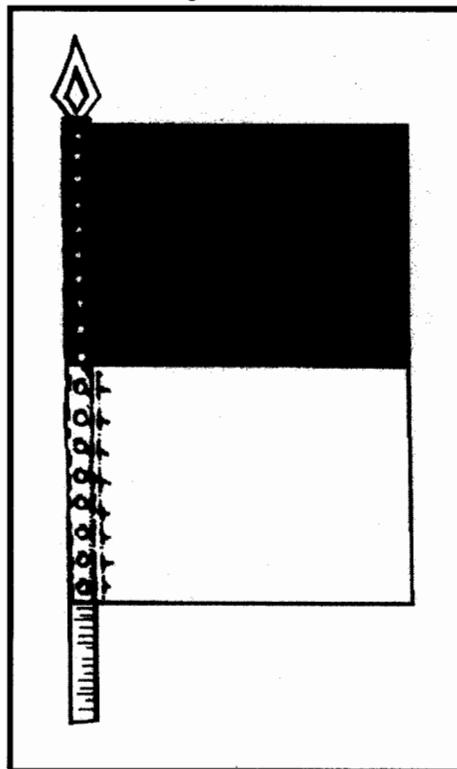


Figure 3

authorized to ride a horse. He is lifted up the horse by the other man thereby denoting him as becoming equal, by his own deserving.

The Knights Templar attracted many nobles and soon became an expert military force and a powerful, wealthy order, evolving into the finest fighting force in the Holy Land. In Battle they were always accorded the position of honor on the right wing, with the Hospitallers on the left. In November 1177 only 80 Templars together with 300 other armored knights smashed Saladin's army in a single crashing cavalry charge led by the Grand Master of the Templars. Throughout the thirteenth century their military role in Palestine was declining, partially because of difficulties in gaining new recruits (people became less enthusiastic about dying in Outremer for the "greater glory of God"), and partially because of the growing rivalry between the military orders which led to fights even among the different orders. So it

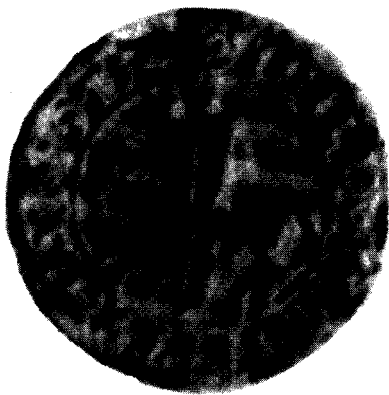
happened that in 1256 the Templars and the Hospitallers took different sides in a fighting between Genoese and Venetians in Acre instead of countering the threat from Sultan Baybars, a brilliant strategist.

After 1291, when the crusading forces were finally driven from Palestine, the Templars' main activity became banking, lending money even to kings. Their enormous landholdings and financial strength aroused great hostility among rulers and clergy alike. In Europe their churches were often round, and their commanderies served as banks (figure 6 showing a Templar church in London). There they made a most grievous mistake, loaning vast sums of money to King Philip IV of France. The king, known as "Philip the Fair" (a reference to his appearance, not his nature), was always sorely in need of money and also in great dislike of their power, as they owed allegiance to Rome rather than any secular authority.

In 1305 Philip thought up a perfidious plan to charge the Templars with heresy, the only crime which would allow him to seize their money. Charges of homosexuality and sodomy ensued. Pope Clement V was initially opposing the charges, trying to save the order (i.e. his private army) by ordering the last Grand Master, Jacques de Molay, to Rome and suggesting to unite and form one order with the Knights Hospitallers and to go on a new Crusade. Both proposals were rejected by de Molay, who by then seemed to be unaware of the charges leveled against the order, and failing to see these proposals as a means of saving the Templars.

Being merely Philip's puppet, Clement finally was forced to support the fabricated claims. After all, the cardinal had gained access to the Holy See only because of Philip's manipulations. On September 15th, 1307, Philip had all members of the order in France arrested. Similar attacks were mounted against the order in Spain and England, and Pope Clement V suppressed the Knights Templar by papal bull at the Council of Vienne in 1312. Grand Inquisitor Wilhelm Imbert unleashed one of the greatest character assassination campaigns of the time, using the Dominicans, the Franciscans, and the Augustinians to spread the lies about the Templars from all pulpits of France. With their rituals kept a secret, there was no one outside the order to contest those fabricated charges.

The Templars had ignored and underestimated their powerful enemies far too long. They were put on trial, and confessions were extracted by torture. A fixed scheme of up to 127 questions was used to aid to this procedure but the results tend to reflect more the warped preconceptions of the inquisitors than what had actually happened. Here are provided a few excerpts of the voluminous protocols which are of some interest concerning the



Figures 4 & 5

origins and the earliest forms of the Baphomet symbol. (For those readers who can utilize it, I have also provided the Latin originals. Note though that this is clerical medieval Latin, which differs from the ancient Latin of Julius Caesar and Marcus Tullius Cicero quite a bit. During the translations I have tried, partly by deliberately violating the correct use of tenses in indirect speech and partly by sticking to unusual wording and words, to capture the air and the emotions of the original documents. Comments for clarification of passages that refer to other parts of the texts are made in brackets.)

LES PROCÈS DES TEMPLIERS

From the interrogation of Huguet de Bure
(24. IV. 1310)

ed. Michlet I, pp. 205

"Item, dixit quod, immediate post praedicta, dictus frater P. extraxit de quoddam armario dicte capelle quoddam capud et posuit supra altare, et cum quadam cordula circumduxit dictum capud, tradens illam cordulam ipsi testi, et precipiens ut ea continuo supra camisiam cingeret; sed tamen dixit quod non portavit eam.

"...Interrogatus de dicto capitae quale

erat, respondit quod non erat ligneum, sed videbatur argenteum, vel cupreum, vel aureum; et erat ad instar capitis humani, cum facie et cum longa barba quasi cana. Interrogatus cujus erat dictum capud, respondit se nescire nec vidisse postmodum dictum capud, quia non fuit, ut dixit, ex tunc in dicta domo nisi duobus diebus, et dictus preceptor, facta dicta recepcione, reposuit ipsum capud in predicto armario.

"Interrogatus qualis erat dicta cordula, respondit quod de filo albo gracili, longitudinis talis quod homo poterat inde cingi. Interrogatus quare non cingit dictam cordulam, ex quo fecerat alia graviora que fuerant sibi precepta, respondit quia credebatur esse peccatum, quia viderat eam cingi dictum capud, quod capud non credebatur significare bonum, ut dixit ..."

"Also, he said, immediately after what was said before [a lengthy description of a ritual expressing disrespect for the holy Christian symbols and also showing unquestioning obedience to the order], said brother P. took a head out of a closet in the chapel, put it on the altar and wound a rope around this head, gave this very rope to the witness mentioned [earlier during the interrogation] and ordered him to gird himself with this rope over his shirt all time; yet that one said he never wore it.

"... Asked about how this said head was constituted, he answered it was not made from wood but looked like it was made of sil-

because, as he said, he had not been to said house ever since, but only on those two days, and the said teacher had put back the very same head into the aforementioned closet after said initiation ceremony had been performed.

"Asked, how the said rope was constituted, he said it was made of a thin white thread of such length a man could gird himself with it. Asked, why he did not gird himself with said cord when he had done other things much worse when ordered to do so, he answered because he believed it to be a sin as he had seen it girding said head, the head of which he believed to mean no good, as he said ..."

From the interrogation of Jacques de Troyes
(9. V. 1310)

ibid., pp. 255

"Item, ..., de ydolis, respondit se audivisse refferri a pluribus, nescit tamen ubi nec a quibus, ante recepcionem suam per aliquos annos, quod quando capitulum Templariorum celebratur Parisius, apparebat eis circa mediam noctem, quoddam capud quod multum venerabatur. Post recepcionem suam de hoc nichil audivit, nec credit ...; audivit tamen dici, postquam fuit in ordine, quod dictus frater Radulphus habebat demonem privatum, cujus consilio erat sapiens et dives."

"Also, ..., according to the idols, he answered that he had heard reports of several

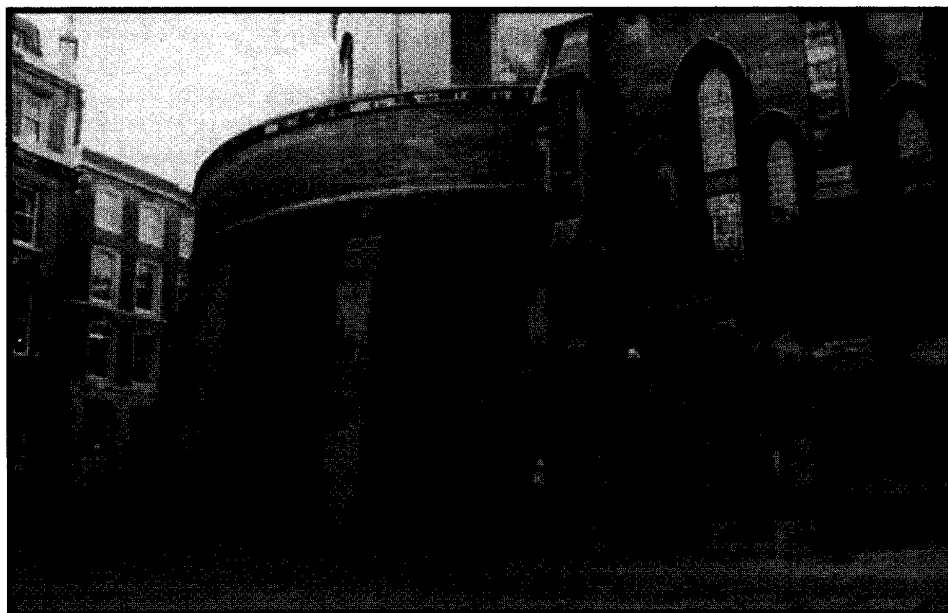


Figure 6

ver, or of copper, or of gold; and it was just like a human head, with a face and a long, almost white beard. Asked, whose head this has been, he answered he did not know and he had not seen said head any more later on

others - but he does not know where and by whom - some years prior to his initiation that, if a chapter of the Templars was held in Paris, a head appeared to them by midnight which they revered very much. After his initiation he did not hear any more about it and he did not believe ...; but he has heard say, when he

already was in the order, that said brother Raoul had a private demon whose counsel was wise and precious."

All this, together with their secret blasphemous initiation rules, which most of the interrogations cover [Initiates were required to kiss the master on the anus, the navel, the genitals (lit. *virga virilis* in contemporary sources), and several other body parts. Then they had to spit on the cross and to abjure Jesus Christ.] might quite well indicate that the Knights Templar would indeed qualify as one of the first large Satanic organizations.

Down to this century scholars and historians alike have had heated discussions about how to view those confessions and any guilt of the order. Some think that these protocols show that the Knights Templar were representatives of a cathartic, dualistic lore and as such true heretics from the view of the Christian church while others heavily contradict them. Those others argue that it is highly improbable that a rich, worldly order like the Templars should have tried to secretly establish a new religion which would bring them no apparent advantages but definitely fatal destruction on a most probable discovery. They say that the initiation rites might just be a test to put the unquestioning loyalty and strict obedience to superiors of the initiate on trial. Of course, clinging to the other extreme and attributing no value at all to those protocols would be too easy. It is most likely that the truth will never come out as probably a lot of the original documents, most of them showing a one-sidedness anyway, did not survive the almost 700 years into our time, especially those rare documents which might prove the accusations to be faked and just targeting the

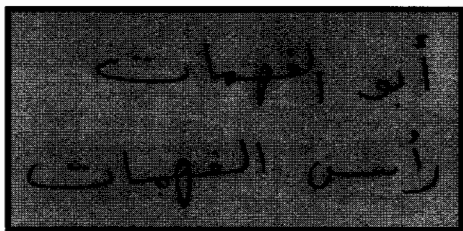


Figure 8

wealth of the order. Maybe also up to our times too many "dignified" organizations might show some keen interest in avoiding their dirty and greedy role in this affair to be laid open.

The head those interrogations address is at some places also called the "Head of Baphomet" and is depicted in many forms: with glowing carbuncles instead of eyes, with several faces, with animal features, and more. It radiates magic of such an enormous power that some knights stated during the interrogations that they were deeply confused by its view and started shaking heavily. Some of this power was thought to be received by the



Figure 7

girdle they put around the head. These are all indications that the order did indeed put this head in a center place of its worship instead of the cross. By that time, although, it did not at all come close to the famous picture (figure 7) by Eliphas Lévi (Abbé Louis Constant, 1816 - 1875).

Scholars also think it probable that Baphomet was a symbol of the dark chthonic side of the 'Great Virility'. It is likely that additionally during the interrogations and trials a misunderstanding manifested itself with the Sufi term "Head of Knowledge" (figure 8, bottom), stemming from the Arabic term "abu fihamat" (literally "Father of Knowledge"; figure 8, top).

When Jacques de Molay and other leaders of the Templars retracted their forced confessions and declared their innocence and the innocence of the order, Philip had them burned at the stake at Paris on March 18th, 1314 (figure 9). Before the Grand Master died, he asked King Philip and Pope Clement to join him within the year. Clement was poisoned by a monk in April 1314, and Philip was put to death by force during a rebellion in November 1314.

While in practically all other European countries the order was found innocent of the charges, only being suppressed by the papal bull of 1312, in France the judges were obviously trying hard to picture the Knights Templar as Satanists, having fallen from Christianity under Oriental influences and converted to Devil worshipping. Finally their holdings were dispersed, most to be passed to the Knights Hospitallers and some to secular rulers. It was

probably no coincidence that not one single coin of the Templars' great wealth in France ever reached the Knights Hospitallers. ✱

BIBLIOGRAPHY

German:

Chronik der Menschheit, Bodo Harenberg (Hg.), Dortmund, 1984

Dämonen, Geister, dunkle Götter, Hans Biedermann, Graz, 1989

Lexikon der Symbole, Wolfgang Bauer et al., Wiesbaden 1980

Mittelalter, P.M. Perspektive Magazin, München, 1989

Ritter, Mönch und Bauersleut, Dieter Breuers, Bergisch Gladbach, 1994

Satanskult und schwarze Messe, Gerhard Zacharias, Wiesbaden, 1964

English:

Armies of the Crusades, Terence Wise, London, 1978

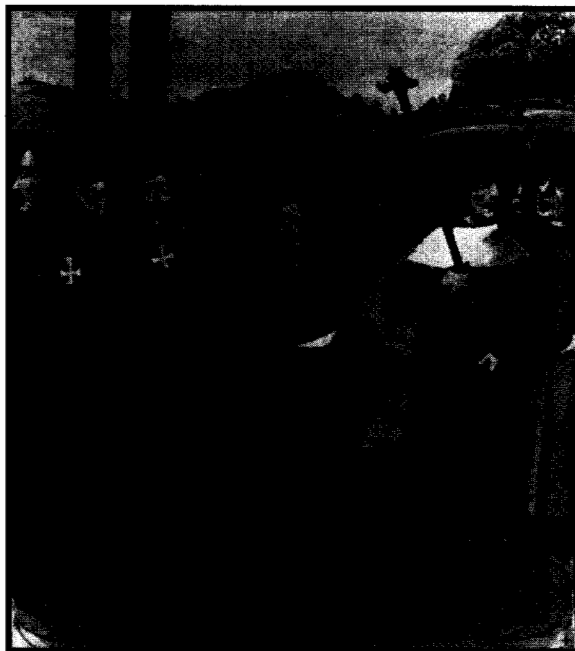
Multimedia Encyclopedia, The Software Toolworks, Novato CA, 1991

Sex Lives of the Popes, Nigel Cawthorne, London, 1996

The Knights of Christ, Terence Wise, London, 1984

The Oxford Library of Words and Phrases, T. F. Hoad (ed.), London, 1986

Figure 9



TO ARMS

By Reverend K.S. Anthony

THE CHALLENGES THAT FACE the Church of Satan are unlike any previously encountered. Our enemies come, wearing our symbols, with outstretched hands, thinking we do not see the knives they carry behind them. Old foes that have been long-vanquished have returned, still weak, to live vicariously through this new breed of vermin. Even the Infernal Empire itself carries the cancer of card-carrying dissenters who think themselves mutineers. These people would have you believe that Satanism is something you do, not something you are. These people would have you believe that the Church of Satan is about to fall after a mere 34 years of existence.

These people are wrong, and we have them in our sights.

The Church of Satan's future was never meant to be a mass of occultnik websites dripping with solipsistic blindness. It's about deeds, not words; what you can do, not what you can talk about doing. We have somehow emerged as a truly revolutionary movement; a movement that has suddenly and violently captured the attention of the world again. If we were truly dying, there would be no rumors of our death from those who have fetishized what they can never be a part of. Those people who spend so much time "debunking" and criticizing us are merely trying to write themselves into what they know is history being made. They want to be remembered as the opposition. We've given them an identity for the past 34 years. They cannot create anything so they spend their lives desperately trying to undermine those who do. The truth of the matter is that they are dead, and have been for years.

Those who started out as Iron Youths have blossomed into men and women of steel. I'm glad to see the patriots of our ranks grow more militant, more fanatical and more iron-handed. What started as a Church has

truly grown into an Empire. It is up to every citizen of this Empire to push forward toward the dizzying heights of Will and to strengthen every arm of our organization. At the same time, we must lure the traitors and dissenters out from under their rocks and kick them aside. No true patriot of the Empire should, for one



minute, tolerate a traitor in their midst. If we are to have a future as an Empire then we

People who have betrayed the sacred legacy passed on to us by Anton LaVey are trying to create division among our populace. Will you stand by? Will you turn the other cheek?

must be prepared, as soldier-citizens, to fight for it and on behalf of it. Anyone who lacks the courage and audacity to stand behind our leaders 100% should leave NOW. Anyone who is interested in debates about moot points should get out NOW. Anyone who doesn't agree with our goals, our methods and our aims should turn in their cards and get out, NOW.

Your blood and soil are being threatened. The honor of the organization you've sworn loyalty to is being profaned. People who have betrayed the sacred legacy passed on to us by Anton LaVey are trying to create division among our populace. Will you stand by? Will you turn the other cheek?

There is an inner circle in the Church of Satan, though it has no name or formal organization. I have no idea how many it counts as members, but I know of more than a few. The Satanists who occupy this circle have one thing in common: a fanatical dedication to their Church, its leader and its philosophy. Not merely an interest, mind you, but a violent, unwavering, all-consuming love. Were you to put one of these treacherous Internet maggots in front of one of them in a locked room, the result would be undeniably catastrophic for the webhead. These patriots certainly don't seek the martyr's graves for themselves, but they don't shy from them either. They are like Codreanu's Legionnaires, still saluting the Captain, as he was called. While weaklings banter and debate about the future of the Church, they look to the source and find strength and direction. They salute the Doctor. They see in the Church of Satan and Satanism all it has been and all it can be. You cannot ever be the same once you have that vision in sight. I've given these patriots in this circle within the Church a name. It's a name only they can truly deserve, a name that was always intended for them.

We are called Satanists.
Ever shall we live.

This ends this broadcast of Yankee Rose.



THE TERROR BY NIGHT

By Michael Rose

"SURELY YOU CAN UNDERstand our position in this matter, brother Crawford. We bear you no ill will; far from it. We love you, and your daughter, but..." The man's words trailed off into silence. He was a tall, thin man with sparse red hair. He habitually wore a severe expression on his face, but it was even more pronounced than usual this morning. His companion, a shorter, fatter fellow with a thick head of iron gray hair took up where the other left off. "... it's just that a man who cannot properly guide his own child can hardly be trusted to guide the children of God."

Matthew Crawford sank wearily back into the chair behind the desk that had been his for thirteen years. He nodded in numb acceptance of his fate. Both of the other men stood and left the room.

A few minutes later the redheaded man opened the door. "You'll need to be out of the office by tomorrow night. Brother Everett will be here Friday morning."

"Certainly, brother Hardwick." Crawford answered without looking up.

"Matt, you can stay in the house until the end of the month. Brother Everett will be staying with Ruth and me."

"Thank you broth..." Crawford bit off his reply and looked at Hardwick. "Thanks, Bob, that's very kind of you."

"Well, we thought it was the least we could do, under the circumstances." Hardwick paused for a moment, then asked "Have you heard anything from Sarah?"

Crawford closed his eyes, suddenly feeling even wearier. It did no good. He just kept seeing his daughter storming angrily out of the house. "No," was all he said.

"Well, Lord willing, she'll return to Christ."

"She will. I know she will. She was always willful and full of pride, easy prey for the Devil's temptations, but she will return to God's grace." Crawford looked around the room. Hanging on every wall were photos taken at a variety of church functions. In each of them he saw his own smiling face surrounded by the smiling faces of his flock. No,

his former flock. There was only one photo of his daughter. It stood on his desk. It showed a pretty, but sad looking, young blonde. "I see now that in my concern for the church I neglected my own daughter. I will rectify that situation." A faraway look came into Crawford's eyes as he spoke. "God has offered me a second chance to bring Sarah to him."

Bob Hardwick slipped away, leaving Matthew Crawford to his thoughts about his wayward daughter.

THREE YEARS LATER

SARAH CRAWFORD IDLY FUMBLING WITH HER keys as she traversed the short distance between the driveway and the door of the house she shared with Richard Cain. She missed Richard, who had left town the week before to settle some business matters. It would probably be another week before he returned. As she inserted the key into the lock she heard Erlik, their bulldog, shaking off his daily nap.

As she opened the door Erlik leapt upon her, demanding that she return a bit of the affection that he lavished upon her. Sarah dropped to a crouch, lest Erlik knock her down, and accepted the affectionate licks and nuzzlings of her beloved familiar. "And how is my darling tonight?" she asked the faithful beast.

"I thought I was your darling," said a voice from inside the house. She looked up to the man standing just inside the doorway.

"Richard!" Sarah squealed joyfully as she rushed into the waiting arms of the man she loved. "I didn't think you'd be back until next week."

"Neither did I, but I was able to get everything settled with Andersen last night, and D'Agostino was delayed. He won't arrive until next weekend. I'll have to go back then, but I didn't want to sit there on my hands when I had a hot little witch like you waiting for me at home."

Sarah looked up into his dark eyes, then settled her head upon his shoulder, nuzzling

him as Erlik had nuzzled her earlier. "I'm glad you came back," she said. "I thought I was going to have to conjure up an incubus or something." She smiled up at him.

"Or something."

PAUL WYKOFF PULLED INTO THE PARKING LOT of the E-Z-Rest motel and parked in front of Room 16. The place was a dump, but it was good enough for his purposes. Inside the room he found his partner, Jim Dobbs, stretched out on his bed watching

Gilligan's Island on TV. Wykoff tossed his notebook on the bed.

"What's this?" Dobbs asked.

"I think I found the girl."

Dobbs opened the notebook to the pages where Wykoff had clipped his pen. "33 Riverview Terrace?"

"Yeah, she's living there with her boyfriend." Wykoff took the notebook and flipped to another page. "Let's see, yeah, boyfriend's name is Richard Cain."

Dobbs leered. "Looks like daddy ain't gonna get his sweet little virgin girl back, huh?"

"To tell the truth, I don't give a shit. He never said we had to find her before her cherry got popped. Hey, turn that shit down. I gotta call her old man." Crawford answered on the third ring. "Mr Crawford? This is Paul Wykoff. I think I've found out where your daughter has been living for the last two years."

"Tell me."

"Monroeville, Virginia. It's a small city near Alexandria. She's been living with a man here."

"Living with? She isn't married?"

"No sir."

"Tell me about him." Crawford said irritably. As Wykoff started to answer Crawford cut him off. "No, it isn't important. Have you confirmed that Sarah is living there now?"

"No sir. I came back to get my partner. I can confirm it tonight."

"Yes. Do that. Call me back as soon as you are sure that she is there. I'll be waiting."

Wykoff hung up the phone and turned to his partner. "OK, Jim, let's get something to eat, then we'll go play peeping tom."

The house was situated at the edge of a wooded area quite some distance from the road. Wykoff and Dobbs took up a position on a hillock facing the rear of the house. As they set up their surveillance equipment Wykoff knew that someone was there. Eight cars were parked there. When he had the telescope set up Wykoff began scanning all the windows he could see.

"Nothing. Not a soul in sight," he said disgustedly.

Dobbs removed his headset. "I don't hear anything either."

Wykoff swatted at a mosquito on his

arm. "Maybe they're all in the front rooms. Let's wait awhile. If we don't see someone pretty soon we'll get closer and do it the old fashioned way."

"OK. I'd just as soon do it that way anyhow."

After about an hour and a half of watching and listening they had seen a few people moving through the rear facing rooms, but Sarah Crawford was not one of them, nor did anyone mention her name. "OK, Jim, looks like you get your wish." Wykoff removed the telescope from the tripod. "Let's go," he said.

After stowing most of their gear in the trunk of the car the two men slowly made their way to the house. About halfway there Wykoff drew a silenced .22 pistol out of a shoulder holster.

Dobbs stopped when he saw the gun. "Jesus Christ, Paul!" Dobbs whispered "What's that for?"

"I just stepped in some dog shit. Dog shit means dogs, so this little hush puppy might come in handy."

At the house they went from window to window carefully peering into the empty rooms. On the east side of the house they thought that they heard something through a basement window. They were unable to see anything since it was covered on the inside, but they could make out sounds within the house. Wykoff knelt and placed his ear against the glass. He heard what sounded like organ music and a man's voice. "Gimme the mike, Jim," Wykoff said, extending his hand. Dobbs pulled an amplifying microphone attached to a headset from his bag and handed it to his partner. Wykoff put on the headset and placed the microphone against the glass and listened.

"Hear us, Lord Satan. We petition Thee, oh dread Infernal Prince, smile upon us, rain down thy blessings upon our endeavors. We come before you this night, we who have taken thy name—" Wykoff drew back, pulling off the headset and throwing it aside as if it were a snake.

"What is it, Paul?"

"Sweet Jesus Godalmighty! They're devil worshippers."

"Shit." Dobbs smiled crookedly. "Her daddy ain't gonna like this little development."

"Tell me about it." Wykoff said, running his fingers through his hair. "Gimme that duct tape." Dobbs gave him the tape and covered the window with tape. He taped the microphone cord to it as well. After thoroughly covering the glass with tape Wykoff used his elbow to break the glass, and pulled the microphone cord to remove it from the frame. He reached in and felt the black barrier in front of the window. It was a heavy curtain. Wykoff pulled out his knife and made a small slit, then pulled a small spy-

glass out of his shirt pocket and used it to see inside. The room was lit only by candles. Several individuals in hooded black robes stood facing the far end of the room. At that end stood a man in a red robe and a black cape. His hands were raised and outspread as he spoke in a language Wykoff didn't understand. In front of him a nude woman lay on a black-draped table. Wykoff could see at once that this dark haired woman was not Sarah Crawford. Since everyone else was hooded he couldn't tell whether Sarah was in the room. The man in the front had stopped speaking and was now turning, and ringing a bell. Wykoff focused on him as he turned to the others and said "So it is done." At that the others began filing out of the room.

Wykoff collapsed the spyglass and stood up. "C'mon, they'll be coming back upstairs in a minute. Let's find a window to peep through."

Dobbs stood on his toes and peered into the kitchen. There she was. Sarah was taking something out of the refrigerator. Suddenly a snarling bulldog entered the room and made a beeline for the window.

Both Wykoff and Dobbs ran for the woods when the dog began barking. As they reached the trees three men burst out through the front door. Two carried shotguns, the third had a large revolver. Both men hunkered down in the brush. The men approached the woods, and Wykoff pulled out his .22, praying that he wouldn't need it. The girl came out holding the bulldog on a leash. The dog strained at the end of the leash, eager to pursue his quarry in the trees. The man with the pistol turned to the girl and said something. She turned, unsuccessfully trying to pull the dog after her. The man "Erlik! Inside!" in an unmistakable tone of authority and the dog followed the girl into the house. The men took a few more steps towards the woods and looked around. One of the shotgun wielders looked directly at Wykoff for a minute or two, then they all turned and went back inside. The two detectives eased out of their hiding places and made their way back to the car. They returned to the E-Z-Rest Motel where their rest was anything but easy.

"TURN LEFT HERE." PAUL WYKOFF INSTRUCTED his partner. "You need to turn right on the next dirt road and the house ought to be just around the bend on the right."

Dobbs nodded, and soon the detectives saw the large old clapboard house that Matthew Crawford had rented. "Whatcha think he wants?" Dobbs asked.

Wykoff shrugged. "Hell if I know. All he said when I talked to him this morning was to be here at two. I guess we'll know in a few minutes." He opened the door. "C'mon, Jim."

Wykoff led the way onto the porch. It was unpleasantly yielding when stepped on and Dobbs feared it would collapse any second now. In answer to Wykoff's knocking the door was opened by a gaunt man of medium height. His eyes were his most striking feature. They glared out fanatically beneath bushy blonde eyebrows. He reminded Dobbs of a picture of John Brown that he had seen once. The man looked both men over then spoke, to no one in particular looking between the two men. "Wykoff?"

"Yes sir. I'm Paul Wykoff. This is my partner, Jim Dobbs. You wanted to see us?"

"Yes, yes. Come in. Have a seat." He pointed to a threadbare sofa. The only other furniture was a simple wooden chair, a table and a lamp. An open Bible lay on the table. After the detectives were seated on the sofa, Crawford pulled the chair closer and sat down facing them. "Are you sure it was Sarah?" he asked.

"Yes sir. I'd stake my reputation on it."

"I'm afraid it must be true. I have heard that these devil worshipping covens sacrificed blonde, blue-eyed girls in their obscene ceremonies. They must've taken her in to make her comfortable with their wickedness without suspecting what they planned. She must be rescued before they can sacrifice her." Crawford looked from one to the other. "Gentlemen, I want you to go back there, back to that house of sin, and rescue my daughter."

Wykoff spoke up "Sir, that might be difficult. She seemed to be there of her own free will."

Crawford stood "Her will has been perverted by Satan!" he roared. Turning away from the men he continued in a calmer tone "My daughter was willful, too willful, but she would never be a part of such wickedness."

"If we could get her out of Cain's house, I assume you want her brought here." Wykoff said.

"Yes. If I could speak to her I could bring her to her senses; drive out the devils that beset her."

Wykoff interrupted. "I think that's called kidnapping, sir."

Crawford turned to Wykoff, his eyes narrowing. "The law of God is more important than the petty laws of men." Turning away again he continued, "In any event, Sarah will come to her senses. She will thank you for it. Fear not."

"And what about Cain?"

"The Satanist? Don't worry about him. His kind are always criminals. He wouldn't dare call the police. Besides, the power of a thousand devils availeth not against the power of the Lord."

"Mr. Crawford, I'm not worried about his mumbo-jumbo. I am worried about getting shot. We could be killed trying to get your daughter."

"Watch the house," Crawford said,

annoyed at what he considered to be pettiness on Wykoff's part. "When this, Cain," Crawford spat the name out contemptuously, "leaves Sarah alone, go get her. But you must take no chances with Sarah's life. If they gather for another of their sabbats you must get her out of that house, even if you must do so by force." Crawford's eyes misted with tears. "If she dies in her sins she will be damned. She must return to God."

Wykoff was becoming increasingly uncomfortable. "Yes, well, something like that will cost quite a lot of money."

"Money is not important."

"Maybe not to you."

Crawford reached into his coat and removed a checkbook. "I am going to write you a check for five thousand dollars. As soon as it clears I expect you to do all you can to get Sarah out of that evil house and bring her here to me. When she is here I will pay another three thousand."

"As long as we don't have to shoot anyone that will do. I won't commit murder for you, or your holy cause."

Crawford glared at Wykoff "You would do well, young man, to commit yourself to my holy cause, and seek the protection of the Lord. You may well need it in that house of horrors. I'd suggest that you get down on your knees tonight and pray that God gives you the strength to do what must be done. You too, Mr. Dobbs. Put on the armor of righteousness, gentlemen, and no evil may prevail against you." Crawford stood and walked to the door. "Good day, gentlemen."

As they turned out of the gravel driveway in front of the old house Dobbs shook his head. "What a nut."

"As long as the check clears, I don't care what he believes."

"We gonna get the girl for him?"

"We'll watch the house. If Cain leaves her alone one night we'll slip in and get her. If he don't leave her alone I'm not going in there to steal her out from under his nose. I don't want to get shot over this."

"Women can shoot too."

"Yeah, well, I'm hoping that she sleeps pretty soundly."

"Paul, you think she's there against her will?"

"Nah. But if her nutcase papa is willing to pay us eight grand for Little Miss Lucifer, I'm willing to take her back to him."

RICHARD CAIN LEFT HOME ON THE DAY AFTER Wykoff and Dobbs resumed their surveillance of the house. They heard him tell Sarah, "I'll see you in a few days." They waited until nearly midnight, taking turns watching the house to make sure that Sarah didn't leave, then they made their way slowly down to the house. Splitting up, they moved around the house peering carefully

into the windows.

"See anything?" Dobbs asked when they met.

"Nothing down here. I saw a light on upstairs."

"How 'bout the dog?"

"Didn't see him. That don't mean he ain't down here someplace. Well, let's get this done." Wykoff walked around to a side door. "You got your picks ready?"

Dobbs pulled out a box containing his picks. "Yeah, I'll have us in in two shakes."

Dobbs was as good as his word and soon the door swung open. Wykoff pulled out the silenced .22, tensely awaiting the charge of a bulldog. "C'mon," he hissed, leading the way into the darkened house. Dobbs turned on his flashlight, playing its light around the room.

"Where's the stairs?" he whispered.

"How the hell am I supposed to know? Just keep lookin'."

Soon they came upon a locked door. It was obviously either a closet or a stairway. "Open it," Wykoff whispered.

As Dobbs opened the door a black shape hurtled out knocking Wykoff to the floor. He tried to raise the gun, but the dog's jaws clamped down on his arm. Dobbs saw a sword hanging on the wall beside the door. He took down the sword and hacked at the dog until it let go of Wykoff's arm.

"Erlík?" Sarah called from atop the stairs. Dobbs threw down the sword and motioned with a jerk of his head for Wykoff to get out of the house. As Wykoff hurried out of the room Dobbs hid behind the door.

Sarah heard the kitchen door slam as she reached the bottom of the stairs. She flipped a switch and the room was flooded with light, exposing the butchered remains of the beloved dog. "Erlík!" she cried, rushing to his side. She laid her hand upon his cooling flesh and began to cry. Detecting movement with the corner of her eye she turned, raising the .357 pistol in her hand. Dobbs slapped her hand aside. The gun discharged sending a bullet into the wall. Dobbs punched her in the jaw and she toppled over the body of Erlík quite unconscious. Dobbs picked her up and carried her out to the car.

Wykoff was sitting behind the wheel with the motor running when Dobbs brought her out. "I heard a shot. You OK?"

"Yeah, she shot a hole in the wall."

He threw out a pair of handcuffs. "Put those on her and throw her in the back seat." He paused a moment. "Hey, Jim, you get my gun?"

"No. Be back in a sec." Dobbs ran back to the house, returning in a few minutes with the gun. "Let's go see Daddy."

MATTHEW CRAWFORD WAS OVERJOYED. "Take her upstairs; the room at the head of the stairs."

"Father, if you don't let me go right now you will regret this," Sarah hissed angrily.

"Sarah, dear, you might think ill of me now, but someday you will thank God that I had you rescued from that den of iniquity."

"Rescued! Is that what you call it? I call it kidnapping."

"Hush, child."

"I'm not a child anymore. I didn't press charges the last time you tried this shit, but so help me, this time I'll nail your self-righteous ass to the wall."

Crawford turned away angrily. "Get thee behind me, Satan! I will not listen to these devilish words."

Sarah laughed. "Satan? You haven't experienced Satan yet, you sanctimonious son of a bitch. Richard will turn all of Hell loose to get me back."

Crawford turned and slapped her face. "I am clothed in the armor of the righteous. No evil can harm me. I will drive the demons out of you. You will return to God's grace." He turned to Wykoff. "Take her upstairs." He followed them upstairs to the room he had prepared for Sarah. It contained only a bed, a bucket and a small nightstand on which rested a Bible and a lamp. Attached to one end of the bed was a light chain about four feet long with a shackle on one end. Wykoff and Dobbs held Sarah as Crawford attached the shackle to her right ankle. As Wykoff removed the handcuffs Crawford spoke. "Read the word of God and contemplate your sins, daughter."

"Get ready to die, Daddy"

"I'll be back in the morning." Crawford said as he shut the door.

AT SEVEN-THIRTY THE NEXT MORNING, Crawford opened the door to Sarah's room. Sarah was asleep. "Get up! You must not sleep during the day. Only the wicked must hide their sins by sleeping during the day."

Sarah sat up and glared at her father. "Fuck you," she sneered.

Crawford noticed that the Bible was no longer on the nightstand. "Where is your Bible, Sarah?"

Sarah looked at the bucket, then smiled up at her father. Crawford crossed to the bucket and looked inside. Lying in a puddle of urine was Sarah's Bible. In a rage Crawford pulled off his belt and began to lash at Sarah. "Though they be legion, I will drive out these demons," he screamed.

WHEN RICHARD CAIN RETURNED HOME THE first thing that struck him was the stench. When he saw the rotting remains of Erlík, and Sarah's pistol lying beside him, he ran through the house looking for Sarah. She was nowhere to be found. Richard picked up the phone and dialed the number of Sarah's best friend.

"Erika, have you heard from Sarah the last few days?...She's not here. Erlík's dead...."

Someone cut him with a sword, I need you to get in touch with everyone else....Yes. Tell them all to come over. ...No, I don't know. Maybe I will by the time you all get here. ...Thank you. Goodbye." As he hung up, Cain noticed a scrap of cloth snagged on one of Erlik's teeth. He picked up the sword and the scrap of cloth and left the room.

ERIKA BERESFORD WAS THE FIRST TO ARRIVE. She was a striking raven-haired witch. As was her habit, she was dressed in red. When she arrived she did not see Richard. Only a large dried bloodstain near the foot of the stairs, and a lingering stench of decay, remained to bear witness to what had happened. Assuming that Richard was busy downstairs, she settled in the living room, put on some music and waited. In the next thirty minutes the rest showed up and joined Erika. After a further thirty minutes Cain joined them. He was haggard-looking with a grim cast to his features.

"Thank you for coming. I know what we need to know. Sarah was taken by two detectives. They killed Erlik and took Sarah to her father."

"I thought her father was dead," Erika said.

"He's dead to her. The fact is, he's a preacher, or at least he was."

"A preacher?" Erika asked.

"A Christian preacher?" asked another incredulously.

"Yes. It wasn't something she liked talking about, and it isn't something I want to talk about right now. Tonight we'll concentrate on avenging Erlik. I'll be dealing with the good Reverend Crawford tomorrow."

Cain led them all down to the ritual chamber. Erika approached the altar and laid her hand on Erlik's head. "Let's get these bastards!" she said.

AROUND ERLIK'S BODY ON THE ALTAR WERE arrayed several objects: the sword that had been used to kill him, the bloody scrap of Wykoff's shirt, a small brazier of glowing coals, a small bowl, several bottles of incense and a small dagger. Cain, having finished the preliminary invocation, approached the altar. With the dagger he scraped the dried blood from the sword, collecting it in the bowl. Next he cut a bit of Erlik's hair and added it to the bowl. Finally he added a mixture of incense to the bowl. Holding it aloft he intoned, "Satan, hear me! Send forth thy messengers of death upon an errand of vengeance. With these tokens, taken from this faithful friend, let us give shape to the destroyer we call forth. We send him forth to wreak vengeance upon him who slew this beast. Erlik, we call to thee beyond the veils of death. Vengeance is thine!"

"Vengeance is thine!" repeated the others.

Cain poured the contents of the bowl upon the coals. A thick smoke boiled up, fill-

ing the room with its pungent odor. "In the name of Abaddon, go forth on the blasting winds of Hell and visit death upon him who slew thee. Vengeance is thine!"

Again the others repeated the words.

Cain spread wide his arms. "Shemhamforash!" he cried.

"Shemhamforash!" echoed the others.

"Hail Satan!" he cried.

Again his words were echoed by the congregants.

JIM DOBBS HAD HAD A BUSY DAY. WITH HIS share of the Crawford money he had been able to pay off all his debts with a fair-sized chunk left over, but after days spent finding and paying everyone off he was ready to call it a day, or rather, a night since it was nearly nine o'clock. As he climbed the stairs to his third floor apartment he was thinking about what to do with the five hundred he had left.

As he dug into his pocket for his keys he heard a low growl that seemed to come from all around him. He peered into the shadowy halls stretching in either direction; he saw nothing. He took out the keys and again heard the growl. This time it was definitely coming from the left. He turned and saw a big black bulldog, a bulldog with glowing red eyes, looking at him. As their eyes met, the dog lunged at him. Dobbs dropped his keys and ran for the stairs. At the top of the stairs Dobbs turned and saw the dog leap at him. Instinctively he drew back, and lost his balance. As he toppled backwards he saw the dog disappear, leaving only a cloud of pungent smoke. When he came to rest at the foot of the stairs, Jim Dobbs was dead.

RICHARD CAIN PICKED UP THE BLOODY RAG from the altar. "Satan," he intoned, "Great Prince of Hell. There is another who must feel our wrath this night. We call forth a spirit of corruption and death to destroy this corrupt bearer of death. I call madness and death down upon this man who, in the service of madness, has brought death to my house. Vengeance is mine!"

"Vengeance is thine!" shouted the others.

Cain threw the bloody rag upon the coals where it burst into flames. Spreading his arms he cried out, "Shemhamforash!"

"Shemhamforash!" the others echoed.

"Hail Satan!" Cain cried, again echoed by the others.

PAUL WYKOFF WAS SITTING IN FRONT OF THE TV watching a movie. Had you asked him what had happened in the last few minutes, though, he could not have told you as he was being driven to distraction by an itch beneath the bandages on his arm. He had tried to scratch it through the bandages, to no avail. "God dammit all to Hell!" he muttered. Getting up, he took a pair of scissors from a

drawer in the kitchen.

"I'll be goddamned if I'm gonna keep on itchin' all night," he said irritably as he began to cut off the bandage. When he had removed the bandages he was horrified to see that the stitches were pulling apart, as if something were pushing through from the inside. One by one the stitches popped open before his rapt gaze. The final stitch popped open and a fishlike eye opened to gaze from the wound. The flesh around the wound rippled and a long, gray, wormlike tendril emerged and began to peel back more skin revealing a leprous surface beneath.

"Ohmigod!" he screamed as he ran out of the house and into his garage. Leaning against the wall was an axe. Resting his arm on the workbench, Wykoff raised the axe and began hacking at the wounded arm, chopping it off just beneath the elbow. Blood sprayed from the stump to spatter the walls. As Wykoff's sight dimmed he saw the wound on the severed arm was still stitched shut. It was the last thing he saw.

IN HIS RITUAL CHAMBER, RICHARD CAIN SAID "So it is done!"

"IN THE NAME OF JESUS CHRIST, BEFORE whom all evil must flee, I command you to depart this woman." Crawford held a wooden cross over his daughter's face. Sarah was tied, spreadeagled, to the bedposts.

"You're not fooling anyone, you sanctimonious son of a bitch." Sarah screamed at him. "Untie me now, or you'll be sorry."

"Silence, demon, in Jesus' name. I command you to hold your tongue."

"You and Jesus can both go fuck off. Let me go."

Crawford struck her across the face with the cross. "Silence!" he screamed.

Sarah spat at him. "Yeah, you're real tough. Beating up a tied-up woman."

Again Crawford struck her with the cross. This time it broke. As he raised the broken wood he heard a car pulling up in front of the house. He peered through a gap in the boards over the window and saw a man step out of a black Mercedes. Crawford stuck a rag in Sarah's mouth and tied another around her head to hold it in. "I will be back, Sarah. Do not be afraid. I'll purge you of these demons," he said as he did so. As he left the room he heard a knock upon the door.

When Crawford opened the door he saw a tall man of medium build. He wore a well tailored black suit and a gray shirt. In his right hand he held a walking stick with a silver knob atop it in the shape of a ram's head.

"Mr. Crawford?"

"I am Reverend Crawford."

"Very well, Reverend. My name is Richard Cain, Magister Richard Cain if you

insist upon formality."

Crawford was dumbfounded. "You dare to come here?" he asked incredulously.

"Dare? You should count yourself fortunate that I have not gone to the police yet."

"The police?" Crawford feigned ignorance, badly.

"Yes, the police. Kidnapping is a crime, is it not?"

Crawford, still attempting a façade of innocence, said "Kidnapping? Really, sir, I don't have the slightest idea what you are talking about."

"Let's not play games, Reverend Crawford. I know that you hired two men to kidnap Sarah. These men, named Wykoff and Dobbs, broke into my house, took Sarah and murdered my dog."

"Murdered a dog?" Crawford asked derisively.

"Yes, murder. They murdered my dog. Those two gentlemen have already been dealt with."

"Dealt with?" Crawford's eyes narrowed.

"Yes, they are dead. Both met with unfortunate accidents, last night."

"Accidents?"

"Yes, but enough of that. I know that you tried to kidnap Sarah once before. She told me. I know also that, owing to some misplaced sentiment, she declined to press charges. In deference to her wishes I did not go to the police. Let me have her."

"You are a Satanist. You wouldn't dare go to the police."

"And why not? Unlike you, I am not a criminal. I have nothing to fear from the police."

"This is all ridiculous. I have not seen Sarah in two years, nor have I ever heard of these men, Wykoff and Dobbs."

"Then you should have no objection to me looking into that room at the top of the stairs." Cain pointed with the walking stick to the door to Sarah's room.

"I do indeed. I will not submit to the impudent accusations of a devil worshiper."

Cain shook his head. "I had hoped that you would see reason. Perhaps that is too much to expect of a Christian. At any rate, you need not fear a visit from the police. I have other means at my disposal. I give you a final chance. Release Sarah and I will not act against you. If not..." Cain shrugged.

"Get out." Crawford said, opening the door.

"Very well." Cain turned and walked to his car. As he walked away Crawford shouted after him.

"And don't come back!"

A smile played upon Cain's lips as he was reminded of something. He turned and answered, "I won't be back, but something will." Turning back to his car Cain said to himself, "That Charles Gray was one Hell of

an actor." As he pulled away from the house, Cain called Erika Beresford. He got her machine and left a message. "Daddy was uncooperative. We'll deal with him tonight. Call the others."

THE NEXT MORNING RICHARD CAIN AND TWO Sheriff's deputies arrived at Matthew Crawford's doorstep. When knocking got no response, the deputies broke down the door. Matthew Crawford sat in his chair, an open Bible in his lap. He stared through dead eyes at the opposite wall. His facial muscles were locked in a mask of terror.

"You stay here Mr. Cain. We'll look for your girlfriend," one of the deputies said. "C'mon, Joe, let's look upstairs."

As the deputies went upstairs, Cain looked at what Crawford had been reading. The Bible was open to the ninety-first psalm. Cain read it and smiled. Kneeling beside the body he said, "Poor fool. Your trust was misplaced. You did fear the terror that came by night; the terror I sent to you. Your pathetic God did not deliver you, nor give you long life. You backed the wrong horse, Crawford."

He heard footsteps hurrying down the stairs, and as he stood up Sarah rushed into his arms. "Oh, Richard. I knew you'd come." she said as she began to cry on his shoulder. Sarah looked down at her father's body, and spat on it. "I told you to get ready to die, you old bastard."

The two deputies entered the room. "Thank you, officers," Cainsaid, shaking the deputies hands. "May we go outside?"

"Yeah, sure. Don't leave until we can get a statement though."

They all left the house. The deputies returned to their car to call for the coroner, and get the paperwork for the report. Cain led Sarah to his car.

"What about the two men who kidnapped me and killed Erlik?"

"Dead. All dead. Erlik is avenged. I am avenged. You are avenged, and most importantly, I've got you back."

Sarah squeezed Cain's hand. "And I've got you."

"Damn, I almost forgot." Cain said, reaching into his coat pocket. "I picked up something for you while I was away." He handed her a small box. Within was a meticulously detailed silver ring depicting a demon holding in its mouth a diamond.

"Oh, Richard, it's beautiful."

"It ought to be. Anyway, I thought it was time I married you." Sarah looked up from the ring. "Well, what do you say?"

"What do you think? Of course I'll marry you." Sarah reached past him into the car and called Erika. "Erika? Yes, I'm fine. I'll tell you about it later. Do you still have that red wedding dress?"



THE BLACK PUN-KIN
CANADA'S SATANIC FORUM
\$7.00 U.S. / \$10.00 overseas

Ottawa, Ontario Canada K2B 1A1

email: tbprlang@aol.com

FROM THE PIT



COMPILATION VOLUMES

VOLUME 4, Issues 1-4

VOLUME 5, Issues 1-4

\$12.00 US - \$15.00 Foreign

Lord Byron's MANFRED

with a forward by Michael Rose

\$6.00 US - \$8.00 Foreign

Sir Richard Burton's KASIDAH

with a forward by Michael Rose

\$6.00 US - \$8.00 Foreign

Make checks or money orders payable to:

MICHAEL ROSE

P.O. Box 1413

Dexter, AL 35602-1413 USA



Look for Michael Rose's new
Satanic Magazine

SINISTER
Walpurgisnacht XXV v.s.

**NO ORDERS ACCEPTED
FROM JAILBIRDS!**

FIRST STONE PUBLICATIONS

Upholding and Advancing the Satanic Age

The evasive theologies of the immediate past were necessary to sustain the human race while the higher man developed his dream and materialized his plans, until the frozen germ of his child could be born upon the earth. That child has emerged in the form of Satan—the opposite.

Anton Szandor LaVey
THE SATANIC RITUALS



THE FIRST STONE

Published twice annually.

\$1.00 per issue / \$17.00 for 4 issue subscription

THE BEST OF CONQUER NOW!

\$6.00 per copy. By CoS Priest R.S. Anthony.

Rousing interviews with Michael Moynihan and Michael Roré. 40 pages.

THE ICE CREAM MANIFESTO

\$7.00 per copy. Who's dish are YOU in?

THE PSEUDO-SATANIST'S BIBLE

\$7.00 per copy. A priceless tome by Rev. Anthony

FOR INFORMATION, SEND SASE TO:

P.O. BOX 642112, SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94109

CHECKS/MONEY ORDERS PAYABLE TO:

CHRISTOPHER J. TURNER

ISIS AND BEYOND THE BIOGRAPHY OF CECIL E. NIXON

By Doran Wittelsbach

ISBN 0-9661308-0-4

REVEL! In this, the never before told saga of the inscrutable Doctor Cecil E Nixon (1874-1962)—Hypnotist, Ventriloquist, Dentist, Mentalist, Sculptor, Inventor, Victorian Anachronism, Magician, Sardonic Wit, Art Collector, Author, Soiree Giver, Critic, Dickensian Fashionplate, Iconoclast, Ship Designer, Gentleman, Pipe Organ Builder, Scientist, Orator, and above all: Enigma!

PONDER!! The remarkable story of Nixon's legendary mechanical wooden lady --The beguiling Goddess Isis—who exhibits a startling range of human-like mannerisms, and who plays hundreds of songs on her zither... at voice command!!

GAZE!!! Upon a plethora of photographs, both rare and astounding, of Nixon in his spring and autumn years, of his comrades, of his world famous San Francisco mansion: The House of a Thousand Mysteries!!!

"Nixon lived in a Victorian unreality all of his life. He filled his San Francisco mansion, 'The House of a Thousand Mysteries,' with collectibles and shut out the outside world. During the heyday of his life, the 1920s and 1930s, a parade of dignitaries, including Harry Houdini, filtered through his house, taking wonder at the mechanical wonders and seances held from time to time. Nixon was then, and remains today, an enigma. Wittelsbach's biography whets our appetite, and we wonder if there is not more to the story. Of course there is, but it is not likely to be revealed in this lifetime."

—David Goodsell, M-U-M: Journal of the Society of American Magicians.

"For those of you that enjoyed the old Hollywood Horror Classics featuring such fabulous actors as Bela Lugosi and Boris Karloff, you are now in for a treat...a return to the golden days of vaudeville and the mysterious mechanical creatures that popped up in various circuits through America and elsewhere. *Isis and Beyond* is the story of a strange personality named Cecil E. Nixon who created such a mechanical piece of wood."

—Bob Ladd, Dialogue: The Voice of and for Ventriloquists.

"Dr. Cecil Nixon was one of the most extraordinary eccentrics of this century (and the last). This gaunt gentleman wore his exotic background on his sleeve (and all over his lanky frame), thriving on the study and practice of the inherently unusual. That he lived in San Francisco—"before its decline at the hands of Tie-Dye, Blues-Rock, and Welfare-Worship," as Wittelsbach puts it—hardly registers a surprise. Dr. Nixon was an American original. This beautifully bound, slender tome is a terrific examination of a life deserving of celebration."

—Sam Gaines, Eye Magazine.

"Though Cecil Nixon was dead by the time I arrived in the Bay Area in the mid-1960s, he was a true San Francisco legend. Would you like to meet Isis, learn the story of her invention and that of the incredible eccentric who created her and other wonderful things? It's here in this lovely book, filled with photos of Dr. Nixon and his creations in action, including many of Isis. While not lengthy, it is filled with wonderful information about Nixon, his house, and his inventions that would otherwise be lost to the world of magic forever, like Isis almost was. I enjoyed this immensely, both for the information and rare photos, and for its production. It's a little gem with photographic endpapers, clothbound with terrific decorative gold stamping, and a complete bibliography."

—Jeff Busby, Thaumaturgist Magazine.

\$16.00 + \$3.00 shipping to:

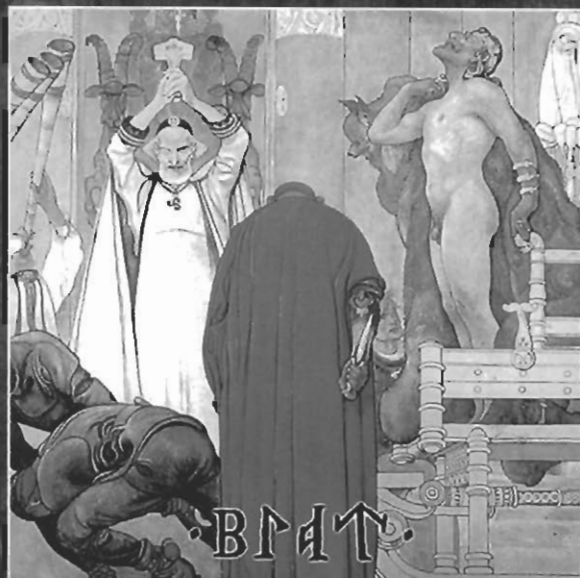
B U A Productions

1701 Broadway #347

Vancouver, WA 98663 U.S.A.

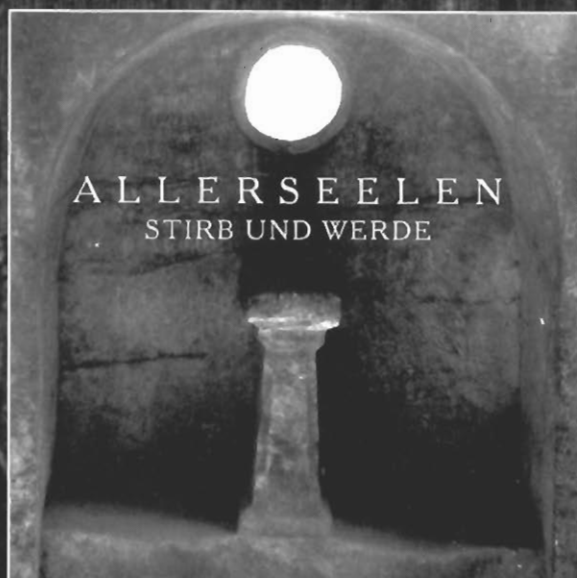


LAVISH HERESIES...



BLOOD AXIS—*Blót: Sacrifice in Sweden*

The new release on the Cold Meat Industry label by "controversial" artists Blood Axis. Reprocessed and remixed live material from a concert in Sweden in 1997. Elaborate packaging with a special slide-out full color case, immaculate booklet with color live photos and evocative archaic images uncovered in Sweden. The cover painting is the notorious and once-banned mural "Midwinter Sacrifice" by the most famous Swedish painter of all time, Carl Larsson. Swedish Import. **Price: \$15 postpaid.**



ALLERSEELEN—*Stirb und Werde*

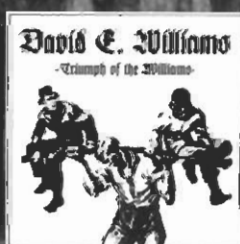
Allerseele is German for "All Souls" and on their 4th full-length CD they conjure up many an ancient spirit. The title of the album translates to "Die and become anew!" and reflects a Nietzschean ethos, manifested in a totally unique approach to music. Utilizing everything from classical to synthetic and organic sound sources, Allerseele has here created some of their most powerful material yet. Beautiful packaging with photos from German heathen monuments. Austrian import. **Price: \$16 postpaid.**



Blood Axis/Allerseele—Split 7"
Rare single released to coincide with the joint tour of both bands through Europe in 1998. Allerseele present a hypnotic hymn to an insect empire and Blood Axis emanate a raw, electrified mutation of an Irish traditional. German import. **Price: \$8 postpaid.**



Eiserne Garde/Garda de Fier—Double vinyl 7"
Songs and marches recorded by the Rumanian Iron Guard, a mystical and martial (or some might just say "fascist") movement founded by Corneliu Codreanu in 1927. Two 7" EP singles on green vinyl, presented in a style very much in alignment with the Iron Guard's aesthetic. Austrian import. **Price: \$14 postpaid.**



David E. Williams—Triumph of the Williams
limited 7" E.P. on red vinyl
Four songs from this ever-bizarre lounge singer for the damned. "Flays the soul of the human animal"—*The Black Flame*, journal of the Church of Satan. Released on Storm Records. **Price: \$6 postpaid.**

ORDERING INSTRUCTIONS:

SEND LIST OF DESIRED ITEMS ALONG WITH CHECK OR MONEY ORDER PAYABLE TO **STORM**. FOREIGN CUSTOMERS PLEASE SEND INT'L MONEY ORDERS. ALLOW UP TO 6 WEEKS DELIVERY TIME. FOR COMPLETE CATALOG WITH MANY MORE UNUSUAL ITEMS, SEND S.A.S.E. (OR I.R.C. IF WRITING FROM OUTSIDE U.S.A.).

DEALERS INQUIRE FOR WHOLESALE PRICES ON CERTAIN ITEMS. SEND ALL CORRESPONDENCE TO:

STORM—PO BOX 3527—PORTLAND, OR—97208-3527 U.S.A.—Email: blood@teleport.com

Future releases: Memorial CD release of Book and Sword, Factrix double-CD retrospective, Blood Axis second studio release "Ultimacy," and more...